



THE



LEISURE HOUR

MARCH, 1886.

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They have confidence in making an **EARNEST NEW YEAR'S APPEAL** for a large number of new subscribers, which is the most permanent form of help.

Subscriptions, Donations, and other Contributions may be sent to the

Secretaries, { Rev. LEWIS BORRETT WHITE, D.D.
Rev. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.

The Religious Tract Society.

56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

LIST OF 174 LANGUAGES

AND

DIALECTS

In which the Society has carried on its Operations. Arranged in the order in which the Countries are mentioned in the Report.

English	Irish, Roman	French-Basque	Italian	Spanish-Basque
Welsh	Manx	Flemish	Latin	Judeo-Spanish
Gaelic	French	Upper Enghadine	Maltese	Portuguese
Irish, Native	Breton	Romanz	Spanish	
German	Kvæner	Russian	Finnish	Servian
Ditto, Low	Hungarian or	Ditto, Wendish	Ruthenian	Croatian
Dutch	Magyar	Dorpat-Esthonian	Polish	Romanian
Icelandic	Slavonian	Reval-Esthonian	Lithuanian	Wallo-Gipsy
Swedish	Upper Wendish	Letish, or	Samogitian	Bulgarian
Danish	Lower Wendish	Livonian	Greek, Modern	Tosk-Albanian
Norwegian	Bohemian or Czech	Ostjak	Ditto, Ancient	Gheg-Albanian
Lapponese				
Turkish-Tartar,	Bengali	Parsi-Gujarati	Bugis	Amoy Colloquial
or Karass	Ditto, Roman	Tamil	Madurese	(Romanised)
Turkish	characters	Canarese	Burmese	Hoklo Colloquial
Greco-Turkish	Mussulmani-	Telugu, or Telinga	Sgau-Karen	(Native characters)
Ameno-Turkish	Bengali	Malayalim	Pwo-Karen	
Georgian	Hindui, or Hindi	Tulu	Peguese	Swatow Colloquial
Turkish, Azerbaijan	Ditto, Nagri	Pali, Burmese	Taleing	(Native characters)
dialect	Ditto, Kaithi	characters	Cambojan	
Samojede	Assamese	Singhalese	Siamese	Hakka Colloquial
Hebrew	Shyan	Indo-Portuguese	Laos	(Romanised)
Arabic	Nagas	Persian	Anam, or Cochin	Punti, or Canton
Syriac, or Aramaic	Khassi	Pushto, or Afghan	Chinese	Colloquial (Native characters)
Sanskrit	Oriya, or Orissa	Malay, Roman	Loo-Chuan	Corean
Kashmiri	Tirhutiya, or	characters	Chinese, classical	
Punjabi, or	Mithili	Ditto, Arabic ditto	Mandarin Chinese	Mongolian
Sikh	Mandari	Sœrabayan, or	Shanghai Collo-	Buriat, or Northern
Leptcha	Manwari	Low Malay	quial	Mongolian
Santali	Sindhi	Javanese	Ningpo Colloquial	Calmuc, or Western
Hindustani	Marathi-Balbodh	Dajak, Maanjan	(Romanised)	Mongolian
Urdû, or	Marathi-Modhi	Ditto, Ngadju	Foochow Collo-	Japanese
characters	Gujarati	Batta, Toba dialect	quial (Native	
Ditto, Persian		Ditto, Mandailing	characters)	
Amharac	Ga, or Akra	Otyibererô	Isubu	Kinyka
Ethiopic	Tschi, Otji, or Tui	Kongo	Efik	Kafir
Coptic	Fanti	Yoruba	Sechuana	Zulu
Dualla	Nupé	Grebo	Sesuto	Malagasy
Galla	Igbiru, or Ibo			
Greenlandish	Ojibbeway, or	Takudh	Rarotongan	Maori
Esquimaux	Chippeway	Fijian	Tongan	Mosquito
Cree	Micmac	Hawaian	Samoan	Karif, or Carib
	Mohawk	Tahitian	Nienan	

SUMMARY OF OPERATIONS.

The Year's Circulation from the London Depository	...	70,966,650
Total Annual Circulation, including the Issues of Foreign Societies, about	...	85,966,650
Total Circulation in 86 years, about	...	2,368,277,880
Languages and Dialects in which the Society has published	...	174
New Publications during the Year	...	737
Number of Publications issued in 86 years, about	...	18,401
Publications at present on Society's Catalogue, about	...	10,000

LIBRARIES.

Nearly 40,000 Libraries have been granted since 1832, at reduced prices, exclusive of those sent to foreign lands, the reduced prices gratuitously voted being £166,119, namely:

For Sunday and Day Schools	...	20,707
For Districts and Parochial Objects	...	12,379
Ministers, Students, National, British, and other Teachers	...	2,331
For Union Poor-houses	...	650
Lunatic Asylums, Hospitals, and Prisons	...	836
Miscellaneous...	...	2,445

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Secretaries, { Rev. LEWIS BORRETT WHITE, D.D.
Rev. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.

FOUNDED IN 1799.

Tract Society Facts.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY proclaims the Gospel of the Grace of God in 174 languages. It was founded 86 years ago with the object of spreading the news of God's love at Home and in Foreign lands.

It is supported by, and aids Christians of all Evangelical Denominations. Circulated nearly 86 millions of publications last year.

Does not expend one shilling of its subscriptions or donations on management or other expenses.

Uses all its Missionary Funds for the object for which they are subscribed, but pays all its expenses out of Trade Funds.

Has aided in printing the Pilgrim's Progress in 70 languages.

Has published its New Testament Commentary in nine languages—Chinese, Arabic, Syriac, Mahrati, Bengali, Canarese, Urdu, Singhalese.

Distributes packets of healthy interesting literature to almost all the Emigrants leaving the ports of the United Kingdom.

Provides for a very large distribution of Books and Tracts for sailors of all nationalities.

Has issued nearly forty thousand libraries, varying from 25 to 500 volumes, since 1832, either at very reduced rates, or for very poor districts free.

Helps all the great Missionary Societies in their work of providing Gospel literature in their fields of work.

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HOME RULE!!

WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?



"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; What alone enables us to draw a just moral from The Tale of Life; What sheds the PUREST LIGHT UPON OUR REASON; What gives the firmest strength to our Religion; What is best fitted to *soften the heart* of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is EXPERIENCE."

—Lord Lytton.

THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.

In the Political World Home Rule means NEGOTIABLE BALLAST. In the Sanitary World it means—In the whole metropolis upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed, and in the whole of the United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable. England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum (that is to say, about three times the amount of poor rates) in consequence of those diseases which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid ("and which may be prevented.")

—Chadwick.

PASS IT IF YOU LIKE, BUT IT IS TRUE.

What mind can grasp the loss to mankind, and the misery entailed, that these figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death?—to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the breadwinner of families. WE ARE AT PRESENT AT THE MERCY OF THE IGNORANT AND CARELESS. In order to prevent a disease it is necessary to remove its causes. By that means you hinder the germ or poison from gaining admission. At the same time you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various causes, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of

ENO'S FRUIT SALT is to take away all morbid poison and to supply that which promotes a healthy secretion.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF LIVES MAY BE SAVED ANNUALLY, AND MILLIONS FREED FROM INCALCULABLE SUFFERING.—Millions have died from Preventable diseases in this country. It is the duty of every one to avert this. With each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT is wrapped a large Illustrated Sheet, showing the best means of stamping out infectious Diseases, Fevers, Blood Poisons, etc. If this invaluable information were universally carried out, many forms of Disease now producing much havoc would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, etc., have done, when the true cause has become known.

"EGYPT—CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable Fruit Salt, to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am out obeying the dictates of duty—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours. A CORPORAL, 15th Hussars, 26th May, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

London and North Western Railway, Permanent Way Department,

Wharfedale Station, Dec. 30, 1881.

SIR,—I beg to inform you that I have derived great benefit from your valuable FRUIT SALT after suffering from severe headache and disordered stomach.—Yours truly, VERITAS.—To Mr. J. C. ENO.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.

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SEWING & MACHINE SILK TWISTS,

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London Warehouse—6, LOVE LANE, WOOD STREET, E.C.

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**ANGLO-
PARISIAN**
There is no deception about this certain method of DRESS CUTTING (Ladies' Treasury).
(Agents Wanted.)

Charts complete, 10/-; by post, 10/6.
295, OXFORD STREET.

BOX OF PATTERNS (on approbation), POST FREE.

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GOLD MEDAL
DRESS FABRICS



ARE GUARANTEED THE VERY BEST MADE, have received Seven Prize Medals, are from the same Yarns as those supplied to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and are produced entirely by us direct from the sheep's back (THROUGH OUR OWN LOOMS) to that of the wearer—features, we believe, which no other advertiser can claim.

Warranted to wear and always look well.

New and Seasonable Makes.

Our CROSS-WARP SERGES, 10½d. to 3/- per yd., are practically unobtainable in any other way of the Cloth. Our GOLD MEDAL Cashmeres, 1/- to 4/- per yard; Merinos, 2/- to 3/- per yard; Ottomans, 1/- to 3/- per yard; Costume Cloths, 8½d. to 4/- per yard; Cords, 6d. to 1/- per yard. All the above are plain and coloured. Ocean, Canvas, and Basket Cloths, plain and figured, at 10½d. per yard; Navy Vellings, plain and figured, 8½d. to 10½d. per yard; Soleils, plain and figured, 1/- to 3/- per yard. Purchases of £1 carriage paid to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

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ESTABLISHED SPINNERS and MANUFACTURERS, 1755, THE MILLS, DARLINGTON.

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McCALL'S
IN TINS,
1½ TO 3½ LBS.
PAYSANDU
OX-TONGUES

WASHING (at Home).—Letter from a purchaser of BRADFORD'S "VOWEL A 1" MACHINE.



"I always liked it, especially for Wringing and Mangling, but I must confess I never valued it half as much as it deserved until I read your 'Theory and Practice' about the washing part. We now find it PERFECT, and much more satisfactory than putting the washing out."

Washing Machines, from £2 15s., sent carriage free and trial free. Mangles, from £2 5s.; Laundry Requisites of all kinds. See catalogue containing 70 illustrations and the opinions of 500 purchasers, Box Churns, Barrel Churns, and Dairy Utensils of all kinds. See Dairy Catalogue, free by post.

THOS. BRADFORD & CO.,

High Holborn, London; Victoria Street, Manchester; and Bold Street, Liverpool.

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CRETONNES.—MAPLE and Co. have great pleasure in stating that they have on show the most magnificent selection ever seen of fast-washing CRETONNES, on extra strong and serviceable tissues.

MAPLE & CO.—CRETONNES.

CRETONNES.—The Blocks for the reprinting of the Fine old French Cretonnes having been now re-engraved, MAPLE & CO. are receiving the finest goods ever offered. The cloths upon which these are printed are of superior quality; the colours can also be guaranteed. The designs are exclusively engaged to MAPLE & CO.

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Neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. A Six-penny Assorted Sample Box for 7 Stamps, from C. BRANDAUER & Co.'s Pen Works, BIRMINGHAM.

ESTABLISHED 1830.

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Miniature Tablet Gratis on Application.

J. C. & J. FIELD,
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The *Lancet* says: "We counsel the public to drink their Lime-Juice whenever and wherever they list. As a rule Lime-Juice is, particularly during the summer, a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol. We have subjected the samples of the 'Lime-Fruit Juice' of the Montserrat Company to full analysis, with a view to test its quality and purity. WE HAVE FOUND IT TO BE IN SOUND CONDITION, and ENTIRELY FREE FROM ADULTERATION."

MONTSERRAT LIME-FRUIT JUICE AND CORDIALS.

Aromatic Clove, Strawberry, Raspberry, Quinine, Sarsaparilla, Pineapple, Jargonelle, Peppermint.

Retail of Chemists; Druggists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, &c.; everywhere.

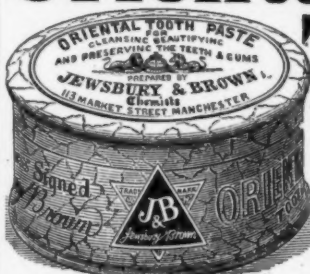
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"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—*Lancet*.
"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—*British Medical Journal*.
"No nauseous eructations follow after it is swallowed."—*Medical Press*.
"It can be borne and digested by the most delicate; is the only oil which does not repeat;" and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. Sold Everywhere.

BYNIN, Liquid Malt, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, being not only a highly-concentrated and nutritious Food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy and farinaceous matters, rendering them easy of assimilation by the most enfeebled invalid. BYNIN being liquid is entirely free from the inconvenient treacle-like consistence of ordinary Malt Extract; it is very palatable, and possesses the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable remedy in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, 7s. 9d.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S Oriental Tooth Paste



WHITE, SOUND
TEETH,
HEALTHY GUMS
TO OLD AGE.

CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY AND BROWN'S.

Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists. 60 YEARS IN USE.

"Gives a mirror-like surface to the grate, and for cleanliness and economy excels all others."—*Vide "Lady's Pictorial."*

JAMES' DOME BLACK LEAD

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WHITE VASELINE, in Bottles and Cardboard Cases ... 1/- and 2/-
PERFUMED WHITE VASELINE do. do. 1/-, 2/-; glass stoppered bottles, 3/6



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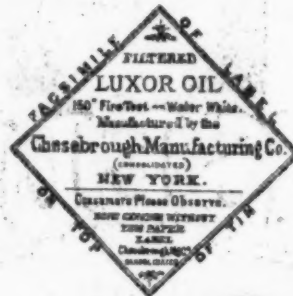
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BRILLIANT LIGHT! NO SMELL! ABSOLUTE SAFETY!

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"LUXOR OIL."

This Oil is manufactured from the heart of the best Crude Petroleum, containing neither the volatile nor the heavy parts of the oil—both of which we utilize in our regular business of manufacturing "VASELINE," and for other purposes—by which means we are enabled to produce Kerosene of an unequalled quality at a comparatively low price.

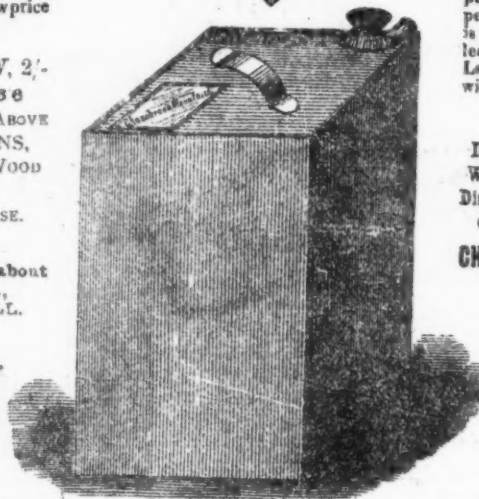


The "Luxor Oil" is consequently superior both for Burning and Safety, yielding as it does a perfect light, and standing over 150° Fire Test. In Odour it is quite different from the ordinary Paraffin or Kerosene in use, a pleasant perfume being substituted for rankness, thus avoiding the principal objection to the use of Petroleum for lighting and heating purposes. To afford perfect satisfaction, it is only necessary to select ordinary Kerosene lamps, burners, and wicks of good quality.

1 GALL. TIN, 2/-
4 Gall. Tin, 8/-
(TWO OF THE ABOVE
4 GALL. TINS,
PACKED IN WOOD
CASE),
12/- PER CASE.

BARRELS of about
40 GALLS.,
1 1/4 PER GALL.

Packages Free
AND ARE
NOT
RETURNABLE



DELIVERED FREE
Within Metropolitan
District upon Receipt
of Postal Order to
CHAS. F. EMERY.

Country Orders
should be for
ONE CASE as
Single Tins cannot be sent by
Rail.

The above represents a 4 Gallon Tin with Improved Screw Tap.

We introduced this Oil to the public a few years ago as being THEN superior to any other on the Market.

The popularity with which it was received has encouraged us to erect an entirely new plant, in order to carry out further improvements in the process of Manufacture, and the result is that we can NOW present in the "LUXOR" an Oil which is absolutely safe under all circumstances, pleasant to use, and at the same time possessing the greatest illuminating power. In other words it is

THE BEST BURNING OIL EVER MADE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Consolidated.
(New York) 41, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

All Orders for Tins or Cases to be addressed to the Company.

OCTOBER, 1885.

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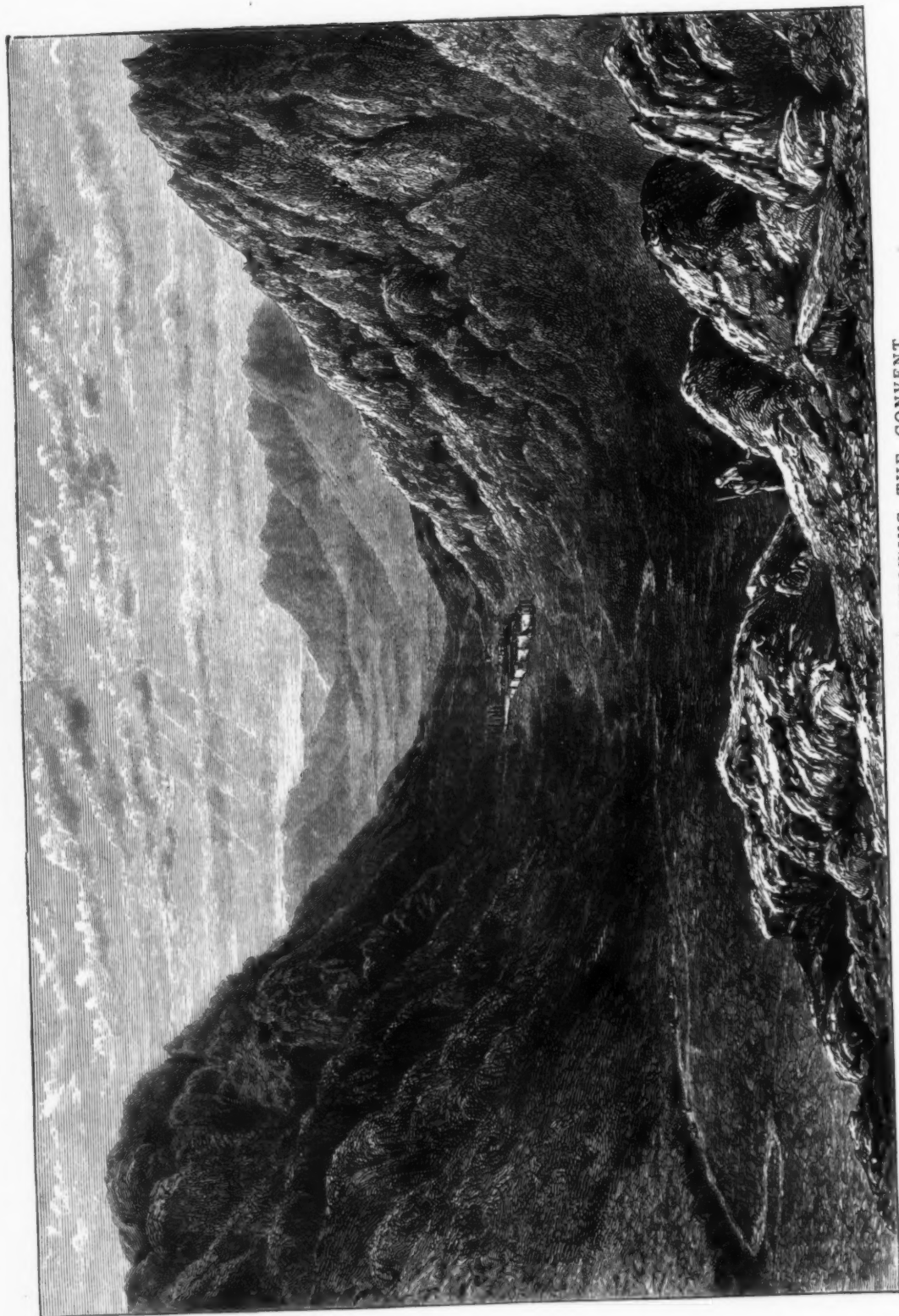
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OVER



PLAIN OF EL RAHIAH, SINAI, SHOWING THE CONVENT.

A POOR GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT

CHAPTER IX.—FAMILY COUNSELS.



A STROLL ROUND THE GROUNDS.

PLAIN OF EL RAHAB, SINAI, SHOWING THE

MR. PENTON drew his chair towards the fire, which was not a usual thing for him to do.

When he felt chilly he went to the book-room, where in the evening there was always a log burning. In the drawing-room it was the rule that nobody should approach the fire too closely; Mr. Penton said it was not good for the children, it gave them bad habits, and it scorched their cheeks and injured their eyes. The moral of which probably was that, as there were so many of them, they could not all get near it, and therefore all had to hold back.

But this evening everything was out of rule. The little ones had been sent to bed. The basket of stockings was pushed aside on the table. Mrs. Penton indeed, unable to bear that breach of use and wont, had taken a stocking out of it furtively

and pulled it up on her arm. It was a grey stocking, with immense healthy holes the size of half-a-crown. She could not get at her needle and worsted without disturbing the family parliament, but at least she could measure the holes and decide how best to approach them, and from what side. Walter had placed himself on the other side of the fire, opposite his father, feeling instinctively that his interests must be specially in question; the girls filled up the intervals between their mother and Wat on the one side, their father on the other. The fire had been stirred into a blaze and danced cheerfully upon all the young faces. The lamp with its smell of paraffin was put aside too, as if it were being punished and put in the corner, for which vindictive step, considering how it smelt and smoked, there was good cause.

"You will understand," said Mr. Penton, "that the visit we have just received must have had some special motive."

"I don't see why you should be so sure of that, Edward," said Mrs. Penton, "unless she said something. It might be just civility. Why not?"

"It was not just civility; I knew that from the first."

"My dear, perhaps you know your own family best: but if it had been one of mine I should have thought it quite natural: to see the children, and hear how we are getting on."

To this Mr. Penton made no reply; the idea of some one coming to see how he and his family were "getting on" did not gratify him as perhaps it ought to have done.

"I think," said Ally, softly, "that Aunt Alicia came out of kindness, papa."

"To herself, I suppose," he said, quickly; then added, "From her point of view it might appear kindness to us too."

There was again a pause, and they all waited with growing curiosity to know what it was.

Mr. Penton sat in silence, balancing himself in his chair, knitting his brows as he gazed into the fire. Mrs. Penton pulled the stocking farther up upon her arm and made a searching study of the holes.

"You all know," he said at length, "that Penton has been a long time in our family, and that I am the heir of entail."

At this Walter moved a little, almost impatiently, in his chair, with a quick start, which he restrained at once, as if he would have interfered. And he did feel disposed to interfere—to say that it was he who was the heir of entail. His father's priority of course was understood, but it seemed hardly worth while to insist upon it. Nevertheless after the first impulse Walter restrained himself.

"I," said his father, rather sharply, with a certain comprehension and resentment of the impulse, of which, however, he was not minded to take any notice, "am the heir of entail. It is tied down upon me, and can't, in the nature of things, go to any one else."

"Unless the law were to be changed," interrupted Anne, remembering too well the discussion of the morning.

He waved his hand with an expression of impatience. "We need not take any such hazard into consideration; it is most improbable, and quite out of the question. As things are, I am the heir of entail. That has been, I don't doubt, a thorn in Sir Walter's flesh. He can't alienate an acre, nor, at his time of life, in honour, cut down a tree."

"I have always said it was hard upon him," Mrs. Penton observed, in an undertone.

They all gave her a look—the look of partisans, to whom any objection is an offence—all except Anne, who kept up an attitude of impartiality throughout the whole.

"I don't know why he has put off so long if he had the mind to make such an offer. If it had been further off perhaps I might have been more tempted; but as it is—Alicia wants me to join with her father and break the entail."

The female part of the committee did not immediately see the weight of this statement. It took some time to make them understand: but Walter saw it in a moment, and sprang to his feet in quick resentment. "Father, of course you will not listen to it for a moment!" he cried.

"To break the entail?" said the mother; "but I thought nothing could do that, Edward."

"Except," said Anne, "a change in the law."

"There is no question of any change in the law," said Mr. Penton, angrily. "How should there be a change in the law? None but demagogues or socialists would ever think of it. The law is too strong in England. As for empirics and revolutionaries—" He snapped his fingers with hot contempt. The suggestion made him angry, although he had himself dwelt upon it in the morning. Then he came back to the real matter: "Yes, there is one way in which it can be done; that is what they want me to do. If I joined with Sir Walter in taking certain steps the entail could be broken: and Penton would go to Alicia, which it appears is his desire."

"Father!" Walter cried. It was such an unspeakable blow to him, striking at the very root of his personal importance, his dreams, his prospects, everything that was his, that the young man was, what did not always happen, the first to seize upon this terrible idea. He could not keep his seat, but stood up tremulous, leaning upon the mantelpiece, looking down with an angry alarm at all their faces, lighted up by the fire. It seemed to Walter that in this slowness to understand there was something of the indifference which those who are not themselves affected so often show in the threatening of a calamity. Their unawakened surprised looks, not grappling with the question, had a half-maddening effect upon him. They did not care! it did not affect them.

"But, Edward, why should you do that—to please Sir Walter—to please—your cousin? Well, I should always like to keep on good terms with my relations, and do what I could for them; but to give up what we have been looking forward to so long—and the only thing we have to look forward to! I am sure," said Mrs. Penton, tears getting into her voice, "I should be the last person to say anything against relations, or make dispeace, but when you think that it is the only provision we have for the children—the only—and when you remember that there's Walter—" She stopped, unable to go on any further, bewildered, not knowing what to think.

"Father does not mean that. It is not that, whatever it may mean."

"Of course I do not mean that. You take up all sorts of absurd ideas and then you think I have said it. Sir Walter and Alicia are my relations, it is true, but they don't set up a claim on that score, neither am I such a fool. Try and understand me reasonably, Annie. Property is different from everything else; you don't give up your rights to please anybody. Here's how it is. When the heir is willing to step in and break the entail, of course he has compensation for it. Sir Walter is a very old man, the property in all human probability will soon be in my hands.

therefore my compensation would be at a heavy rate. They are rich enough," said Mr. Penton, in a sort of smile, "they could afford that."

"They would give father the money," said Anne, in a way she had before found effectual in clearing her mother's ideas; "and he would let them have the land."

"Edward, is that what it means?"

"Yes, strictly speaking: if you put feelings and pride and everything to one side, and the thought of one's family, and of all we've looked forward to for years."

"You can't put them to one side," cried young Walter, sharply, in the keen, harsh, staccato tones of bitterness and fear. "You can't! No money would make up for them, nothing could be put in their place. Father, you feel that as well as I?"

"I feel that as well as you! To whom are you speaking? What are you in the matter?—a boy that may never—that might never—whereas I've thought of it all my life; it has been hanging within reach of my hand, so to speak, for years. I've built everything on it. And a bit of a boy asks me if I feel that—like him! Like him! What is he that he should set himself as a model to me?"

"Oh, father!" cried Ally, with her hand upon his arm.

"Of course," said Mrs. Penton in her quiet voice, quenching this little eddy of passion far more effectually than if she had taken any notice of it, "that makes a great difference. They would give you the money, and you would let them keep the land? There is justice in that, Edward. I do not say it is a thing to be snapped at at once, although we do want the money so much. But still it is quite just, a thing to be calmly considered. I wish you would tell us now exactly what your cousin wants, and what she would give instead of it. It is like selling a property. I am sure I for one should not mind selling *this* property if we could get a good price for it: and as we have no associations with Penton and have never lived there, nor—"

"Mother!" Could the old house have been moved by hot human breath as by a wind of indignation, it would have shook from parapet to basement: but Mrs. Penton on her deep foundation of sense and reason was not shaken at all. She took no notice of the outcry.

"No, we can have no associations with it," she said, calmly. "I have dined there three or four times in my life, and the children have never been there at all. It would not matter much to it if it were to be swallowed up in an earthquake, so long as its value remained."

The girls did not take their mother's prosaic view. Each on her side, they consoled and smoothed down the gentlemen—the young heir, hot with the destruction of hopes that were entirely visionary, that had never had any reality in them—and the immediate heir, to whom this one thing was the sole touch of romance or of expectation in life.

"Tell us about it, father," and "Oh, Wat, be quiet; nothing's done yet!" was what they said.

"Your mother takes it all very easy. She was not born a Penton," said the father. "Yes, I'll tell you about it, though she's settled it already without any trouble, you see. It is not so simple to me. Women can be more brutal than any one when they take it in that way. Alicia was disposed to see it in the same light. She said she had been born there, and never had lived anywhere else, so that her feeling to it must be quite different from mine. Different from mine! to whom it has been an enchantment all my life."

"What your cousin said was quite natural, Edward. I should have said the same thing myself."

"You have just done so, my dear," he said, with a sarcasm which went quite wide of its mark. "Yes, I'll tell you all about it, children. Alicia and her father, it appears, have been thinking it over. They think—they know, to be sure, for who can have any doubt on the subject?—that I am poor. I am a poor man, with a number of children. A man in my position cannot do what he likes, but what he must. I need money to bring you all up, to set you out in the world. Eight of you, you know; that's enough to crush any man," he said.

The girls looked at each other with a look which was half indignant yet half guilty. They felt that somehow they were to blame for being there, for crushing their father. Walter had no such sensation, but yet he recognised the truth of the complaint. He was the eldest, a legitimate, even a necessary party to this question; since but for his existence, in his own opinion, his father's heirship would have been unimportant. But the others were, he allowed to himself, so much ballast on the other side, complicating the question, making a difficulty where there should be none.

"I should have thought," he said, indignantly, "that Sir Walter would have seen how mean it was to take advantage—what a poor sort of thing it was to trade upon a man's disabilities—upon his burdens—upon what he cannot throw off, nor get rid of."

Mrs. Penton's mind had been travelling meanwhile upon its own tranquil yet anxious way.

"Was there any offer made you, Edward? Did she say how much they thought?—wouldn't that be one of the first things to think of? We might be troubling ourselves all for nothing, if they were intending to take advantage, as Walter says. But, then, how should Walter know? They would never take him into their confidence. Was any sum mentioned? for that would show whether they meant to take advantage. I never heard they were that sort of people. Your cousin Alicia has the name of being proud, but as for taking advantage—"

"Can't you see," he cried, with irritation, "that you are driving me distracted, going over and over one set of words. Walter's a fool. Do you suppose the Pentons are cheats? To make such an offer at all was taking an— If we had been as well off as they are they never would have ventured. That's all about it. I never supposed

they would try to outwit me in a bargain." After this little blaze of energy he sank into his more usual depression. "If it hadn't been for you and the children of course I shouldn't have listened, not for a moment."

"Why should you do it for us, father? We don't cost so much. We could go away and be governesses rather than be such a burden!"

Mrs. Penton put down the hand upon which she had drawn the stocking to give Anne a warning touch, while her father took no notice except with a passing glance.

"A man can do himself no justice when he's weighted down on every side. It has always been my luck. I wonder, for my part, now that they have had the assurance to propose it at all, why they didn't propose it years and years ago."

"What a thing it would have been!" said Mrs. Penton; "many an anxiety it would have saved us, Edward. Why, it would make you a rich man! We have always looked forward so to Penton, and nobody ever supposed Sir Walter would live till eighty-five; but I have never thought of it as such a paradise. For, in the first place, it would want a great deal of money to keep it up."

"Yes, it would take money to keep it up."

"Everybody says it is kept up beautifully. You never could reconcile yourself to neglecting anything, and hearing people say how different it was in Sir Walter's time. Then the house is such a grand house, and it would come to us empty or nearly empty. Oh, I've thought it all over so often. Gentlemen don't go into these matters as a woman does. Of course, your cousin Alicia would take away all the beautiful furniture that suits the house. Her father would leave it to her, for *that's* not entailed, you know. We should go into it empty, or with only a few old sticks: what should we do with the things we've got, in Penton?" She looked round with an affectionate contempt at the well-worn chairs, the table in the middle, the old dingy curtains with no colour left in them. "The first thing we should have to do would be to furnish from top to bottom, and where should we find the money to do that?"

Mr. Penton did not say anything. He made a little impatient wave of his hand, but he did not contradict or even attempt to stop her soft, slow, gentle voice as she went on.

"And then the gardeners! they are a kind of army in themselves. To pay them all their wages every week, the men that are in the houses, and the men that are outside, and the people at the lodges, and the carpenters, and the men that roll the lawns; where should we find the money? If we could have the rents and go on living *here*, of course I don't say anything against it, we should be rich. But to live at Penton we should just be as poor as we are now—as poor but much grander—obliged to give parties and keep horses—and dress—If I ever had ventured to tell you my opinion, Edward, I should have told you, instead of looking forward to Penton it has been my terror night and day. I always thought," she continued, after a pause, "that I should try and

persuade you to let it, until, at least, we had a little money to the good."

"To let Penton!" The cry burst from them all in every variation of tone, indignant, angry, astonished. To let—Penton! Penton, which had been the golden dream of fancy, the paradise of hope, the one thing which consoled everybody, from Mr. Penton down to Horry, for all that went amiss in life.

"Well?" said the mother, lifting her mild eyes, looking at them for a moment. "I have always thought so, but I would not say it, for what was the use? You all worship Penton, both you and the children. But I never was taken in by it. I have always seen that, however pleasant it might be, and beautiful and all that—and everybody's prejudices in its favour—we never could keep it up."

She turned round, having delivered her soul, and drew her basket towards her, in which were her needles and the worsted for her darning. She had settled exactly how these big holes were to be attacked, how the threads of the stocking went, and that it must be done in an oblique line to keep the shape. Without a little consideration beforehand neither stockings can be mended nor anything else done. She had said her say, and no doubt, however it was settled, she would do her best, as well for Penton as for the stocking. And the others watched her without knowing they were watching her. She settled to her work with a little sigh of relief, glad to escape into a region where there could be no two opinions, where everything was straightforward. There was something in this which had a great effect upon the young ones, especially upon Walter, who was the most resistant, the most deeply and cruelly disappointed. There came upon him a great, a horrible consciousness that in all likelihood she was right.

Mr. Penton, as was natural, was not so much impressed. "All that," he said, with a little wave of his hand, "is a truism." He paused, then repeated it again with a sense that he had got hold of a new and impressive word. "It is a truism," he said. "Everybody was aware from the beginning that to keep up Penton as it has been kept up would be impossible. My uncle and Alicia have made a toy of Penton. It would be really better, it would look more like the old house it is, if it were not cleaned up like that, shaven and shorn like a cockney villa. If I were a millionaire I should not choose to do it. So I don't think very much of that argument." Walter's spirits rose as he followed eagerly his father's utterance. But after a moment Mr. Penton continued, "There is no doubt, on the other side, that living would cost a great deal more than—more than perhaps we—have ever contemplated. There would be the furnishing, as your mother says—I had not thought of that."

He made the children a sort of jury, before whom the pro and the con were to be set forth.

"It is beautifully furnished at present—every one says so, at least; that would be a great charge to begin with. And we might have a good deal to put up with in the confusion that would be made

between the poor family and the rich. Your mother is quite right so far as that is concerned; what she doesn't take into consideration is the family feeling—the traditions, the sense that it is ours, and that nobody can have any right to it except ourselves. Alicia, to be sure, is a Penton too, and, as she says, she has been born there and never has known any other home. But still, as a matter of fact, she has entered another family. It would be an alienation. It has always gone in the male line. To give it up would be—would be—"

"Father," said Walter, "you couldn't think of it. It would be like tearing body and soul asunder. Give up Penton! I think I would rather die."

"What has dying to do with it?" cried the father, impatiently. And then he sat silent for a moment, staring into the fire and twiddling his thumbs, unconscious of what he was doing. The young ones watched him anxiously, feeling with a certain awe that their fate was being decided, but that this question was too immense for their interference. At length he got up slowly and pushed back his chair. "We'll sleep upon it," he said.

CHAPTER X.—AN ADVENTURE.

BUT Walter, for his part, could not sleep upon it. He followed his father out of the room, he scarcely knew with what intention; perhaps with a hope of further discussion, of being able to open his own mind, of convincing the wavering mind of Mr. Penton. It seemed to him that he could set it all forth so clearly if only the permission were given him. But Mr. Penton gave his son no invitation to accompany him. He asked where Walter was going, what he meant to do moving about at that hour of the night.

"I think I will take—a little turn, sir," the young man said.

"You are always taking turns!" said Mr. Penton, with irritation. "Why can't you do something? Why can't you be going on with your Greek?"

There had been nothing said about Greek for some time. What could he mean by alluding to it now? Walter's foreboding mind at once attached significance to this. He thought that his father meant to suggest a return to his abandoned studies by way of preparing for something serious to come of them. But his dismay at the suggestion was not so ungenerous as the looker-on might have supposed. It was not that he was afraid of being made to work. What he was afraid of was that this was but another sign of the abandonment of Penton—of turning aside to other purposes and other views than those which had been in some sort the religion of his life.

It need scarcely be said that no such idea was in Mr. Penton's mind. He took up the Greek, a missile lying ready to his hand, and tossed it at Walter as he would have flung a stone at a dog which had come in his way in the present perturbed state of his spirits. Having done this, he

thought no more of it, but went into his book-room and shut the door with a little emphasis, which meant that he was not to be troubled, but which to Walter seemed to mean that he declined further argument and had made up his mind. The boy stood for a moment groping for his hat, following his father with his eyes, and then rushed out into the night in a turmoil of feeling—indignation, misery, surprise. He had been taken so entirely at unawares. Such a thought as that of being called upon to relinquish Penton had never entered into his mind; it had never occurred to him as a possibility. He knew well enough, whatever any one might say, that to abolish entail was not a thing to be done in a minute. Revolutions in law take time. 'It was not likely that a man of eighty-five would live long enough to see a change like this accomplished. He had dismissed that idea with scorn; and from what other quarter could any attack come? Walter had felt himself invulnerable—unassailable in his own right. No son could be more dutiful, more affectionate, less likely to calculate upon his father's death; yet, oddly enough, his father had appeared to him only as a secondary person in this matter—a man with a temporary interest; it was he who was the heir. And—without any fault of his, in complete independence of him, without asking his opinion any more than as one of the children, any more than that of Ally or Anne—his birthright was about to be given away!

A dim evening, soft and damp, and with little light in it, had succeeded the brilliant watery sunset. There was a moon somewhere about, but she was visible only by intervals from among the milky clouds. A sort of pale suffusion of light was in the atmosphere, in which all the chief features of the landscape were visible, but more clearly the house, with all its matted-work of creepers, the lights in the windows, the bare branches rising overhead, with a little sighing wind in them, a wind that moaned and murmured of rain. More rain!—rain that would fill up higher the link of darkly-shining water which all but surrounded Penton Hook. The sky was full of it, the atmosphere was full of it; the branches glistened with damp; the very gravel, where you had made an indentation with your heel, filled up with the oozing water, of which the soil was full; and the wind kept sighing with its little lugubrious tone among the branches, saying, "More rain! more rain!" There was a certain moral chill in the air by reason of this, but it was not cold; it was what is called "muggy" on Thames-side. Walter was so well used to it that he made no remark to himself on the damp, nor did he feel the chill. He went crunching along the gravel in his boots, which made a great many indentations, and left a general running of little stray water-gleams behind him, to a certain bench which he had himself made under the tall poplar close to the river-bank. It had not been put there because there was shade to be had in the season when shade is wanted, and when it is pleasant to sit out and see the river at one's feet. It was put there for quite a different reason, because when you knew exactly where to look, there was one small corner, the angle of a

chimney at Penton, visible among the trees. And there he seated himself to think.

The mother had been right when she said that they had worshipped Penton. The children had all been brought up in that devotion. It was a sort of earthly paradise, in which they took refuge from all the immediate humiliations and vexations of their lot. To be poor, yet to belong to the class which is rich, is not a comfortable position. Those who in his own estimation were Walter's equals were in every external circumstance more separated from him than were the young farmers about; and yet the farmers would have been put out by his presence among them, and he would have found himself entirely out of his element. He was thus a young solitary belonging to nobody, at home with none of his compeers, without companions or friends of his age. The farmers, had he taken to them or they to him, were better off than he; they had horses to ride, they followed the hunt, they kept dogs that ran in coursing matches. Wat had nothing except, if he pleased, a share now and then of the solid, sturdy little pony-of-all-work, and Elfie, the shaggy little terrier. What youth of twenty could live in the country and see Fred Milton, who had been in his division at Eton, and little Bannister, go by in pink and not feel it? He felt it, and so did Ally feel it when she read Eva Milton's name among the list of the young ladies who were presented and who had been at the Court ball. Do you suppose Ally did not wish to see what a ball was like as well as the rest? The farmers' daughters had their dances too, and got beautiful white tulle dresses for them as well as their superiors in rank. But Ally got nothing; neither the one nor the other. They were shut out of everything, these poor young people, and felt it, being made but of ordinary flesh and blood.

But Penton had been amid all this the refuge of their imaginations. They had been told indeed that even when they were in Penton they would be poor. But poverty in such circumstances would be transformed. They would no longer be shut out of everything, they would come within the range of the people who were "like themselves." Walter seated himself at the foot of the poplar-tree, with the river running far too close to his feet, for it was very high, sweeping round with an ominous hurry and murmur, preparing floods to come, and the bare branches overhead rustling and whispering in the wind—and directed his eyes to the high wooded bank, the belt of trees, the Penton chimney corner. He could not see it with his bodily eyes, but in his soul he saw it dominating the landscape, and saw as in a panorama everything it involved. Sir Walter Penton of Penton was a power in the county, he was not a mere squire like Fred Milton's father, or a lordling of yesterday like Bannister's ennobled papa. Sir Walter Penton of Penton—not the old man who lived shut up in his library, who was taken out for a drive on fine days. Young Walter meant no harm to the old man, but he was himself the Sir Walter Penton whom he had seen in his dreams. What was it he had looked for? Was it only the vulgar improvement, more money

to spend, better dinners, horses, travels, all that a young man wants? He had wanted these things, but something more. He had wanted first of all to find himself in his place; to be somebody, not nobody; to recover the importance which was his right, to have all the evils of fortune made up to him. Is not that what the young dream everywhere, whatever their circumstances may be?—to have everything set right, to do away with all the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes. Those who spurn you may not be unworthy, and your own merit may not be patent, or even you may be conscious that you are not meritorious at all. But still we dream, even without such a tangible occasion for dreaming as Walter, of everything being set right.

And now in a moment this hope was all to be cut away. Penton was to be made nothing—nothing to him, no more than any house about, no more than Bannister's fictitious abbey with its new Strawberry Hill cloister, which was founded upon nothing but wealth, whereas there had been Pentons of Penton since the thirteenth century, and most likely long before. And he was the representative of them all! In his veins was concentrated the essence of theirs: and yet he was to be cut off; he was to stand stupid and look on, without even a right to say no, though it was his inheritance. Walter felt the very possibility of thought taken from him in this dreadful catastrophe. He had nothing to do with it! that was what everybody would say. He was not one-and-twenty, but even if he had reached that age he had nothing to do with it, though it meant his very life.

The tumult of these thoughts overwhelmed the poor young fellow. They carried him away as the river carries everything away when it is in flood, and turned him over and over and dashed him against stones and muddy projections, and poured waves of bitterness over his head. He sat and bit his nails, and gnawed his under lip, and thought and thought, if there was any way to get out of it, if he could say anything, make any protest to his father, declare his own readiness to go anywhere, do anything, rather than suffer this sacrifice. He might go to Australia—in Australia people make fortunes quickly. He might soon be able to make money, to send home something for the children; or to India, or to the goldfields somewhere where nuggets were still to be had. These thoughts can scarcely be called disinterested, for it was how to save what was more to him than nuggets or fortune that Walter was thinking of: but at all events it was not for himself in the first place that he meant to labour. It was for an ambition altogether visionary after all—for Penton, which meant to him the something better, the something loftier, the ideal of life. As he sat musing, the clouds cleared away a little; there began to be a clear place in the sky: it grew lighter, but he did not remark it—until all at once, without a word of warning, the moon suddenly struck out, and made an outburst of radiant reflection upon the river at his feet which called his attention in spite of himself. He looked up instinctively, by the instinct of long

habit, and lo! everything was clear over Penton; the moon shining full, the clouds all floating away in masses of fleecy whiteness, and a weather-cock somewhere blazing out, as if it were made of gold and silver, to the right.

This sudden revelation was too much for the boy. He gave a cry of insupportable indignation, a loud protest and utterance of despair, and then hid his face, as if the white light had blinded him, in his hands.

"Stay, Martha, look! there's some one on the bank. If it's one of the family what shall I do? or if it's a tramp? Look! either he's gone to sleep and he'll catch his death of cold, or else he's blinded with the moonlight, as people say."

It was a pretty voice that spoke, with a little catch in it as of mingled fright and audacity: and then followed a slight stir on the gravel as though the speaker had started back at sight of the unlooked-for figure under the tree. "Oh, Martha! what shall I do? I've no business to be here at this time of the night."

"You're doing no harm," said Martha. "The missis will think I was showing a friend round the grounds to look at the moon, and she'll never say a word. It's Master Walter. Hush! Don't you take no notice, and he'll take none. He's often here of nights."

"But he's gone to sleep, and he'll catch his death of cold," the stranger said. "Oh, Martha, you that know him, go and wake him up!"

"Husht, then, come along. It's not cold, only a bit damp, and we're used to that in this house. Come along," Martha said.

Walter heard with an acuteness of hearing which perhaps, had it been only Martha, would not have been his; but the other voice was not like Martha's—he thought it sounded like a lady's voice. And he was pleased by the solicitude about himself. And he was very young, and in great need of some new interest that might call him out of himself. He rose up suddenly, and took a long step after the two startled figures, which flew before him as soon as he was seen to move.

"Hi, Martha! where are you off to? Come back, I tell you. Do you think I'll do you any harm, that you run from me?"

"Oh no, sir, please, sir; it's only me and a friend taking a turn by the river afore she goes up to the village. It's a friend, please, sir, as is staying with us at 'ome."

"There's no harm done," said Walter. "You need not run because of me. I'm going in." The two young women had come to a pause in a spot where the moon was shining clearly, showing in a little opening, amid all the tracery of interlacing boughs, of which she was making a shadow pattern everywhere, the square figure of Martha, standing firm, with another lighter, shrinking shadow, slim and youthful, beside her. There was something romantic to Walter's imagination in this unknown, who had shown so much interest in himself. "Going to the village at this hour!" he added. "I hope she is not going by herself."

"Oh, it's of no consequence, sir," said Martha, pulling rather imperatively her companion by the gown.

"Is it a bad road, or are there tramps, or—anything? Oh, Martha!" the other said, in a voice which sounded very clear, though subdued.

"Oh, nonsense, Emmy! It's just like any other road. It's a bit dark and steep to begin with. But there's nothing to be frightened of."

"Oh, why did I stay so late!" said the other. "How silly of me not to think! No lamps, nor—nor shops, nor people. I never was out on a country road in the dark. Oh, why didn't I think—"

"Don't be a silly! It's as safe as safe; there's never no accidents here."

"You had better keep your friend with you all night, Martha; my mother will not mind."

"Oh!—but my mother, sir! she would go out of her senses wondering what had come to me."

"Emmy, don't be a silly. I tell you it's as safe—"

"I have nothing particular to do," said Walter, good-humouredly. "Since she is so frightened I will walk with her as far as the turnpike. You can see the lights of the village from there."

"Oh, Mr. Walter, I couldn't let you take that trouble. I'd rather go with her myself. I'll run and get Jarvis. I'll—"

"You need not do anything. It's turned out a lovely night," said Walter, "and I shall be all the better for the walk."

It was all settled in a moment, before he himself knew what was being done, with the carelessness, the suddenness which sometimes decides an all-important event. Walter was seized just at the moment when his own evil fortune seemed overwhelming, when fate seemed to be laying hold on him, with a force which nothing could resist. He was seized by a kind impulse, a good-natured wish to be of use to somebody, to escape from himself in this most legitimate, most virtuous way, by doing something for another. He was pleased with himself for thinking of it. A sense of being good came into his mind, with a little surprise and even amusement such as only an hour ago would have seemed impossible to him. It was like what his mother or one of the girls might have done, but such impulses did not occur readily to himself. He walked round towards the gate by which Martha and her friend stood and whispered together. Martha he could see did not like it; she was shocked to think of her young master having the trouble. The trouble! that was the thing that made it pleasant. He felt for the moment delivered from himself.

"If I am walking too fast for you, tell me," he said, when he found himself upon the road with the small, timid figure keeping a respectful distance at his side.

"Oh no, sir," but with a little pant of breathlessness, she said.

"I am going too fast—how thoughtless of me! Is that better? And so you are not used to country roads?"

"I am only a little cockney, sir. I have never been out of London before. It's a bad time to

come to the country in the winter: for one forgets how short the days are, and it's silly to be frightened. I am silly, I suppose."

"Let us hope not about other things," said Walter. "The road is very dark, to be sure."

"Yes, sir," she said, with a little shiver, drawing closer. They were still in the hollow and the hedges were high on either side, and the darkness was complete upon their path, though a little way above the moon penetrated, and made the ascent as white as silver and as light almost as day.

"Should you like," he said, with a little laugh of embarrassment, yet an impulse which gave him a curious pleasure, such as he was quite unfamiliar with, "to hold on by me?—would you like to take my arm?"

"Oh no, sir!"

The suggestion seemed to fill her with alarm, and she shrank away after coming so close. Walter was, on the whole, relieved that she did not take his offer, but he was pleased with himself for having made it, and immensely interested in this little modest unknown, who was unseen as well—this little mysterious being by his side in the dark.

"The wood is very pretty," he said, "although you can't see it, and there are no lamps."

"You are laughing at me, sir; but if you consider that I never was out of the reach of the lamps before. Hampstead is the farthest I have been, and there are lamps there even on the heath. The darkness is one of the things that strikes me most. It is so dark you can feel it. It's black." She gave another little shiver, and said, after a moment, "I do so love the light."

Her tone, her words, the ease with which she spoke, filled Walter with surprise—a surprise which he expressed without thinking, with a frankness which perhaps he would not have displayed had his companion not been Martha's friend.

"And what," he said, "can you be doing in our village, and at old Crockford's? I can't understand it. You are a—you're not a—"

He began to recollect himself when he came this length. To say "you're a lady" seemed quite simple when he began to speak; but as he went on it did not prove so easy. If she was a lady how could he venture to make any such remark?

She gave a little soft laugh which was very pretty to hear. "Old Crockford is—a sort of an uncle of mine," she said.

"Your uncle!"

"Well, no—not quite my uncle, but something a little like it. When I am humble-minded I call him so; when I am not humble-minded—"

"What happens then?"

"I say as little about it as I can; I think as little about it as I can. No," she said, with a little vehemence, "I'm not a lady, and yet I'm not a—Martha Crockford. I am a poor little London cockney girl. You shouldn't be walking with me, sir; you oughtn't to see me home, you, a gentleman's son. People might talk. As soon as we get into the moonlight there, where it is so bright, I will release you and run home."

"Home!" said Walter, incredulous; "it is not possible. Whoever you are—and of course I have no right to ask—I am sure you are a lady. You are as little like the Crockfords as any one could be. No doubt you must have some reason—"

"Oh, yes," she said, with a laugh, clasping her hands, "a mysterious reason; how can you doubt it? I am a heroine, and I have got a story. I am in hiding from Prince Charming, who wants to run away with me and make me his queen; but I won't have him, for I am too high-toned. I could not have him shock his court and break the queen mother's heart. Every word I say makes you more certain what sort of person I am. Now doesn't it?" she cried, with another laugh.

"I can't tell what sort of a person you are," said Walter, "for I am sure I never talked to any one like you before."

"Well," she said, with a quick breath which might have been a sigh, "I hope that is a compliment. I have been talking to Martha all night, dropping my h's and making havoc with my grammar. It is nice to do the other thing for a little and bewilder some one else. Yes; I am sure this is a pretty road when there is light to see it. One can't see it in the moonlight, one can see nothing for the moon."

"That is true," said Walter; "just as in summer you can't see the grass for flowers."

"I don't exactly catch the resemblance. What is that lying under the hedge? The shadow is so black, so black now we have got into the light. Look, please; I feel a little frightened. What is that under the hedge?"

"Nothing," said Walter; "only a heap of stones. If you will look back now we have got up here you will see the river and all the valley. The view is very pretty from here."

He hoped to see her face when she should turn round, for, though the moonlight is deceiving, it is still better than darkness. Even though she had her back turned to the light he could now see something—the round of what must be a pretty cheek.

"I am sure there is something there under the hedge, something that moved."

"I will look to satisfy you," said Walter; "but I know there is nothing. Ah!—"

A quick rush, a little patter of steps flying along the white road, were the first indications he had of what had happened. Then, before he could recover himself, a laughing "Good-bye, good-bye, sir. Thank you; I see the village lights," came to him down the road. He made a few steps in pursuit, but then stopped, for the little figure flying was already out of sight. And then he stood looking after her *planté la*, as the French say. Why, it was an adventure!—such a break as had never happened before in his tranquil life.

CHAPTER XI.—THE GIRLS' OPINION.

THE girls in the drawing-room not only met with no adventure, but they did not even know that the damp atmosphere had cleared up and the moon come out. They did not know

what had become of Walter. They were as unaware of his despair as of the sudden amusement which had come to him to console him in the midst of it. They thought—hoped rather—that he had gone to the book-room with Mr. Penton and was there talking it over, and perhaps undoing the effect of what their mother had said. It did not, indeed, seem very likely that Walter should be able to do this, but yet they were so much on the side of Penton in their hearts that a vague hope that it might be so, moved them in spite of themselves. Walter against mother seemed a forlorn hope; and yet when all your wishes are in the scale it is difficult to believe that these will not somehow help and give force to the advocate. Ally and Anne had taken their places at the table when the gentlemen went away. They were making little pinafores for the children; there were always pinafores to be made for the children. Anne, who was not fond of needlework, evaded the duty (which to her mother appeared one of the chief things for which women were made) as much and as long as she could, but, being beguiled by promises of reading aloud, did submit in the evening. The little ones used so many pinafores! Ally was always busy at them, except when she was helping in the more responsible work of making little frocks. This evening there was no one to read aloud, but no one blamed Walter for going out; no one even thought of the book, though they were at the beginning of the third volume. Penton for the moment was a more interesting subject than any novel. The girls had not thought so much of it as Walter had done, but still it had been a prominent feature in their dreams also. The idea of being Pentons of Penton could not be indifferent; of taking their place among the aristocracy of the county; of going everywhere, having invitations to all the parties, to tennis in summer, to the dances, all the gaieties, of which now they only heard. Secretly in their souls they had consoled themselves with the thought of this when they heard of the great doings at Milton and all that was done when little Lord Bannister came of age. Anne, indeed, had exclaimed, "If they don't think proper to ask us now they may let us alone afterwards, for I shan't go!" But Ally, more tolerant, had taken the other side. "They don't know anything about us; it would be going out of their way to ask us. If they knew we were nice, and didn't ask us because we were poor, that would be horrid of them; but how can they tell whether we are nice or not?" Anne would have none of this indulgent argument; she had made up her mind when they came to advancement to revenge all these wrongs of their poverty, so that it was equally hard upon her to have to consent to do without that advancement after all.

Thus they had plenty to talk about as they made their little pinafores. These were made of coloured print, which looked cheerful and clean (when it was clean), and wore well, Mrs. Penton thought. Brown holland, no doubt, is the best on the whole, and there is most wear in it, but it is apt to look dingy when it is not quite fresh, and when it is once washed gets such a blanched, sodden look;

even red braid fails to make it cheerful. So that Mrs. Penton preferred pink print and blue, which are cheaper than brown holland. The table looked quite bright with those contrasting hues upon it; and the young faces of the girls bending over their work, though they looked more grave and anxious than usual, were pleasant in their fresh tints. Mrs. Penton herself went on with her darning. She had filled up all those great holes, doing them all the more quickly because she had studied the "lie" of them, and how the threads went, before.

"I have never said anything about it," said Mrs. Penton, "for what was the use? I saw no way to be clear of Penton; but I've had this in my mind for years and years. You don't know what an expense it would be; even the removal would cost a great deal: and though we should have a larger income we should have no ready money—not a farthing. And then you know your father, he would never be content to live in a small way, as we can do here, at Penton; he would want to keep up everything as it was in Sir Walter's time. He would want a carriage, and horses to ride. He might even think of going into Parliament—that was one of his ideas once. Indeed, I see no end to the expense if we were once launched upon Penton. We should be finer, and we should see more company, but I don't think we should be a bit better after a while than if we had never come into any fortune at all."

"But it would always be something to be fine, and to see more company, and to have a carriage, and horses to ride," said Anne.

"At the cost of getting into debt and leaving off worse than we were before!" said the mother, shaking her head.

Ally let her work drop on the table and looked up with her soft eyes. There was a light unusual in them, which shone even in the smoky rays of that inodorous lamp. "Oh," she said, with a long-drawn breath, "mother! it's wicked, I know; and if it made things worse afterwards—"

"She thinks just as I do!" cried Anne—"that to have a little fun and see the world, and everything you say, would be worth it, if it were only for a little while!"

"Oh, girls!" said Mrs. Penton—a mild exasperation was in her tone—"if you only knew what I know—"

"We can't do that, mother, unless we had experience like you; and how are we to get experience unless we risk something? What can we ever know here?—the hours the post goes out, though we have so few letters, the times they have parties at the Abbey, though we're never asked. The only thing we can really get to know is how high the river rises when it's in flood, and how many days' rain it takes to make it level with our garden. Oh, how uncomfortable that is, and how chill and clammy! What else can we ever know at Penton Hook?"

"Oh, girls!" said Mrs. Penton again.

Si jeunesse savait! But this is what will never be till the end of the world. And at the same time there was something in her maternal soul that took their part. That they should have their

pleasure like the other girls; that they should have their balls, their triumphs like the rest; that to dress them beautifully and admire their bright looks might be hers, a little reflected glory and pleasure for once in her dim, laborious life,—her heart went out with a sigh to this which was so pleasant, so sweet. But then afterwards? To give it up was hard—hard upon those who had not discounted it all as she had done, taking the glory to pieces and deciding that there was no satisfaction in it. She felt for her husband and the children, though for them more than for him—but her feeling was pity for a pleasant delusion which could not last, rather than sympathy. Penton in itself was to her nothing; she disliked it rather than otherwise as something which had been opposed to her all her life.

"If your father accept this offer," she said after a time, "we need not stay in Penton Hook. We might let it: or at least we might leave it in the winter and go to some other place. We might go to London, or we might even go abroad: then you would really see the world. If your father had to give up Penton without any advantage that would be a real misfortune. But of course they would give him a just equivalent. Our income would be doubled and more than doubled. Oswald could stay at Marlborough; Walter might go to Oxford. We should be better off at once without waiting for it, and we should be free, not compelled to keep up a large place or spend our money foolishly. You might have your fun, as you call it. Why shouldn't you? We would be a great deal better off than at Penton, and directly—at once. You know what everybody says about waiting for dead men's shoes. Sir Walter may live for ten years yet. When a man has lived to eighty-five he may just as well live to ninety-five. And I am sure if we only could get a little more money to live on, none of us wishes him to die."

"Oh no," said the girls, one after another. "If it is any pleasure to him to live," Anne added reflectively, after a pause.

"Pleasure to live? It is always a pleasure to live, at least it seems so. No one wishes to die as long as he can help it. I wonder why, myself; for when you are feeble and languid and everything is a trouble, it seems strange to wish to go on. They do, though," said the middle-aged mother with a sigh. She thought of Sir Walter as they thought of her, with a mixture of awe and impatience. They felt that their own eager state, looking forward to life, must be so far beyond anything that was possible to her; just as she felt her own weary yet life-full being to be so far in the range of vitality above him. She drew the stocking off her arm as she spoke, and smoothed it out, and matched it with its fellow, and rolled them both up into that tidy ball which is the proper condition of a pair of stockings when they are clean and mended, and ready to be put on. "I think I will go up to the nursery and take a look at the children," she said. "Horry had a cold: I should like to see that there is no feverishness about him now he is in bed."

Ally and Anne dropped their work with one accord

as their mother went away, not because her departure freed them, but because their excitement, their doubt, their sense of the family crisis all intensified when restraint was withdrawn, and they felt themselves free to discuss the problem between themselves. "What do you think?" they both said instinctively, the two questions meeting as it were in mid career and striking against each other. "I think," said Anne, quickly, not pausing a moment, "that there is a great deal in what mother says."

"Oh, do you?" said Ally, with an answering look of disappointment; then she added, "Of course there must be, or mother would not say it. But would you ever be so happy anywhere as you would be in Penton? Would you think anywhere else as good—London, or even abroad—oh, Anne, Penton!"

And now it was that Anne showed that sceptical, not to say cynical spirit, that superiority to tradition which had never appeared before in any of her family.

"After all," she said, "what is Penton? Only a house like another. I never heard that it was particularly convenient or even beautiful more than quantities of other houses. It is very large—a great deal too large for us—and without furniture, as mother says. Fancy walking into a great empty, echoing place, without a carpet or a chair, and pretending to be comfortable. It makes me shudder to think of, whatever you may say."

Ally was chilled much more by Anne's saying it than by the vision thus presented to her. She began hurriedly, "But Penton—" and then stopped, not knowing apparently what to say.

"I begin to be dreadfully tired of Penton," said Anne, giving herself an air of superiority and elderly calmness. "Everybody romances so about that big, vulgar house. Well, anything's vulgar that pretends to be more than it is. One would suppose it was the House Beautiful or else a royal palace at the very least, to hear you all speak. And then poor old Sir Walter, to grudge him his little bit of life! I feel like a vampire," cried Anne, "every day wishing that he may die."

"I am sure," cried Ally, moved almost to tears, "I don't wish him to die."

"You wish to be at Penton, and you can't be at Penton till he dies," said Anne, triumphantly. "Poor old gentleman! his nice warm rooms that he has taken so much trouble with, and all his pretty things! And to think that a lot of children who will pull everything to pieces should be let in upon them, and his own daughter, who is like himself, and who would keep everything just as he liked to see it, should be driven away!"

"I never thought of it in that light before," said Ally, in a troubled voice.

"Nor I," said Anne; "but it is fair to put yourself in another person's place and think how you would feel if— Mrs. Russell Penton must hate us, naturally. I should if I were she. Fancy if there was some one whose interest it was that father should die!"

"Oh, Anne!"

"It is just the very same only that father is

not so old as Sir Walter. Suppose there were no boys, but only you and me, and some other horrible people were the heirs of the entail. How I should hate them! I think I should try to kill them!"

Anne loved an effect, and Ally's softer spirit was the instrument upon which she played. Ally cried "No, no, no!" with a horrified protest against these abominable sentiments. A cloud of trouble gathered over her face; her eyes filled with tears. She put up her hands to stop those dreadful words as they flowed from her sister's mouth.

"To hate any one would be terrible. I could not do that, nor you either, Anne."

"Not if they wished that father might die?"

This awful supposition overwhelmed Ally altogether. She melted into tears.

"Well, then, come along out into the garden, and don't let's think of it any more. I want a little air—the lamp is so nasty to-night—and I'll finish my pinafore to-morrow. It is very nearly done, all but the buttonholes. Do come out and see if the river is rising. That is one good thing about Penton, it is out of reach of the floods. But look, what a change! It is almost as clear as day, and the moon so beautiful. If I had known I should not have stayed indoors in the light of that horrid lamp."

"We *must* do our work some time," said Ally, faintly, allowing herself to be persuaded. It was rather cold, and very damp; but the moon had come out quite clear, dispersing, or rather driving back into distance the masses of milky clouds which had lost their angry aspect, and no longer seemed to foretell immediate rain. Rain is disagreeable to everybody (except occasionally to the farmers), but it is more than disagreeable to people who live half surrounded by a river; it made their hearts rise to see that the rain-clouds seemed dispersing and the heavens getting clear. And then it takes so very little to lighten hearts of seventeen and eighteen! The merest trifle will do—the touch of the fresh air, even the little nip of the cold which stirred their blood. As they came out Walter appeared, coming back from the gate, a dark figure against the light.

"Oh, Wat, where have you been? Have you been up to the village without telling us? And I did so want a run! Why didn't you call me?"

"Don't, Anne," said Ally; "he is not in spirits for your nonsense. Poor Wat! he cannot throw it off like you."

"Ah," said Walter, reflectively; but it seemed to the girls that he had to think what it was he could not throw off. "I have not been up to the village," he said; "only round the dark corner. Martha was there with a little girl who was in a terrible funk. She thought there were lions and tigers under the hedge. I just saw her round the corner."

"How kind of you, Wat! A little girl! But who could she be?"

"I don't know a bit," said Walter, demurely. "It was too dark to see her face."

He thought his own voice sounded a little strange, but they did not perceive it. They came

to either side of him, linking each an arm in his.

"Come and look at Penton in the moonlight," said Anne, she who was so indifferent to Penton. But somehow to all of them the sting was taken out of it, and there was no pain for them in the sight.

CHAPTER XII.—A NEW FACTOR.

MRS. RUSSELL PENTON did not let the grass grow under her feet. In two or three days after the above events, before Mr. Penton had made up his mind to give any answer, good or bad, another emissary appeared at the Hook. He was a messenger less imposing but more practical than the stately lady who had perhaps calculated a little—more than was justified by the effect produced—upon her own old influence over her cousin. No influence, save that of mutual interest and business-like arrangement, was in the thoughts of the present negotiator. He drove up to the door in a delightful dogcart, with a fine horse and the neatest groom, a perfectly well-appointed equipage altogether, such as it is a pleasure to see. He was as well got-up himself as the rest of the turn-out—a young man with a heavy moustache and an air—Anne, who at the sound of this arrival could not be restrained from moving to the window and looking out behind the curtains, pronounced him to be "A guardsman, I should think." "A guardsman! how should you know what a guardsman is like? and what could he want here?" Walter had said, contemptuously. But he too had peeped a little, ashamed of himself for doing so. "A bagman, you mean, coming for orders," he cried; to which his sister retorted with equal justice, "How do you know what a bagman is like? and what orders could he get here?" The two young people were considerably discomfited when the stranger, in all his smartness and freshness, with a flower in his buttonhole (in the middle of winter), was suddenly shown in upon them by Martha with the murmur of a name which neither caught, and which, as Anne divined, their handmaiden had mumbled on purpose, not comprehending what it was.

The stranger made his bow and explained that he had come to see Mr. Penton on business; and then he displayed an amiable willingness to enter into conversation with the younger branches of the family. "Your roads are not all that could be desired," he said, finding upon his coat-sleeve an infinitesimal spot of mud. "I am afraid it must be pretty damp here."

"No, it is not damp," said Walter, promptly.

"Oh!" said the other; and then after a moment he hazarded the observation that the house, though pretty, lay rather low.

"It is not lower than we like it to be," Walter replied. He did not show his natural breeding. He felt somehow antagonistic to this visitor without any reason, divining what his errand was.

"Oh!" said the stranger again; and then he addressed himself to Anne, and said that the weather was very mild for the season, an assertion

which the most contradictory could not have denied. Anne had been looking at him with great curiosity all the time. She did not know how to classify this spruce personage. She was not at all acquainted with the *genus* young man, and it was not without interest to her. He was neither a guardsman nor a bagman, whatever that latter order might be. Who was he? She felt very desirous to inquire. Her reply was, "I am afraid father must be out. Did he expect you to come?" thinking perhaps in this way the stranger might be led into telling who he was.

"I don't know that he expected me. I came on business. There are certain proposals, I believe; but I need not trouble you with such matters. I hope I may be permitted to wait for Mr. Penton, if he is likely to return soon."

"The best way," said Walter, with an air of knowledge which deeply impressed his sister, "is to write beforehand and make an appointment."

"That is most true," said the other, with suppressed amusement, "but I was told I was almost sure to find Mr. Penton at home."

At this moment the door flew open hastily and Ally appeared, not seeing the stranger as she held the door. "Oh, Wat," she cried, "father has gone out and some one has come to see him. Mamma thinks it is some dreadful person about Penton. She wants you to run out and meet him, and tell him—What are you making signs to me for?"

As she said this she came fully into the room and looked round her, and with a sudden flush of colour, which flamed over cheek and brow and chin, perceived the visitor, who made a step forward with a smile and a bow.

"I am the dreadful person," he said. "I don't know what I can say to excuse myself. I had no bad intention, at least."

Ally was so much discomposed that after her blush she grew pale and faint. She sank into a chair with a murmur of apology. She felt that she would like to sink through the floor; and for once in her gentle life would have willingly taken vengeance upon the brother and sister who had let her commit so great a breach of manners, and of whom one, Anne, showed the greatest possible inclination to laugh. Walter, however, was not of this mind. He took everything with a seriousness that was almost solemnity.

"My sister, of course, did not know you were there," he said. And then, with that desire to escape from an unpleasant situation which is common to his kind, "Since you are in a hurry and your business is serious, I'll go and see if I can find Mr. Penton," he said.

And he had the heart to go, leaving the stranger with Ally and Anne! the one overwhelmed with confusion, the other so much tempted to laugh. It was like a boy, they both reflected indignantly, to leave them so. Between Ally, who would have liked to cry, and Anne, who restrained with difficulty the titter of her age, the young man, however, felt himself quite at an advantage. He asked with quiet modesty whether he might send his horse round to the stables. "I can send him up to the village, but if you think I might take the liberty

of putting him up here—" They were so glad to be free of him, even for a moment, that they begged him to do so, in one breath.

"But for goodness' sake, Ally, don't look so miserable, there is no harm done," said Anne, in the moment of his absence; "it will show him how we feel about it."

"What does it matter how we feel? but to be rude is dreadful; let me go and tell mother—"

"What, and leave me alone with him? You are as bad as Wat. You shan't stir till father comes. Fancy a strange young man, and an enemy—"

"He need not be an enemy, he's only a lawyer," Ally said, always ready to see things in the most charitable light.

"And what is a lawyer but an enemy? Did you ever hear of a lawyer coming into the midst of a family like this but it was for harm? It was very funny, though, when you bolted in. Wat and I were making conversation: when you suddenly came like a thunderbolt with your 'dreadful person'."

In the absence of the injured, Ally herself did not refuse to laugh in a small way. "He does not look dreadful at all," she said; "he looks rather—nice, as if he would have some feeling for us."

"I don't think his feeling for us could be of much consequence. We are not fallen so low as that, that we should need to care for an attorney's feeling," said Anne. But then her attention was distracted by the fine horse with its shining coat, the dogcart all gleaming with care and varnish, notwithstanding the traces of the muddy roads. "He must be well off," she said, "at least," with a little sigh.

"He is in the law," said Ally; "that doesn't mean the same thing as an attorney. An attorney is the lower kind: and I'm sure it may matter a great deal that he should have feeling. Think of poor Wat's interest. It is Wat that is to be considered; even mother, who is so strong on the other side, and thinks it would be so much better for the rest of us, is sorry for Wat."

"Hush! he is coming back," Anne said. There was something strangely familiar in the return of the visitor through the open door without any formalities, as if he were some one staying in the house.

"It is very fortunate that the weather is so fine," he said, coming back. "The situation is delightful for the summer, but you must find it unpleasant when the floods are out."

"It is never unpleasant," said Anne, "for it is our home. We like it better than any other situation. Penton is much grander, but we like this best."

"We need not make any comparison," said Ally. "Cousin Alicia prefers Penton because she was born there, and in the same way we—"

"I understand," the stranger said. But the girls were not clever enough to divine what it was he understood, whether he took this profession of faith in the Hook as simply genuine, or perceived the irritation and anxiety which worked even in their less anxious souls. He began to talk about the great entertainment that had taken place

lately at Bannister. "It was got up regardless of expense," he said, "and it was very effective as a show. All that plaster and pretence looks better in the glow of Bengal lights—of course, you were—What am I thinking of? It is not your time yet for gaieties of that kind."

"We were not there," said Anne, in a very decisive tone. Disapproval, annoyance, a little wistfulness, a little envy were in her voice. "We don't go anywhere," she said.

"Not yet, I understand," said the stranger again. There was a soothing tone about him

cried in the same breath; but then Ally gave Anne a look, and Anne, being far the most prompt of the two, made an immediate diversion. "There is father coming through the garden," she said. It was a principle in the family to maintain a strict reserve in respect to Penton, never permitting any one to remark upon the want of intercourse between the families. It is needless to say that this was a very unnecessary reserve, as everybody knew what were the relations between Sir Walter and his heir. But this is a delusion common to many persons more



A STRANGER AT PENTON HOOK.

generally. He seemed to make nothing of the privations and disabilities of which they were so keenly conscious. "I have a sister who is not out," he went on. "I tell her she has the best of it: for nothing is ever so delightful as the parties you don't go to, when you are very young."

They paused over this, a little dazzled by the appearance of depth in the saying. It sounded to them very original, and this is a thing that has so great a charm for girls. He went on pleasantly, "There are to be some entertainments, I hear, at Penton when everything is settled. I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting you there."

"At Penton! we are never at Penton," they

experienced in the ways of the world than the poor Pentons of the Hook.

Mr. Penton came in making a great noise with his big boots upon the tiles of the hall. He opened the door of the drawing-room and looked in with a nod of recognition which was not very cordial. "Good morning, Mr. Rochford," he said; "I am sorry I have kept you waiting. Perhaps you will come with me to my room, where we shall be undisturbed."

The young man hesitated a little. He made the girls a bow more elaborate than is usual with young Englishmen. "If I am not so fortunate as to see you again before I go—" he said, with

his eyes on Ally—and how could Ally help it? She was not in the habit of meeting people who looked at her so. She blushed, and made an inclination of her head, which took Anne, who gave him an abrupt little nod, quite by surprise. "Why," the girl cried, almost before the door closed, "Ally, you gave him a sort of dismissal as if you had been a queen."

"What nonsense!" Ally said; but she blushed once more all over, from the edge of her collar to her hair. "I wonder," she said, "whether Cousin Alicia can leave us out, if she is going to give entertainments as he says."

"When everything is settled—what does that mean, when everything is settled?" cried Anne.

"It means, I suppose," said Walter, gloomily, "when Penton has been given over, when we have fallen down among the lowest gentry, just kept up a little (and that's not much) by the baronetcy which they cannot take away. Father can't sell that, I believe. Mrs. Russell Penton may be a very great lady, but she can't succeed to the baronetcy. Leave us out! Do you mean to say that—over my body, as it were, you would go!"

"Oh, Walter, don't take it like that! If father settles upon doing this, it will be because both together they have decided that it is the best."

"And no one asks what I think," cried the lad, "though after all it is I—" He stopped himself with an effort, and without another word swung out again, leaving the door vibrating behind him. And the girls looked at each other with faces suddenly clouded. Fifty looks to twenty so remote an age, so little to be calculated upon.

After all, it was Walter, not Mr. Penton, who was the heir. And no one asked what he thought!

The door of the book-room closed upon the negotiations which were of such importance to the family. There came a hush upon the house—even the winterly birds in the trees without, who chirped with sober cheerfulness on ordinary occasions, were silent to-day, as if knowing that something very important was going on. Those who passed the door of the book-room—and everybody passed it, the way of each individual, whatever he or she was doing, leading them curiously enough in that direction—heard murmurs of conversation, now in a higher, now in a lower key, and sometimes a little stir of the chairs, which made their hearts jump, as if the sitting were about to terminate. But these signs were fallacious for a long time, and it was only when dinner was ready, the early dinner, with all its odours, which it was impossible to disguise, that the door opened at last. The three young people were all about the hall door, Walter hanging moodily outside, the two girls doing all they could to distract his thoughts, when this occurred. They all started as if a shell had fallen amongst them. By the first glimpse of Mr. Penton's face they were all sure they could tell what had been decided upon. But they were not to have this satisfaction.

"Tell your mother," he said, keeping in the shade, where no one could read his countenance, "to send in a tray with some luncheon for Mr. Rochford and me." And then the door closed, and the discussion within and the mystery and anxiety without continued as before.

The Promise of Spring.

O'ER moorland and meadow the sky is still frowning,
For Winter has yet a last challenge to fling;
A veil of grey mist the wide hill-top is crowning,
But softly through all comes the promise of Spring.

The boughs of the forest, though barren and hoary
Beneath the keen breath of the tempest they swing,
Have heard 'mid the whirlwind the rapturous story,
And thrilled with new strength at the promise of Spring

The blackbird is ready to give her good morrow,
The skylark is waiting a welcome to sing,
All nature will stir from her slumber and borrow
Fresh vigour, fresh life, at the promise of Spring.

The north wind may rave, and the stormy clouds rally,
In vain are the forces that Winter can bring,
For over the upland and down through the valley
There comes like a sun-ray the promise of Spring.

SYDNEY GREY.

THE POST IN MANY LANDS.



A JAPANESE POSTMAN.

WE are, most of us, so proud of our Post Office that we are inclined to look upon the post in general as a peculiarly English institution, and to assume that in such matters foreigners have done little but follow our lead. This modest assumption it would not be easy to defend, as in all lands there have existed for ages some means of sending letters from place to place with a fair amount of speed. When did the post begin? It is easy to say that it has been mainly developed out of the various systems of conveying official messages, and that in all nations letter-carrying has passed through a military stage. But it is hardly fair to claim this as a working post. Some authorities would take us back to the invention of the runes, and even to the dawn of speech, as being "the earliest means of conveying intelligence." It may be true that David's letter to Joab is the first on record, and that Jezebel issued the first circular, or, as we have recently been informed, that Ahasuerus inaugurated the first international exhibition, but the research takes us much too far through the question, which, after all, is—when were the letters of private individuals first carried at a fixed rate per letter? Until this is settled it would be wiser to leave the priority branch of the subject alone.

Owing, however, to the great stride taken by us under Sir Rowland Hill, and the splendid

organisation that has gradually been built up at St. Martin's-le-Grand, the English post-office is still ahead of its rivals, and it has formed the model on which all the modern systems have been modified and the improvements made. England has left a good broad mark on civilisation by linking mankind together with the ever-growing letter chains, but the lessons that have been learnt from her have not so much affected the visible limbs as the network that gives those limbs their life. The circulation and sortation are English, but the members, as collectors and distributors, have undergone little change, and the post in many lands retains its national peculiarities. Even in our own dependencies the local influence is too great to be disregarded.

No more unpostmanlike character, for instance, could well be imagined than the Indian rural letter-carrier as he passes by with his spiked stick to defend him from the smaller beasts of the jungle, and his half-dozen bells in full clang to scare away the snakes. Nor can much of a British origin be detected in his representatives on the northern frontier, who, as in the good days of old, carries his letter in the crack of a stick for the same reason that his Cinghalese fellow-worker has it slung from a twig-end by a piece of string. We perhaps get a little nearer the mark in the camel expressman, for picturesque as may

be the Tappal-wallah in his long white garb and blue turban, he has nothing like the smart appearance of the green-turbaned camel postman who, in his red coat, with his red curved sabre and gorgeously bedecked beast, trots at an easy lurching swing his eighty miles a day, jolting the two mail bags at his side.

In Japan the progressive we get nearer the western mark; but here again the local character is unmistakable, and the rural post-runner still swings his baskets across his shoulder as did his ancestors centuries ago. In China the national peculiarities have been as yet retained to such an extent that it is difficult to find the post at all—for the special agents at the ports, who collect the letters as if they were parcels, can hardly be recognised as officials. We read of wonderful arrangements for carrying the letters of the court, but none for carrying those of the people; and the thousands of horses, in thirty-five mile stages, probably owe their existence to a mistranslation. In Formosa there seems to be a letter-carrier of some sort, though the "thousand-mile horse" is a man on foot, who jogs along with paper lantern and umbrella at anything but express speed. And in some of the Chinese provinces there are the foot-runners, armed with the bell, which they ring when approaching a station, and hand with the letters to the runner-in-waiting, who carries them on.

This system of stages is in use among nearly all nations. It is a development of the beacon fires such as brought to the Greeks the news of the fall of Troy. As possessing it we can "survey mankind from China to Peru," for did not the chasquis pass on the quipus, whose genuineness was vouched by the crimson fringe of the inca, and who bore forward their strangely knotted string at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles a day? And did not Cyrus organise his Persian couriers in stages? and did not Xerxes send to Susa by these relays the news of his defeat at Salamis? Had not Charlemagne his messengers? And in these days have we not had the Pony Express of the Rockies? This, the most daring of the modern postal services, has now been replaced by the railway from ocean to ocean, but the gallant pony-riders, doing their sixty-mile stages across the trackless prairie while carrying the mail its 2,000 miles in 240 hours, through perils of every kind from man and beast, will not soon be forgotten.

And even the English letter service was organised in relays in Elizabeth's time. One of the earliest letters sent by post that has come down to us is from Archbishop Matthew Parker to Sir William Cecil, and reads as follows: "Sir,—According to the Queen's Majesty's pleasure, and your advertisement, you shall receive a form of prayer, which, after you have perused and judged of it, shall be put in print and published immediately. From my house at Croydon, this 22d July, 1566, at 4 of the clock afternoon. Your honour's always,

MATTH. CANTUAR."

And it bears the following endorsements:

"Received at Waltham Cross, the 23rd of July, about 9 at night."

"Received at Ware, the 23rd July, at 12 o'clock at night."

"Received at Croxton, the 24th of July, between 7 and 8 of the clock in the morning."

The distance from Croydon to Waltham Cross is twenty-six miles, from Waltham Cross to Ware is eight miles, from Ware to Croxton twenty-nine miles; so that the letter took nearly forty hours to travel some sixty-three miles.

There is an earlier letter than this in the acknowledgment of a despatch that doubtless went north in a similar way. It is dated 1st April, 1515, and is from the English envoy at Stirling to Henry VIII: "This Friday when I came home to dyner I received your most honourable letters by post dated at your mansion Greenwich 26th March." It thus took six days to reach Stirling from London. When Charles II died in 1685 the news reached Edinburgh at one o'clock in the morning of the 10th of February. It left London on the 6th, so that communications had improved somewhat in the hundred and seventy years.

In Scotland there was a local post in 1590, the "Council Post" from Aberdeen to Edinburgh, the men employed in which had uniforms of blue. But not until 1715 was there such a thing north of the Tweed as a horse post. All the work was done by foot-runners, whose endurance was remarkable. Some of them fairly equaled that servant of Lord Hume's, of whom it is related that being ordered one day to take a letter from Hume Castle to Edinburgh, he ran there and back, seventy miles, at such a rate that when his lordship went out for his early morning stroll he found him on the path asleep. Beginning to upbraid him for disobedience, he was handed the answer to his letter, and in return gave him Post Rig as his reward.

But the year 1776 is that most noteworthy in Scottish postal history, for it saw the first penny post north of the border. This penny post was started by Peter Williamson, who kept a coffee-shop near the Parliament House, and began by forwarding letters and messages for gentlemen who had business there. The convenience being appreciated, and the letters increasing, Williamson started a regular organised system of delivery, with hourly collections and agents all over the city. His penny post worked successfully, and was finally taken over by the General Post Office, and he himself received a pension.

Foot posts existed, we are told, in Germany as far back as the fourteenth century, having been organised by associations of merchants for sending letters from city to city. What strange survivals there are in postal matters may be seen even in Berlin to-day, where the yellow post van is driven by an official in shining hat and plume who wears a horn slung at his back. The Berlin postal service is, nevertheless, one of the best organised in Europe, the town deliveries being especially well managed. The numerous collecting-boxes, all fixed to the wall, are about two feet square, painted blue and gold, with the

holes in each side defended by an arrangement of moveable spikes which prevent any letters being withdrawn; and they are cleared every hour, the time of the letters in transit being rather longer than that in our E.C. district. Attached to the head post-office is a museum, where, says a recent writer, "a skilled mechanic waits on visitors to furnish explanations, and show the apparatus at work. Here one may trace the evolution of the means of letter conveyance, from the runner on stilts to the highly-developed railway sorting carriage. All nations are represented. We see the dashing royal mail of England, the dome on wheels which carried the mails of Denmark till 1842, and the primitive means of India and Japan. The moving adventures of the mails by flood and field are depicted in old prints and photographs. No detail is overlooked. Waggon building is illustrated down to the spokes of the wheels; there are specimens of horseshoes and models of the pastern; there are saddles, lamps, horns, stamps, locks, letter-boxes, and weights of every period. Everything illustrates growth, and also it may be said the immense German capacity of borrowing and improving upon the ideas of others. A large amount of space is given up to models of the principal post-offices of the empire, some being accompanied by photographs and plans in section and elevation, so that the department, in setting about the building of a new post-office, has a great wealth of experience and suggestion at hand. Field-post and field-telegraphy have a section, and a corridor is devoted to a complete Rohrpost line, which is shown at work, with postcards of a reduced size specially printed for illustration. On the electrical side the museum is equally complete. The electric light, the telephone, the phonograph, are exhibited, and the interested visitors are presented with strips of the platinum sheet which has just given off several bars of a well-known Volkslied. Telegraphy is fairly represented, and there is perhaps the greatest practical value in this section, which shows, for example, forms of insulators and house-top fixtures; the manufacture of wire and its common faults; the construction of telegraph lines and the tools used. The various stages of decay in poles are illustrated with the same fidelity. One pole is shown tunneled by the woodpecker, another contains a nest with the feathered depredator *in situ*."

The Rohrpost here mentioned is our pneumatic despatch, which has been extensively adopted in Berlin for both letters and telegrams. The system embraces some fifteen miles of tube, and these communicate with about two dozen stations. The working is the same as in Aldersgate Street, with huge air-pumps sucking the carriers to headquarters; and every fifteen minutes a "train" passes along the line taking up messages as it goes.

The "runner on stilts" is the postman of the Landes district on the south-west coast of France, who still strides about the marshes with his feet almost a fathom from the ground. He is the strangest of the many strange survivals of the old days of France. The French claim to trace their postal service as far back as the thirteenth cen-

tury, when the University of Paris organised a system of letter carrying which lasted till 1719. It is such claims as this that have led rival nations to go back still further; and we have Italy, for instance, gallantly claiming its post as coming down in unbroken descent from the days of the Roman Empire.

No mention of French postal affairs would be complete without some notice of the pigeon service during the siege of Paris in 1870. The subject has been almost thrashed out, but the financial side of it does not seem to have been unduly dwelt on. It is somewhat startling to find that each bird carried £11,520 in postage. The rate was in round numbers fivepence per word, and there was a registration fee of sixpence. The postage on the letters averaged four shillings each, so that on two hundred letters the return was £40. The letters were written in groups of two hundred on a screen, and were then photographed down as if for the microscope, on to one of the tiny pages carried by the pigeon. These pages were a sixteenth of each pellicle, so that each pellicle realised sixteen times £40, or £640, and as each pigeon's load was eighteen pellicles, we get the total of each bird's mail as worth eighteen times £640, or £11,520! And it was well worth it, considering that a pigeon would sometimes bring in from Tours as many as fifty thousand despatches, and that the balloon with the birds had first to make its way out of Paris over the German lines. The aeronauts had, however, much to be thankful for, for notwithstanding Krupp's postal guns and various other devices, only seven balloons were captured by the besiegers.

A pigeon post is at daily work in the Fijis, the communications from island to island being carried on by the birds until the inevitable cable comes. The Fijian exports are chiefly fruit, and as the fruit would spoil if kept too long in store, means were necessary to give early notice of when the picking should take place, and the news of the arrival of the various steamers is now flown off through the colony. Till recently the important telegrams in the English papers were sent by pigeons from Point de Galle to Colombo, seventy miles higher up the coast of Ceylon. And in different countries and at different times the pigeon has been a letter carrier ever since the days of Anacreon.

From letters to parcels is an easy transition. The latest use of the pigeon, according to Mr. Tegetmeier, is as a parcel carrier. "Recently," he remarks, "the services of pigeons have been still further utilised by Mr. A. S. Scott, who resides at Rotherfield Park, five miles from Alton, Hants. This gentleman has entered into an arrangement with Mr. Coppall, a grocer of Alton, who is also a homing pigeon fancier; and, as occasion serves, birds are interchanged between the two stations, Mr. Scott always having some of the Alton birds in his possession, and a number of his own being at Mr. Coppall's, in Alton. There is no telegraph station at Rotherfield Park, but Mr. Scott is enabled to dispatch his telegraphic messages to Alton without loss of time, sending them by

pigeons. On the other hand, in place of waiting for his morning paper until it has been brought by messenger, he receives it by pigeon parcel post. In a letter I have just received from this gentleman, he writes:—"I send you the piece of newspaper brought out by one of my pigeons this morning, and which I received about nine a.m. Another cutting of similar size was brought out by another pigeon. Thus I get all the news of importance. I send it just as it arrived without opening it." The enclosure consisted of a page of the 'Daily Telegraph' of Tuesday, October 27, folded longitudinally, viz., in the direction of the columns, three times, so as to make a slip of eight thicknesses of paper. This was then folded transversely and rolled into a firm cylindrical roll barely three inches long by about an inch and a half in diameter. Round this roll a piece of ordinary twine was tied tightly one inch from the end. The two ends of the twine were then knotted together, so as to form an open loop two inches long, which was placed over the head of the bird, allowing the roll to hang down in front of the breast. Notwithstanding my experience of homing birds, I must confess my surprise that so large and weighty an object could be satisfactorily conveyed in this manner for a distance of five miles; the weight of the package was exactly three-quarters of an ounce. That the practice of forwarding the important parts of the daily papers in this manner is habitually followed, I am assured also by Mr. C. L. Sutherland, who has recently been on a visit to Mr. Scott. The practicability of enlisting the services of pigeons in conveying light packages opens up quite a new departure for homing pigeon fanciers. In many cases they may prove of the greatest utility as speedy messengers; medicines can easily be conveyed from the house of the surgeon to that of the patient, and numerous other utilisations of the homing faculty of these birds will suggest themselves to those who keep them." So that we may live in hopes of a great development of pigeon flying, and it is not impossible after all that the first news of the discovery of the North Pole will be brought thence by the pigeons that are to be taken there in the projected balloons. At present "the Arctic mail" is somewhat irregular, consisting merely of a bag of letters hidden in a cairn on the chance of being found and taken on by the next whaler or exploring ship.

In Northern Canada the dog-sledge mail works in winter between Winnipeg and Selkirk with the regularity of the coaches; and in Russia, of course, the letters go by sledge, the sledges being drawn by dogs, horses, or reindeer. This is in the winter; in the summer the mail is in some places carried in two-wheeled carts drawn by buffaloes. In Brazil the post-cart is drawn by oxen, and is a waggon with a pair of solid wheels. In South Africa the mail is in places sent by the ox-drays. In Natal the vehicle is a light four-horse cart.

There is no hard and fast line between letters and parcels in the foreign postal services, and some very strange things go by mail. In Holland, for instance, it has been found possible to post a

perambulator! Queer things are posted in this country, but they do not as a rule get through to delivery. There was once a boy who posted himself at the General Post Office; and a live dog once found his way down the letter shoot at Lombard Street. These were accidental; but of deliberate postings of oddities the Postmaster-General's Reports have always several instances. A five-pound note was once posted open, with merely the address and penny stamp on the back; and at Liverpool last January some person wrote a letter containing twenty-six words on the back of a penny stamp, which was committed to the post and duly delivered. "The success achieved," says Mr. Shaw Lefevre, "led to a repetition of the experiment, but on a third attempt being made with a halfpenny stamp the diminutive document became liable to a charge of one penny as an insufficiently prepaid letter, a penalty which was duly enforced."

If postage stamps are to be used in this way, their already large numbers will receive a considerable increase. Some idea of the extent of the post-office business in this country may be gained from the fact that up to the end of 1884 there had been printed over 31,300,000,000 stamps! Taking these at their present cost of £30 per million, the printer's bill for stamps would amount to £939,000! The Chalmers stamp seems to be an unchallenged British invention, but the Mulready envelope which caused so much fuss was a mere imitation of an Italian device which failed after a short trial. On the 7th of November, 1818, there had appeared at Turin the "postal paper" from which it was copied. This "postal paper" was blue, and stamped and issued in three varieties—fifteen-centime for distances of under fifteen miles, twenty-five-centime for distances between fifteen and thirty-five miles, and fifty-centime for distances over thirty-five miles.

It is not quite fair to ascribe all the increase in our postal business during the last forty-five years to the penny rate, for the introduction of the railways as facilitating the means of communication must at least have had some influence on it. The railway first reached London in 1838. Previous to then the mails from the capital had gone by coach, as they do now in many of our colonies. When we hear of the "old coaching days," with all their pleasures and excitement, we are apt to think that the mail must have gone by coach for centuries. As a matter of fact the mails travelled by coach for a shorter period than they have done by train. The word "coach" is misleading; there was a vast difference between the stage coach and the mail coach.

Palmer's scheme was introduced in 1783, but it was not till August 8th, 1784, that the first mail coach started. It left London at eight in the morning and reached Bristol at eleven at night. The success was obtained by cutting the road up into short stages, so as to change horses every ten miles, and running light compact coaches of the type familiar to us in the modern drag. The improvement in the coach was helped by the improvement in the road, for Palmer was a contemporary of Macadam. To horse the mail took as



THE PRIVATE POSTMAN.

many horses as there were miles to be traversed. The rate was as nearly as possible ten miles an hour, and each horse ran only for one hour in the twenty-four, and remained quiet on the fourth day. The horses lasted about four years; they cost about £25 each to buy, and £2 per week to keep. For the coach to pay it had to earn £10 for each double mile, and the fares were not much in excess of those now charged for railway first class, averaging threepence per mile. To run well the coach had to be ballasted almost as carefully as a boat. The build was quite a triumph of ingenuity for ensuring strength and speed, though the wear and tear were tremendous. It was owing to this wear and tear that Charles Babbage, just before the railways started, came out with his invention of sending the mails on wires sloping from the church steeples and housetops, along which the bags, or rather cylinders, would slide by gravitation. In the winter the mails were carried on sledges, the coach-wheels being in many cases replaced by runners.

The introduction of the mail coaches was, of course, strongly opposed. A vast number of people saw no need for the "perilous velocity." Those who tried the "velocity," however, rather liked it, and Palmer's coaches prospered and prospered until, in 1835, there were seven hundred of them on the road, and the start of the twenty-seven each evening from the Post Office was one of the most popular sights of London.

The mail coaches succeeded, on the main roads, the old postboys, whose work was done in a very slovenly and dilatory manner, under circumstances of great difficulty and danger. The roads were bad, badly kept, and badly watched, and highway robbery was frequent. Those were the days when

travellers made their wills before they set out for the south. "Whereas I am about to take a journey to London, and whereas it is uncertain whether or not I may live to return, I do therefore think it necessary to make my last will and testament." That these fears were not entirely groundless is sufficiently apparent from the following incident, which will serve to illustrate the perils of the post fourteen years after the introduction of the mail coaches, and only twenty-seven years before the opening of our first railway.

In 1798 the postboy coming from Selby to York was one evening robbed of the mail. About three miles out of Selby he had, he said, been accosted by a man on foot, who, gun in hand, told him to unstrap the mail and give it to him. As soon as he obtained possession of the bag the highwayman pulled the bridle from the horse's head and the horse galloped off with the boy. The man was stout, looked like a heckler, and wore a drab jacket. The mail contained the bags for Howden and London, Howden and York, and Selby and York. A reward of £200 was offered for the discovery of the thief, but nothing was forthcoming, and the robbery dropped out of recollection until 1876, when an old public-house was pulled down on the Church Hill at Selby, in the roof of which were found the clothes worn by the thief, and the very bag that had been stolen! This quiet public-house on the Church Hill must have been a queer haunt in its day, for not only were these traces of the highway robbery eighty years before found in the roof, but in the basement, among the foundations, were the evidences of still more serious crime in the shape of several coffins, "with the bodies in a good state of preservation."

W. J. GORDON.

THE MAN WHO RISES, AND THE MAN WHO FALLS.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

THERE is much fallacy in the advice to "rise" given by some successful philanthropists who once perhaps trudged to town with the traditional eighteenpence, but died in the odour of invested money. Their sentiment of success is too deeply flavoured with the acquisition of wealth. Young men, as well as old, are tempted to think this the chief thing to be aimed at, and thus they toil in the belief that no one can be fairly said to have "risen" unless his pockets are well filled.

Among these devotees a mighty fuss is made about the man who has got to the "top of the tree," in forgetfulness of the alternative that possibly the ground at its foot is the best place for security, to say nothing of the fruit which may be picked up there. But so it is. Boys plunged into the caldron of life are told that it is a fine thing to rise to the "top." To change our illustration, we sometimes forget that this is

the place of unsavoury scum or evanescent bubbles. But we will not venture further into the dangerous region of allegory or parabolic estimate, since it may be replied that "cream" (supposed to be the best part of milk) is distinguished for its tendency to "rise," while the "dregs" of most mixtures are held in evil repute, and are never found on the surface. We will look soberly at some tests of human success, and perhaps we shall best get at such small sparks as I can knock out of the flint by noticing a few of the different kinds of rise by which many measure their course.

Take the financial first. "Money" is mostly reckoned as a decision which is almost divine in its value. The man who can fill his purse is looked up to with honour and regard. He lives respected and he dies regretted. After his death he is spoken of as one who was "worth" so much. We know that the moralist constantly

looks on these estimates as fair game for his lash. The opening for pious satire is obvious. And yet this satire is not unfrequently pointless and unreal. For, in truth, the man who affects to despise money is often a mere failure. He writes in disappointment. He has tried to get what he has not got. The grapes are sour. The lucre standing to his neighbour's account in the bank is "filthy," but he would not be afraid of dirtying his own cheque-book and purse with it. The "love" of money may be the root of all evil, but money itself, properly used, in a civilised Christian country, is a power which no one will despise, or be the better for despising. And yet its mere possession is by no means a test of "righteous" success. There is a truth at the bottom of much severe criticism which is passed upon the rich. For the way in which wealth is acquired determines its real value to the man. A sixpence is not a large capital; but it is a credit when earned, and a shame if stolen. So with any possession. When it comes fairly into a man's hand he may weigh, count, or store it with legitimate satisfaction. Work is good, and it is a great thing to have work so recognised in the world of men as to be paid for, and that by such as know the value of money, and do not part with it except for good reasons. When a man distinctly contributes to the wealth of the world by making, *e.g.*, a morass into a garden, or by promoting that wholesome intercommunication which is invoked in the construction of a road, or by planting trees which cheer and feed his fellows, mere praise is poor pay. He has a right to receive recognition in the shape of that medium which is generally used to express wealth and worth.

Thus there may well be cases in which money is a fair measure of usefulness and excellence. The financial test may thus be the righteous one. The man who has risen from poverty to affluence by means of sheer usefulness may present a thoroughly honest example of rising, and be thus set before the young and ambitious as a pattern to be followed and not shunned.

The man whose "fall" is popularly tried by the financial test may be either a scoundrel or a saint. He may have been full, and deservedly sent empty away. He may have fallen with the fame of Job. But, as a rule, money loss often indicates a defect somewhere. This may not perhaps be classed as morally wrong, but is nevertheless a defect. There are people with sheer persistent inability to apprehend the commonest economical procedure. They are born sieves. It is said that an empty sack will not stand, but let these vessels be filled to the mouth and they begin to subside at once. They do not know—cannot apparently be made to learn—the value of money; no, not of any given coin. It is curious and most provoking. However repeatedly set up, they soon descend to the old level, from which it is difficult to find a financial descent. These are the standing defiers of the philanthropist, who can no more enable them to rise than he can prevent snow from melting in a thaw. They are always in a mess (except immediately after some passing windfall), but the man who thus financially falls is hardly a warning so

much as a spectacle. Down he comes with an ease and at a pace which surprises or vexes us, but which has no charm of temptation. No one is likely to be misled by such an example or lured into similar indulgence. Men mostly look at this decadence with a pity which overlaps contempt. What more is to be said about these failures? They do not always seem to be unhappy. They smile as they slide down, and look at you from the floor without any sense of self-reproach or shame.

Another kind of estimate comes into play when we see the fall which follows presumption. Those we have just looked at do not reach or look up at all; these last stretch themselves upwards too much. And they also get scant compassion. The higher you go the lower you drop, and when the lofty tower comes to the ground the comment mostly takes the form of censure. The builder is blamed. For one that is sorry for him fifty sneer. And though this is an evil form of sentence, the reproach that it involves is too often not wide of the mark. If the man was obviously personal in his ambition, if he strove simply to raise himself, he is generally left to himself in his descent. However selfish we may be ourselves, we shrewdly detect and dislike selfishness in another, and though it may be pointed at with an ill-natured finger it is none the less blameworthy and unrighteous.

The financial falls which are most generally looked at with kindness and forbearance of criticism, are those wherein a man holds to some established method of production which fails as the old order changeth, giving place to the new. All, *e.g.*, felt for the stage coachman (who, off his box, was about as helpless as a "swan on a turnpike road") when railways brought him to the ground, and he had not even the prospect of one traditional source of support in keeping a turnpike gate. Some drove hearses. Most failed even more dismally. And, in a similar way, more or less widespread, we are continually seeing financial revolutions in which perfectly honest and industrious people are left stranded by the changes in fashion, or intercommunication. Facility in this last has gradually drawn the American field to the other side of the British farmer's hedge, so that the old burdened land is set to compete with virgin soil, and the owner of the former finds himself on his back by no fault of his own. This process, the result of our esteemed civilisation, is often piteous enough, and the whole nation (with all its keen business eyes) was so blind to the incoming revolution in agriculture, and the consequent change in the price of corn, that we may not now fling stones at the semi-prostrate owner and tiller of the soil. What shall we say here about the man who thus financially fails? He has been frugal, intelligent, industrious. He knew his business. He had seen his father succeed in it, and the old worth of it is gone. I might instance other examples of the result which follows from a receding tide of production. In many cases it is disastrous. The human sufferer cannot rearrange himself. He cannot pare off his angles and fit his form into a round hole when he has (perhaps for generations) been square. And so he is thrown aside, and, in

the language of commerce, "fails." It is hard for him to be reckoned along with the adventurer, who has his shot at some promising or imaginary source of profit, and, missing it, descends for a while. I say "for a while," since, though these gentry (rather poachers than sportsmen in the financial field) seldom rise high, they have an insistent knack of getting upon their legs for a while. They seldom, however (I speak of the ordinary specimen), do more than find their feet. The ladder is not ascended beyond two or three rungs. They are a sort of commercial grasshopper which make repeated upward flights, and then come heavily down. They seldom pass into the race of birds which fly with ease and build their nests on high. It is among such as these that the reckless agriculturalist (with a frequency which has been growing of late years) occasionally finds himself as an example or instance of the "man who falls."

I cannot help thinking that some remedy (so far as an old country can learn of a new) must be found, or some alleviation discovered, whereby the bitterness of these falls might be mitigated. Many men fail in England because they have never learnt to do any more than one thing. They attach themselves with all honesty of purpose to some calling, and when that fails they are as helpless as star-fish left on the beach by the receding tide. But suppose that they had equipped themselves for the struggle of life by becoming acquainted at least with the procedure of some other vocation. In the United States of America the versatility of its citizens is not least conspicuous in the readiness with which they turn to one road when they find that another is blocked. I have known a man the manager of a bank and the captain of a steamboat, with no apparently dislocating break in the sequence of his business. Notoriously, in some parts the same men are bricklayers in the summer (when the skies are warm and they can work out of doors), and carpenters in the winter (when they can plane, glue, hammer, and talk politics in a room kept to summer heat by a stove like a furnace), and then go back to another phase of the building business as the days begin to grow long. I do not mean that our sturdy British farmer should be turned to, or aim at becoming, such a commercial teetotum; but I cannot see all the sorrow which exists, and which marks so many failures, going on, without feeling that the agriculturalist in some places might mitigate his decadence in some respect, or even recover from it, by realising, more than he does, the manifold shape which industry, common sense, and general business qualifications ought to equip a citizen with. In short, there are men who fail financially who ought not to come to the ground, and who would not do so if they could only have seen some gap in the stiff hedges of procedure with which they have been traditionally surrounded, but which, nevertheless, are not necessarily the iron limits set about such as have to earn their bread by hand or brain, or (which is incontestably best) by these in combination.

A few words about social rises and falls. What is social exaltation? I ask a wide question here,

but it is one which very many people would be the better for putting to themselves, provided that they answered it honestly. Overt, continuous, and irritating misery or discomfort is caused by futile effort to "rise" in the "social" scale. I need not indicate all the manifold efforts and directions which I have in my eye, and which our readers (if they read with sense, as I hope our readers always do) need no suggestion in order that they may realise them. But I go straight to the point, and venture to say that all social failures come from an effort on the part of—what word shall I use?—say members of society to shove themselves into traditional circles (territorial or commercial) and not fraternise with such as they can most easily understand, and to whom they can best convey those fleeting thoughts of, say "conversation," which make the charm of intercourse.

People, for example, get into a foolish notion that because a man lives in the same house which his father inhabited, or has a few fields (how much when we come to measure this earth!) which have belonged to his "people" for several generations, he is therefore (so far) exalted in the social scale. And so they trim their sails to accompany, or show themselves to, this social vessel. He, the "vessel," feeling or fancifying himself to be thus complimented, possibly gives himself airs; and such as aim at the social rise expected in his occasional company or countenance frequently find that the process is somehow impeded, and that they stick where they were. If only people would believe that society is "enormous," *i.e.*, literally has no bounds, or stretches beyond them, they would avoid or escape all such social failure, and enjoy genuine interchange of sentiment and view (reaching through octaves of opinion) throughout their life. It is this, the free, unembarrassed utterance and change or comparison of "view" which makes and mars the only true test of agreeable society. What you want to enjoy in the converse of your fellows is a genuine atmosphere of unconstraint. I myself have keenly appreciated a (sometimes enforced) companionship which did not seem promising, but which enabled one to realise the very wide interpretation which should be given to entertaining society. I remember once, many years ago, having found myself "chummed," in the Western States of America, with a man of whom I only knew that he was known as "Fighting Charlie." We two were together; we occupied two "bunks," or sleeping-boxes, in a train or steamer (I forget which now) for two days in a wildish part of the States. I did not like it. I was told that he was "Fighting Charlie," and he formed (for a while) my whole circle of acquaintance and companionship. Shortly after our introduction he prepared to disrobe himself for bed. When he had taken off his outer garments I perceived that he had a cincture of revolvers and knives. One of the former (after taking a pull from a black quart bottle, which I could not match from my stores) he put under his pillow. I took (somewhat, perhaps, foolishly) my revolver and put in under my pillow. Then I opened conversation, and the

result was that he turned out capital company. I got more information, expressed in excellent English (indeed I half suspect that he was, if not an American graduate, a man whom Bret Harte has immortalised), about the Californian mines and the like, than I could possibly have expected. I mention this as an (no doubt exceptional, but none the less genuine) example of the measure in which "society" is sometimes cheated of its proper enjoyment. The thing needed is a civil utterance and acceptance of opinion. Sometimes the utterance arrives without the receptive acceptance. That is tiresome, though mostly its tiresomeness should be laid to the score of those whose receptive powers are dim. But, as a rule (and a large rule too), the charm of society is not so much the continuous presence of people with whom you are expected to agree, and whose position is much the same as your own, as the opening afforded for unchecked courteous exchange of honest thought.

Now social "falls" mostly come from unhealthy social ambition. The man who rises, in the most conservative application and sense of the word, mostly does so from genuine simplicity. The cunning aspirant is almost always "spotted." The keen eyes of the traditional members of society see readily through him. The man who is "accepted" generally, whose utterances are received as genuine, is the man with least "guile." Pretenders fail; in the end, certainly. Sometimes you may see a tough old conservative (I do not use this word in a political sense) holding out against a man who would add largely to the enjoyment of his conversational circle, but, as a rule (and, I repeat, it is a big rule), the "true" social rises and falls are determined by no artificial regulations, but by that natural law which eventually over-rides the conventional barriers which are supposed to determine the precise limits of "society."

In looking at the stumbles which some seem to make needlessly or without excuse, it will occur to my readers that in all matters, social and financial, there are many falls from sheer carelessness to notice some impediment in the way, or from jumping "short," as when a man, who could

clear a ditch with the employment of a little more energy, comes with his shins against the bank instead of alighting neatly upon the other side. These causes of failure have their counterparts in most aspects and processes of life. So, also, has the heavy fall, when a man exerts himself unduly, not being chased by a bull, or otherwise compelled to strain his powers at any risk. No man in his prosecution of a livelihood is justified in overtaxing his ability. Many a one, however, has been ruined by too promising an initial success. He falls by reason of the charming interest which he feels in the progress of his rise. There are, indeed, endless parallels between physical and moral slips, between material and spiritual modes of procedure. I will not follow them, but end these few words with just a line or two more.

I said at the outset that I would try to shunt my small utterances into separate lines, and I have thus sought to set down some few words about financial and social rises and falls. But, after all, the final test of rise or descent must be in the man himself. Of course I have not forgotten this in what I have said. There is, however, a final or a sort of general (or rather universally applicable) "test," whereby a man settles in his own mind whether he has really risen or fallen. Conscience is the ultimate arbiter. There is many a man who, looking back upon his life, is quite able to say (to himself) that his "rise" or "fall" is attributable to no imperative external forces or influences which could not be resented, but to the use which he had made of such matter as has come within his reach. One man reflects (with bitter remembrance) that if he had only held himself in better, especially in respect to "Drink," that the genuine channels whereby he might have risen would not have been unwholesomely choked. This power, Drink, vitally affects if it does not rule other passions which bring ruin when uncontrolled. Perhaps the hunger for gambling touches more than we think, but alcohol is the chief perverter. There can be small doubt of this when we try to measure the course of those who "fall" and those who "rise."

EYES AND NO EYES.

"YES, sir, a compositor does get to pick up a good deal—so does a reader, too, for that matter. I wanted to be a reader, but the governor, he says, 'No, Jim, your fingers is too quick and clever; you'd be clean thrown away,' says he. 'No,' he says, 'some fellow with fingers like a bunch o' carrots can do the reading. We can't spare you from the setting-up.' So he gives me a rise, and keeps me on as compositor. No, sir, on the whole I ain't sorry; you see, I should be a-fidgeting if my fingers was still. Yes, I've seen a good many celebrated people at odd times—queer folks, some of 'em. But there's no rule.

I've seen authors that you'd know was authors the first minute you set eyes on 'em; and then there's others that look just like anybody else; there ain't no rule at all. You see, sir, there's a many ladies and gentlemen as like to come and see the printing going on—it amuses 'em like."

"Who was the queerest of 'em all? Well, sir, I can hardly tell you that. The queerest man I ever knew, or heard of, by a long chalk, was an old blind clockmaker who lodged in mother's house when we were little; but that's a long story."

"I should like to hear it, though," said I.

I was on the top of an omnibus, and had got

into conversation with my neighbour, a very decent and intelligent-looking artisan. I had somewhat won his confidence by a happy guess at his occupation, and he was easily drawn on to tell me about the blind clockmaker, who was evidently a very uncomfortable puzzle to the honest printer.

"Well, sir," he began, "I often *have* thought I should like to tell some learned gentleman about it, and see what *he* could say to it, for it beats *me* altogether. He wasn't no more mad than you, sir (begging your pardon for saying so). He was one of the cleverest men I've ever seen. And yet, sir—would you believe it?—in spite of everybody talking about sight and seeing, nothing could persuade old Dick Stuckley that it wasn't all a flam—a hoax, you know, sir. He stood it out that we were all as blind as he was, only we wouldn't own to it."

"Was it a queer kind of a joke, or was he serious?" I asked.

"He was serious for all I could ever find out, sir. I was always fond of learning and argufying, and many's the hour I've spent in the first-floor back, with all his clocks, that he was repairing, hanging round the room—trying and trying to persuade him there was a difference, but I never could; and that's what puzzled me so, sir. Do what I would, I couldn't prove it, and though I wouldn't own so to old Dick, he used to get the better of me times and again."

I was sufficiently interested in this eccentric old sceptic to wish to hear all that my new acquaintance could tell me about him. This is, as nearly as I can remember, the compositor's account.

Dick Stuckley had been blind from his birth. How he had learned his trade, or what was his history before he and his wife (also blind) took the first floor in Green Arbour Place, Mile End, my informant could not tell me; he was, however, so good a workman, that he always had as much work as he could do.

"The clocks he was regulatin' and repairin' used to hang all round the wall, tickin' away, enough to distract you, till you was used to 'em. But Dick, he knew every clock by its tick; and he knew when every one of 'em was going to strike, just as well as if he could see. 'Jim,' he'd say to me, 'ain't that cuckoo clock just on the half-hour—or the hour?' as it might be, and he was always right! He could tell what was the matter with a clock quicker than most that could see. And as to finding his way about the streets, he was wonderful! His eyes looked very dim, and never had any *direction* in 'em, as you might say; but otherwise you wouldn't have known he was blind. Some folks, that didn't know him much, sometimes fancied he could see—for he'd know if you laughed ever so quiet—he'd turn round on you, and say, 'I know you're laughing—what are you laughing at?' But he *was* blind, sure enough. Many and many's the night I've knocked at his door, and gone in, and there was he, working away in the dark at his clocks. We used to sit in the dark—only he'd have a candle in very cold weather, 'to warm the air,' he said, for he wouldn't have a fire where he worked, on account of the dust it makes. There we'd sit, a-talkin' and ar-

guin', and he'd be workin' away all the while. P'raps you'll hardly believe me, sir, but I've gone out o' that old chap's room, so bothered and bamboozled by his talk, and the way he'd dodge you up and down in a hargument, that I was right glad to get back into our little parlour, and see mother's candle, with the tallow a-gutterin' down in the tin candlestick. That old candlestick's seemed a reg'lar pretty sight to me, many an' many's the time—I was that glad to see the blessed light, and be quite sure there wasn't nothing in Dick's talk.

"Ah, he was a clever one, was old Dick! He knew how big a room was, and where the window was; and he could tell if a street was wide or narrow—all 'by the feel of the air,' he said; an' if you'd set a chair or anything in his way to try him, he'd know it was there when he was about a yard off it. What with hearin' and what with feelin', he really didn't seem to miss his eyes hardly at all.

"His idea was, sir, that we're all uncommon fond of making ourselves out better than we are (and there's a deal of truth in that, sir), and that some 'cute chap started the idea of seeing, and then the others, not to be behindhand, all said they could see too. And them that we call blind were just the most honest, who didn't pretend to what they hadn't got. And it's wonderful what a lot he had to say for himself. As for reading and writing, he said, he'd no doubt some o' it was memory—people 'ud pretend they was reading when they was only repeating. He could read those books they make for the blind, and he knew the common alphabet too; and if the printing was deep, and only on one side o' the paper, he could read it—slowly, but still I've known him do it. He'd a wonderful touch, and he used to say that he believed many people had much more sensitive finger-tips than he had; and he thought a great deal of what they said was done by sight was really done by the feel. 'It's a pity they ain't content to take credit for having clever fingers,' he'd say, 'instead o' going about pretending their eyes do it all.'"

"But what did he think eyes were made for?" said I. "He must have supposed they were organs of some kind."

"So he did, sir. I asked him that myself once, and he said, of course, eyes had a use—they were organs of feeling, very delicate in their way. They could feel smoke, and heat and cold, and many things, quicker than any other part of us. And then he said—he was a sly old chap—the women had 'em to cry with. He'd had a lot of clever books read to him in his time, and he knew a great deal about 'em; and he said perhaps men had eyes just to keep up the type, and the women had 'em to cry with. I dare say you know what that means, sir, I can't explain it rightly, but he meant that if women had had eyes and men hadn't, we should have been like pigs with one ear."

"But he thought eyes were of some use, even to men?" said I, after acknowledging the correctness of this explanation.

"Yes, sir, especially for feeling heat; and I do

think the fire scorches your eyes quickest. But where he used to argue the most was about people not agreeing as to what they saw. 'One says a thing's pink,' says he, 'and another says it's red, and another says it's crimson. And t'other night,' says he, 'I heard you and your sister a-wrangling about something that you said was blue, and she vowed was green; and your mother, she bought a bit of oilcloth one night, and said it had a yellow flower on it, and in the morning she said it was white. So far as I can make out, there's no two people agreed as to any colour whatsoever,' says he. 'There's your sister says she wouldn't let no one match her wools for her.' My sister did work for the fancy shops, sir. Dick said he'd felt of all these wools and the other things, and they did feel a little different—some softer and some harsher. He could almost always pick out the lighter colours. 'Why don't you call 'em finer wools, instead of talking gammon about the colours?' he'd say; and so in dresses. He used to go with his wife to choose her new dress, and it was always grey, he liked the feel somehow. I told him he always chose the same colour, or near about. 'I like soft textur's,' he'd say; 'you seeing folks own that you dip the stuffs into something to alter the colour—it alters the textur', and that's all it does.' And from that nothing could move him. One of his great arguments was, that sight didn't show us anything we couldn't find out by feeling and hearing."

"Didn't you ask him how he explained astronomy?" said I.

"He didn't believe in it much, sir. He did in the sun, of course; and he knew when it was moonlight, by the thin feel of the air; but he heard some lectures on the stars (he was always going to lectures of evenings); and he said they owned the stars looked no bigger than pins' heads, and yet they said they were worlds, and for his part he thanked God he couldn't see, if sight played you such pranks as that. He said, if there was such a thing, it was the most deceiving of all the senses, for everybody was always quarrelling about it. 'I can tell if a woman's got a good face directly I touch it, and all about her as soon as she speaks and walks,' he used to say; 'but *you* never can agree whether she's pretty or not, nor what colour her dress is, nor whether she's good or bad.' Sometimes he'd say that he believed we were really more stupid (us that can see, I mean) than the others, and tried to hide it by saying we found things out some other way. He could tell what people were like by their voices, wonderful well, to be sure. I think, sir, there was a blind gentleman who was very clever at catching thieves, wasn't there? Dick always said he could have been a good detective if he'd gone in for that line. He knew all the things blind men had done. There was one who made roads, and another that was a horse-dealer. And he made out there was nothing they couldn't do. Sometimes we went out together, and he always knew which way anything was coming—he was always right. I would often think it was coming the wrong way, and then he'd say, 'Ears are a deal better than eyes anyway.'"

"How did he explain pictures, and looking-glasses, and such things?" I asked.

"Oh, I thought I had him there, sir! We had some little pictures that mother set store by, and I made him feel 'em, but he only said people hung 'em up to prevent the room feeling so bare. He said his clocks were pictures, and when there were only a few he missed the others, and the room felt empty. He always knew where glass was by the chill that came from it, he said, and nothing could convince him there was any other use in it than just for a sort of ventilator—to change the air, somehow. He said the air struck on the cool glass, and that was pleasanter than having only brick walls for the air to strike on. He'd only to speak or knock his stick and he knew what the place he was in was built of. I've often taken him into houses and churches, and he always knew how big they were, and the shape, and how high the roof was, and all."

"Why did he think people built beautiful outside to buildings, which they could neither hear nor feel?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I thought of *that* too; it bothered me so that I couldn't convince him, that I used to get questions ready for him. But, bless you, it wasn't of the least use in the world! First he'd say one thing and then another. It's my belief, sir, he was that conceited he couldn't bear to think other people had got something he hadn't. But I know he said the sound was according to the shape of the building, and that accounted for harchitects being so particular. And as for just the outside, he got in a passion, and said he wasn't bound to give a reason for everything that liars, who pretended they could see things a mile off, might do. That was what made him so savage; he could have forgiven the colours, because you see, sir, *he* could *feel* some difference there himself, but seeing things ever so far off was what he couldn't stand. I remember he got me and my sister Lizzie to go with him up to 'Ampstead'Eath one Good Friday and tell him all we saw; and I never was very good at colours, and what with that, and Lizzie thinking there were only two or three hundred people, when I said there were full eight or nine, and a lot of little things like that—you know, sir, as it said in a book I set up once, no two descriptions ever did tally—old Dick, he seemed more confirmed than ever. He asked us about things a long way off, and I said I saw a church, and Liz said it was a house, and what I'd taken for the tower was trees; and some other people joined in, and one said one thing and one another, and at last one man says, 'Well, I won't give no opinion, for my eyes won't carry so far.' And Dick Stuckley, he turns to him and holds out his 'and, and, says he, 'Shake hands, brother, you're the only honest man here.' The others was going to take offence, but I made 'em think Dick was a little touched, and put 'em off that way."

"But Dick was most riled with people who had been able to see and had got blind. He always would have it that they were people who couldn't get on, so they shammed blind to hide how awkward and stupid they were. 'They can't *hear*,

and they can't *feel*,' he says; 'that's what's the matter with *them*, 'tain't their *eyes*.' There was one poor old fellow who went blind, that Dick Stuckley pitched into, quite savage. 'You're getting too old to carry it on any longer,' he says; 'you're glad now to own you're no better than the rest of us.' He wouldn't listen to reason at all. Blind folks always get to know each other, but he never would listen to those that had had their sight and lost it. He used to tell 'em he knew all about it; they couldn't cheat *him*!"

"And what did they say to that?"

"Why, sir, they didn't make much more of him than I did. Mostly, they used to give him up after a bit, and cut up rough, and tell him he'd never persuade *them* there wasn't such a thing as sight; he'd better try that on with people like himself, as had never seen a wink in their lives. Oh, sir! how riled he used to get! But I think he was most put out with a woman who had been blind for years an' years, and had been to the 'orspital and got her sight. He swore at her for an impudent lying hussy, and says he to his wife, 'Polly,' says he, 'if *you* try to come this dodge over me, and pretend you've got your sight, I'll desert you the very day, I will!' And I really do believe he would, sir. Once a gentleman came to see him, and, says he, 'It's a sad thing to be blind, my man.' I really thought Dick would up and 'it him, sir, he was that furious at being pitied, as if he was worse off than other folks."

"But," said I, "human language is full of words which could never have been coined except by creatures who had eyes. What would 'bright,' and 'gloomy,' 'glowing,' 'gleam,' 'pale'—to say nothing of all the names actually founded on colour and light—what would they mean to a race of blind men? How could such expressions ever have arisen? But then, I suppose, your obstinate old friend would have replied that language was full of inaccuracies, and that we apply many expressions indifferently to several of the senses. We call music 'brilliant.' In fact, the senses are all mixed up together, and no one can speak of any one of them without using expressions properly belonging to others. Every one recognises the propriety of calling some colours 'loud' and others 'quiet.' We speak of the 'tone' of a picture, and say that a musical movement is 'bright.'"

"Ah, sir, you're a learned gentleman. I dare say you could have tackled old Dick; but he was such a one to argue, he pretty near talked me into doubting my own eyesight."

"The most certain things are sometimes the least easy to prove," said I. "I think you told me that his wife was blind too?"

"Oh yes, sir; he would never have married a woman who said she could see. I bethought me

once of asking him if he believed any one was deaf? and what if a deaf man should say there was nothing to hear? I thought I had him there, for he was a little 'ard of hearing when he had a cold."

"And what did he say?"

"Why, sir, he up and answered as cool as a cucumber, that hearing was quite different—you couldn't find out a thing at all if you could neither hear nor feel, but hearing and feeling quite made up for seeing. And then he went on with what he'd heard at his lectures, and said sight, by all accounts, was a sort of feeling, and eyes were only a sort of fingers—even according to them who believed in 'em. But hearing wasn't a bit like feeling. And then he'd heard a many people say they'd rather be blind than deaf; and that he brought up against me, and I couldn't answer him at all—he'd got something for everything. And yet I often fancied he had his doubts."

"What did he think of religion? was he as unbelieving in that as he was in ordinary matters?"

"He had a sort of religion of his own, sir," said the compositor. "He believed in God, and he wasn't by no means a radical—he didn't go in for equal wages all round. But he never went to church or chapel. He wouldn't go, because they were always insulting blind folks, he said, and talked so much about seeing. He didn't like poetry much—there's so much about seeing in poetry. He liked Milton, except for that, and he could say a great deal of him by heart; but anything about sight would pull him up short directly; and then he'd say, 'What a pity he will mix up so much of that nonsense with it!' Mother, she had no patience with him, she always said it was his conceit, that he wouldn't own he was behind any of us—but I don't know. He made me feel a fool over and over again with his arguments; and that's what puzzled me so, sir; I was quite sure there was such a thing as seeing, and yet he'd talk and talk till I was fairly beat."

"And what did his wife say?"

"She was a poor thing, sir, that couldn't say bo to a goose, as we say. Sometimes he'd ask her what she thought, but she'd only say she didn't know—she never saw anything herself, but other people said they did. And then he'd snap at her, and call her a fool, and tell her not to let a lot of liars humbug her into believing a parcel of nonsense. 'I'm as sharp as most folks,' he'd often say, when we'd been having one of our arguments, 'and if there had been anything to see, I'll warrant I'd have seen it.' How was it, sir, that I couldn't get the better of him?"

"Because you could see, and he couldn't," said I.

"Was that the reason, sir? Well, I should have thought that ought to have made *me* get the better of *him*. No? Well, it's a puzzle to me!"

A PILGRIMAGE TO SINAI.

BY ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, AUTHOR OF "UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN" "A LADY'S RIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," ETC.

III.



PASS OF EL WATIVEH.

I MUST now return to the route hither. I am somewhat hazy about the different localities. It is unfortunate that Hassan speaks so little English, for it is difficult to identify the names as pronounced by him with those in the handbook. However, topographical information can be got anywhere. Long, long ago, when we were absorbed with Forster's "Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai," how unlikely it seemed that I should pass through the "Written Valley"! Forster's ingenious theory is now, I believe, quite exploded, and the inscriptions which cover the rocks of the Wady Mokatteb are referred to a much later date than the time of the wanderings.

In the Wady Sidreh, where the grey granite gives place to coloured sandstone, I saw the first inscription, and, turning up another valley, visited the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which are reputed to be among the oldest in the world anterior to the exodus. "The Written Valley" is, however, the next one—Mokatteb—and with this I was disappointed. There is no look of solid, earnest labour about the inscriptions. They are mostly scrawled carelessly and slightly on a sandstone which is very easily worked. They are untidy and illiterate-looking. Their height is not great, and they are nearly always on rocks easy of access. The carelessness and apparent haste in which they have been scratched is in contrast with the solid carefulness of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics which are their neighbours. They are a heterogeneous medley of Greek, Arabic, Latin, and other characters, and names mixed up with crosses, the cross sometimes placed between the

Greek Alpha and Omega, and with childish and grotesque representations of animals. I think that the ibis occurs the most frequently, but it is the ibis caricatured, butting other animals with enormously exaggerated horns. Besides the ibis there are donkeys, horses, and dogs, and there is a man riding on a horse or ass, sitting very near its tail, and carrying a cross. The Greek word *Polloi* occurs, I think, several times. Many of the inscriptions, according to Professor Palmer, are in a dialect of the Aramaic tongue. I think that the consensus of learned opinion is that they are of a date not earlier than the fourth century, and that they are the work of Christian hermits and pilgrims. There is very little about them which is interesting to me, while I could not but look with profound reverence on the Egyptian tablets of the ancient Maghâra. The turquoise mines, of which they record the discovery and the workings, have not been worked by the Egyptians for 3,000 years!

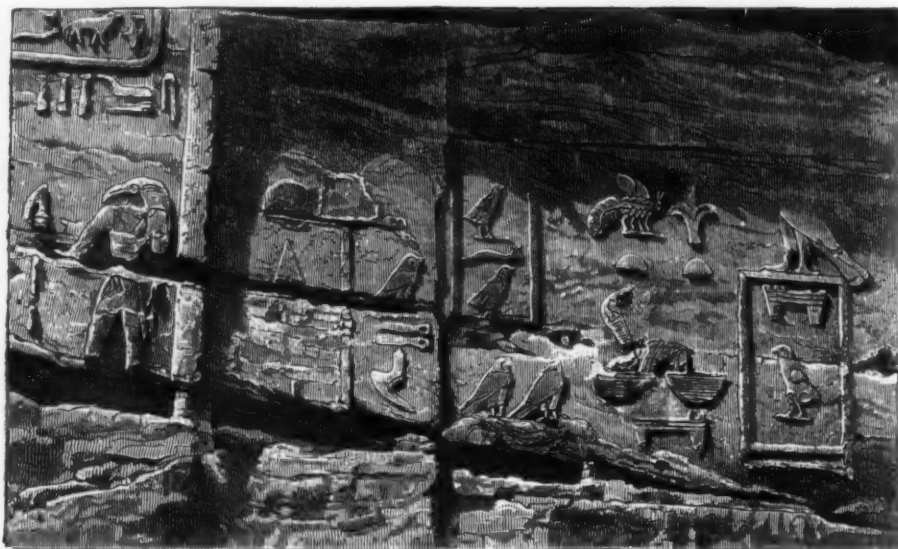
Leaving the Wady Mokatteb, we entered a wide valley strewn with large boulders, and, after passing at the mouth of Wady Nisreen a number of stone circles closely grouped, containing cists with covering slabs in which human bones and other relics have been found, we entered the Wady Feiran, from the open reaches of the earlier

part of which there are magnificent views of Gebel Serbal and the neighbouring peaks. It was not, however, till I had assuaged my thirst and had rested under the palms of the oasis of Feiran that I realised the extreme grandeur of this magnificent wady, which as it narrows grows more sublime at every step.

After the sun-scorched, waterless wastes of the desert, the grand oasis of Feiran seems almost paradise, yet it is paradise by comparison only. An oasis is not nearly as beautiful as I expected it would be, not so beautiful as the mirage with its mirrored palms. This oasis is a succession of wadys, which are at first long, open

and the tribesmen having occasionally only one. He says that when the dates are ripe there is a great assemblage at the oasis. As each mature tree bears about a hundredweight of dates, the produce is of much value, both as food and merchandise. Several groups of palms belonging to the wealthy are walled round with rough stones. Besides the palms there is much tamarisk scrub, and patches of barley are now growing. A number of goats gave some life to the valley. According to custom, I presented my escort with a kid.

The valley is inhabited at present by a few Bedaween, chiefly women, who tend the goats and the crops. They shelter themselves in holes in the



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS ON THE WAY TO SINAI.

stretches of crisp gravel, then narrower valleys which narrow fast as they run eastwards, and the scenery becomes grander at every step. When the sublimity of desolation and grandeur can go no farther a clump of palms gives a little rest to the aching eyes, and this is but the precursor of the unique palm-grove of Feiran, an assemblage reputed to consist of five thousand palms, large and small. These palms follow the eastward windings of the valley for some distance. The wild date-palm is shaggy and unkempt. Its naturally thick stem becomes gradually more and more out of proportion to its crown of fronds as each year two or three of these fronds wither and turn downwards, gradually casing the stem with a rude thatch, while the crown itself looks mangy and ragged. The cultivated date-palm, though never so graceful as the areca or coco-palms, is a fine object, specially in an oasis. Its withered leaves are carefully trimmed off, and at this season the rich gold-coloured clusters of the young dates contrast beautifully with the sturdy dark-green fronds. Hassan tells me that all the Bedaween of the peninsula are "palm-owners" in Feiran, some sheykhs owning as many as fifty,

rocks and in rude huts made of palm-leaves. These women look very poor. They wear one cotton garment, and are closely veiled—that is, a piece of black cotton cloth conceals all the face but the eyes. With some difficulty I got one of them to show me her face. She was dark, unwashed, and dark-eyed, and her skin much lined with toil. She wore a ring in her nose and some broken bits of turquoise as a necklace. She was almost repulsive-looking. I wished that I had not asked her to unveil.

At the head of the wady a spring bursts from the ground with violence, and, dwindling for a mile, disappears in the sand. The rugged valley of Wady Aleyat enters the head of the wady, and the view of Gebel Serbal which it opens up is one of the most magnificent mountain views that I ever saw. After the awful thirst the rest under the palm-grove of Feiran refreshed me, and the later hours of that day's journey were more tolerable. The wind went to the west a little, and the temperature fell a few degrees; the sky lost its glaring whiteness and became intensely blue, and the colour of the many peaks of Gebel Serbal, seen above the deeper and more violet atmosphere

which filled the ravines at its base, was inconceivably lovely. There, in the open space created by the junction of the wadys, and close to the ruin-crowned hill of El-Maharrad, the tent was pitched. Gebel Serbal is the pride of the peninsula. A grander mountain form could not be seen. It is a chaotic mass of granite peaks, divided by deep ravines, and rising so precipitously as to appear inaccessible from my point of view. The Bedaween say that there are five peaks. As the sun sank the blue intensified, then changed to a gorgeous violet, then the peaks etherealised and gleamed like amethysts. Gradually the colour in the ravines and at the base of the mountain faded into an indigo grey, which slowly enfolded all the wadys, rocks, and desert peaks; but long after all colour had faded from the lower world and the twilight had come, the peaks of Gebel Serbal, fiery red, as if self-luminous, gleamed against the twilight sky. Then they went out one by one, and the stars, cold and pale, hung above the silent desert.

The Bedaween feasted on the kid which I had given them, and we all had abundance of good water. They had brought firewood from Feiran, and when the darkness came the red light from their fire lighted up the neighbouring mountains and made me think of the Pillar of Fire which had, probably near this spot, lighted these same mountain sides. Contrary to my usual practice, I sat at my tent-door till midnight. Nearly all recent scholarship, however divided and uncertain as to most of the localities of the Israelitish wanderings, is agreed that Israel passed to Sinai by the Wady Feiran, making a long halt by its waters. It is probable that the battle of Rephidim was fought near this spot, that the little hill of Gebel-el-Tahooneh was the mount from which Moses witnessed that great fight between Israel and Amalek, that the altar was built there, and that to Feiran Jethro came to visit Moses, and was compelled to acknowledge that Jehovah was God above all gods. These events all stood out that night as though they were facts of our own time. Early the next morning, before the sun was fully risen, and while the camels and the Bedaween were still lying round the embers of the bivouac fire, I climbed up the little hill of El-Maharrad at the junction of the wadys to visit the ruins of the old episcopal city of Pharan—most mournful ruins in a solitary place. The convent and church, in a state of undraped ruin, are on the top of the hill. Capitals, broken shafts, and carved stones lie about in profusion, and these and the size of the walls show it to have been a building of much importance. The principal walls of the convent also remain. These are partly adobe and partly flat stones and mud. The neck of land which connects the hillock with the wady is the site of the town of Pharan, formerly a walled city. The remains have the appearance of a very picturesque fortification. Parts of the walls are of unhewn boulders, and are about seven feet high and four feet thick, the middle being composed of rubble. To the west, in a bank of alluvium, is the cemetery. Many of the tombs are cut in the face of the rock, and their entrances are

closed by big slabs of stones. Others are built up with mud and stones. The tombs are very numerous, and are still used by the wandering Bedaween. On the opposite hillock, which I also went up, there are uncouth ruins of a chapel, pillars of red sandstone of a square shape, and the form of the apse still remains. In 600, Antoninus Martyr says that a chapel stood on the spot from which Moses viewed the battle of Rephidim. This chapel was turned into a mosque afterwards. The whole flight of rude steps which leads up to it from Wady Feiran is marked by the ruins of small chapels, many of which are built over the cells or



SINAITIC INSCRIPTIONS.

tombs of hermits. In truth, this now solitary and desolate region must once, owing to its sanctity, have had a considerable population. Besides several monastic establishments, of which the ruins remain in the neighbourhood of Gebel Serbal, the sides of a considerable part of the Wady Feiran are honeycombed by the cells of anchorites, who are described as having sat "like a lot of rabbits at the mouths of their holes." There are numbers of tombs likewise, with two tiers of *loculi*. These lie east and west. There are also Bedaween graves, denoted by cairns of

stones scattered liberally about. But where are the sepulchres of those "whose carcasses fell in the wilderness"?

After four miles of palms, tamarisks, maize, tobacco, grasses, rushes, moss, and marsh plants, and the occasional tinkle of water rippling among rushes and mosses, the arid desolation of the desert is more trying than ever. Besides glories and freaks of colour such as I never saw before, and assemblages of mountain peaks 4,000, 5,000, 6,000 feet in height, just beyond the Wady Feiran there is a singularly startling effect, as if of colossal ruins of temples and cities, produced by detached masses of a yellow rock, so soft as to appear solidified mud. These strange semblances stand out from the black and grey mountain masses behind them with strange suggestions of a glory that never was. Farther east the wady along which we marched suddenly contracted, and we passed through a rocky gateway about one hundred feet long and fifty wide, with sides so smoothly channelled as nearly to suggest the idea that the chisel has been at work upon them.

The Wady esh Sheykh, to which I moved early this morning in order to spend the Sunday quietly, is about six miles from the Wady Feiran. It is the great wady of the peninsula, an expanse of boulder-strewn gravel, sometimes five miles wide, with shelving reaches, on which in another region innumerable herds would find pasturage. It is named after a Mussulman saint whose tomb is a shrine of Bedaween pilgrimage. At this point I only touch the entrance of this great wady, returning to-morrow nearly to the gate of rock, through which we pass to take another route to Sinai.

This has been a singular Easter Sunday. The like of it I shall never spend again. I have read through the whole of the Old Testament from the twelfth chapter of Exodus. The Bible is to me now, and I hope for my life, a new book, vivified, illuminated, intensified, and—I say it very reverently—its credibility is so marvellously enhanced. It is obvious now how the historians and the prophets came to write as they did, and how the story of the wanderings, emphasised by the great feasts and the bloody ritual of the temple, must have tinged the life and thought of even the dullest Israelite—the crossing of the Red Sea, the weary tramp through the burning desert, the thirst, the longing for the green vegetables of Egypt, the murmurings, the awful thirst, the discontent with the light, monotonous food, the rapidity and severity of the judgments of God, the halts by trees and water, then the move into the blazing wastes again, and finally Sinai, and the giving of that law which made the whole world "guilty before God."

Mount Sinai, Easter Tuesday, 1879.—Yesterday morning broke gloriously. The valleys were flooded with an amber light; and each peak, after reddening in the sunrise, became a delicious blue, and the amber light of the valleys a thin blue veil, which softened without blurring the magnificent mountain outlines. The scenery of this Sinai group is superlatively grand, and the splendour and variety of the colouring renders

description impossible. It was a very solemn morning too, for Sinai was within a few hours' journey, and the prospect of resting that evening on the mount of God was most exciting, even though I felt so ill as scarcely to be able to mount my camel.

The Wady esh Sheykh is the supposed route of the host of Israel, and my baggage-camel was sent that way with the Arabs, the sheykh and I going by the Wady Solap, the conjectural route of Moses and the elders. The Wady Solap in itself is not interesting, as its reaches are long and straight; but at the mouth of a wady which joins it I saw with great interest some of the primitive stone houses called *nawamees*, much resembling the "beehive dwellings" of the outer Hebrides. I had one measured, which is in shape an irregular circle, forty-six feet in circumference. Its walls are about two feet thick. They rise perpendicularly for two feet four inches, and then begin to close in beehive fashion till they terminate in small holes covered over with flat stones. The entrances are about twenty-one inches high, and the width is the same. There are stone lintels and doorposts, but these have not apparently been shaped or dressed by tools. These houses are called by the Bedaween "mosquito houses," because they say that Jehovah punished the Israelites for rebelling against Him and against Moses by sending a plague of mosquitoes upon them. Many people think that they were huts in which hunters concealed themselves, but no one knows their origin or history. They are supposed to be of great antiquity.

About two hours' march from these solitary and dreary remains the wady altered its direction, and the noon halt was near the foot of the huge rampart of granite cliffs which walls in Mount Sinai and the adjacent parts of the peninsula. I felt very ill, and was most thankful to lie down under the shadow of a rock. The solar heat was intense, but there was an elasticity in the air which made it less intolerable. The whitish, cruel, steely sky of the lower reaches of the desert had given place to a deep, pure, intense, delicious blue, in itself cool and refreshing to the eyes. So refreshing was it that I was able to journey without smoked spectacles. I never saw the sky look so far from the earth. The great mountain peaks were all blue, and their chasms and abysses were filled up with a mysterious blue atmosphere. There was hardly any breeze. There was neither buzz nor hum of insect. The silence was absolute. The unspeakable loneliness of the desert reached its climax here. Nature was so grand, and man so small. The awful majesty of the mountains suggested the thought, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" The Jehovah of the Old Testament seemed to pervade the solitude with His presence. The scene and my thoughts were in harmony. To enjoy the desert one must be alone.

This huge granite wall, which rises about 3,000 feet above the Wady Solap, in a majesty of solidity and apparent impassibility all its own, has but two openings—one through the pass of El-Wateeyeh in the Wady esh Sheykh, by which I

shall return, and the pass of Nugh-el-Hawa, by which I came.

The noonday halt over, I remounted my camel, and we shortly entered this most remarkable pass, passing some deserted villages once occupied by the Arab serfs of the convent, with their dismal burial-grounds. This "Pass of the Wind" gives access to what Dean Stanley aptly calls "the second and highest stage of this great mountain labyrinth." It does not look much like an "access." At first sight I thought that a lumbering, big-footed beast like a camel could not step from boulder to boulder, and in and out of narrow crevices, with safety to its long, lean limbs, but it appears that its spongy feet are admirably adapted for such an uncouth Titanic staircase of rock. The peaked and splintered walls of this awful defile are entirely composed of nearly perpendicular mountains of coarse red granite, the sides of which are split and riven into boulders and masses, which look as if they were kept from descending merely by the habit of holding on. The narrow bed of the pass is filled up by huge boulders, amongst which here and there are small pools, which nourish dwarf palms and aromatic herbs. Some of these boulders are engraved with "Sinaitic" inscriptions and crosses. The ascent is very steep and difficult—a mere scramble.

Some of the masses of rock which have already fallen must be fully a hundred feet square. The mountain sides are completely honeycombed in many places, and so are the boulders. The holes are as round and smooth as though they had been worn by the continual friction of cannon-balls. Many contain collections of ordinary rough-edged stones; and it is a most puzzling fact that holes on the rugged, nearly vertical mountain sides are also filled with these stones. The holes are like the famous "pot-holes" on some of the streams in Hawaii, but there they are fully accounted for by the action of water.

The sun was westering fast, and the mountain shadows lay violet-tinted on the yellowish granite when we emerged from the pass. Far ahead, familiar as if I had seen them all my life, yet strange with an unspeakable strangeness, were the gigantic cliffs which form the front of Sinai. So familiar were they that when Hassan said, "Gebel Musa," he only put my thought into words. A short descent brought us to a gravelly wady, which soon widens into an ascending plain; and when we reached its highest altitude, 5,140 feet above the sea, the whole plain of Er Rahah, with the grand mountains of the Sinaitic group standing as sentinels round "the mount of God," were revealed in all their majesty.

I dismounted; I should have liked to take the shoes from my feet, or do any other thing which could express profound reverence, the ground seemed holy. This—this "Mount Sinai in Arabia," is what I came out into the wilderness to see, but how far it exceeds all my expectations I cannot say. As I reverently trod the last two miles of the journey, the view became more and more magnificent, as Sinai itself (as I thought) disentangled its vast columnar mass from the surrounding mountains, and stood out alone

against the cool blue sky. To my fancy it seemed as if all the entanglements of splintered and pin-nacled mountains fell away from it, leaving it alone in the sky and in the wilderness. My sensations in travelling to the shrines of Nikko up the cryptomeria avenue forty miles long were feebly prophetic of what I felt yesterday as I passed up the Wady ed Deyr, an avenue of mountains of black, red, and yellow granite, blocked up by Gebel Musa. Then came evening, with its coolness and tenderness, its deeper blues, its violet purples, its vermilion and gold, and its long solemn shadows; and in the midst of this transcendent beauty and grandeur I saw in the deep ravine, the other end of which is blocked up by a great black mountain, the fortress convent of St. Catherine.

This, like all else, far exceeds my expectations, and is in complete harmony with its surroundings. I have not yet been inside the convent, but my impression of it as it lay in the mellow light, nestling under the awful front of Sinai, is of an immense irregular building or congeries of buildings of great height and massiveness, less the builder's work than an outgrowth of the rock, dead walls fifty feet high in some parts following the irregularities of rock, with round and square and flanking towers, and look-out towers loopholed for defence; churches and chapels, if not mosques, a fortress rather than a monastery, with shelving terraced gardens, and tall cypress-trees, and blossoming almonds, and monks in Greek monastic dress walking in the garden in twos and threes, holy men, I hoped, in a holy place; fortress and convent with all their intricacies and picturesqueness, the growth of fourteen centuries, with a certain degree of harmony preserved throughout.

I was alone and in advance of the camels, which had been joined by those which went round the easier way, and I sat on a stone and enjoyed an illusion which was soon roughly dissipated, watching the monks sauntering in their well-watered garden among their deep-green crops, and the mountains on the left of the ravine growing redder in the slant sunlight above the cool violet shadow cast by the mount of God on the convent below. People are no longer drawn up thirty feet in a basket to a trap-door in a wall. The gates of a gateway into a courtyard were opened as we approached, and, to my dismay, the camels were driven up, and the Arabs began to unload them. Then occurred one of those *contretemps* which vex the spirit even in the most holy places.

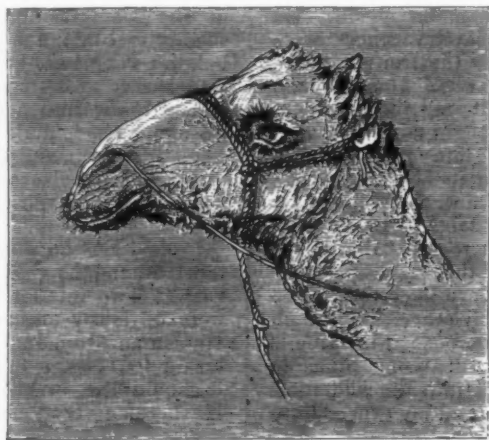
I asked Hassan where they were going to pitch the tent, and he replied, "No tent, you go convent." Two inferior monks or lay brothers who were obviously affected by "drink" shouted at Hassan and to me in tones which frightened me. I said to Hassan that the agreement was that I should live in my tent and not the convent. He became very violent in his broken English, declaring that I should live in the convent, that no one had ever camped before (untrue), that there were wild beasts, etc., and ending by saying "You alone desert, Bedaween rob, murder!" My escort stood round imperturbable, and many

monks assembled, and were apparently browbeating Hassan, as they are most rapacious, and regard the lodging of travellers as their perquisite. He shouted and gesticulated, forgetting all English in his excitement, and his brown face became ashy with passion. I was terribly frightened. A nearer view of the monks had disenchanted me, and, apart from my knowledge of their rapacity, I abhorred the thought of exchanging the free solitary life of the mountain side for an imprisonment under a roof. Frightened as I was, I tried to be perfectly cool and firm, and told Hassan that I had no money except for backsheesh, that I could not afford to lodge in the convent, and that I knew that it was perfectly safe to encamp. Then there was a lull and a noisy confabulation, and eventually I had the delight of seeing the camels reloaded and marched up a rough steep way to a small plateau of rock above the convent and about seven minutes' walk from it, where there was just room for my tent, Hassan's being pitched just below. There was a little difficulty in finding crevices soft enough for the tent pole and pins, but when all was done I felt so happy. The real and ideal have met, and my childish dream of a pilgrimage to Sinai is thus gloriously fulfilled. The stones under the tent were removed, and the rocky floor is not painfully rough. The air cooled down to 46 deg., there was abundance of cold sparkling water from a well at which Moses may possibly have watered the flocks of his father-in-law, and there was rest. In half an hour the Bedaween had gone to join their tribe, their camels in straggling single file harmonising with the wild defile down which they passed out of sight, and I was alone under the shadow of Sinai, full of thankfulness that from henceforth I should have these memories for my own.

Hassan brought my frugal supper, thinking sadly, doubtless, of the gossip and good cheer of the convent below. He told me that he must sit

up all night to drive away hyenas. I lay down after my supper, but got up again just before midnight and stood outside the tent to watch the frosty stars hanging out of the purple sky, and the dark forms of the mountains which had "trembled at the presence of God." I grudged the time which had to be spent in sleep, yet I soon slept soundly, to be awoken before daylight by a sound of exquisite beauty. Waking suddenly, I thought that it was the sound of "harpers harping with their harps," and that "the terrible journey of life was done;" but when I went to the tent-door there were the same grand mountain forms, and Orion, only changed in place, still wheeled through the purple night. The sound as of silver bells of unearthly sweetness rose and fell fitfully, and I knew then that it was the call to prayer in the convent. I long to hear it again.

When Hassan, with a rueful face, brought my stirabout it was 8 a.m., and the morning was in its glory, the red peaks flaming, and the chasm filled with blue atmosphere. The awful desolation of the region is even more impressive in the blaze of full sunshine than yesterday evening. It is very silent; no song or cry of birds or bleating of sheep. Nothing moves. The naked granite blazes under the sun as the day goes on. The mountains look as if but yesterday they had "burned with fire," and their fiery colouring had not had time to fade. To-day I have done nothing but rest and think, and watch the mountain forms and realise where I am, and the brief but extraordinary connection of this peninsula with the world's history and the Divine plans. It is emphatically holy ground, and I am very thankful to be alone, and that there are no distracting or jarring influences. Except Hassan, and a single bee, I have not seen a living thing all day, and now the sun is sinking, and while the cool shadows lengthen across the Wady-el-Deyr the red peaks are every moment crimsoning.





MUNICIPALITIES.

BY THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

IT was observed by Earl Granville, at the recent Jubilee of Municipal Corporations, that it would be an interesting task to compare the corporations of our centres of industry with the old municipalities of Italy.

Although we cannot pretend to trace all their similarities and dissimilarities, we shall, I am sure, be of Lord Granville's opinion as to the interest of such research if we but give a few moments to the outline of their organisation as it fixed itself during their years of peace.

If we have only thought how unlike was all that went before in the two countries—we have had no Ostrogoths destroying an over-civilised civilisation, no Saracens and no Lombards—and how unlike was all that followed—we have had no Cosmo or Lorenzo, no Savonarola and no Macchiavelli—we may perhaps at first be surprised at recognising some familiar outlines in their constitutions.

For a municipality is not an invention. It is an inheritance—one of the oldest known to time. It is the fruit of experience gathered alike in ages the most stirring and the most tranquil; it is an accumulation of powers and accommodations and usages, possibly unsuspected; and it is apparently a specific character of the one great family of nations and races of which we are a very small part.

And first of all let me say that in looking together into this subject we must walk by the light of our great living scholars, Bishop Stubbs, Dr. Freeman, Sir Henry Maine; we must look to older writers like Sismondi, and to local historians and collectors like Hutton, Thackray Bunce, and Langford.

If the delightful but close study of those first-named great masters leads any of us to original research and thoughtful combination that, we know, is the true way to advance sound knowledge.

Stress is rightly laid in the history of the Italian cities upon the three centuries which end with the middle of the thirteenth. Stirring events do not to our knowledge mark them. But they nursed quietly the spirit of the institutions of those towns, and towards the end of the twelfth we have the peace of Constance, ratifying liberties which the emperor had endeavoured to wrest from them, and which they, "in the first and noblest struggle of modern Europe," had maintained.

They then finally secured the right to do what, more or less, they had been doing all along—to have their own fortifications and their own armies,

to exercise their own civil and criminal jurisdiction, and above all to elect their own chief magistrates by the voice of the people, and to have them ranked on a level with the Imperial "Vicars."

On their own part they agreed to maintain the fair but distant rights of the empire above them, or else to redeem these by large fixed annual subsidies to its government.

During these three centuries they exhibited a very remarkable picture of citizens, of families, of individuals, living their lives and working their work with great spirit, virtue, and mutual loyalty. During these three centuries there rose in every city churches, baptisteries, municipal halls, palaces, bridges, aqueducts, public structures for every use, whose magnificence and purity of style together are the love and the despair of the ages.

Here let us give a moment's glance at one little extant incidental monument, if I may so call it, of the old struggle, which meets often with a strange interpretation. The battlemented wall of some once strong city, with its keep impregnable to the ancient artillery, is apt to give the British tourist—as it did, says Tacitus, to the ancient German—a sensation not akin to that of liberty. He thinks, as if by instinct, of townsmen overawed and some oppressor or other triumphant. In so thinking he confounds what he has heard of the latest incidents with the real history. To an Italian republican those battlemented walls were the most sacred symbol and crown of Freedom. From the moment that leave was gained by force or diplomacy, first from barbarians and then from nobles, to rear and crenelate the walls, the tyrannies outside could be defied. The keep received all that was most precious and most worth dying for, if perchance the good wall failed in its trust.

But at last in divers ways Despotism crept back, mostly growing up from within, city by city. The manliness and the disciplined life passed away. Florence alone for two centuries more preserved her liberty, ruled by the vote of thousands of citizens yet free from the insane idea that every man is worthy of every office; risked peace and wealth for the independence of Italy again and again; championed all good, and blossomed into all that makes life beautiful. What the vigour of their aspirations was (*which they fulfilled*, mark you) may be judged by a single concrete example. In the end of the thirteenth century we have this proclamation of theirs: "The Florentine Republic desires that a cathedral shall be built so magnifi-

cent in height and beauty as to surpass everything produced by Greeks and Romans in the time of their greatest power."

Three full centuries of cheerful sacrifice of self to country had made nothing impossible. But that this may be, "there must be a country," says Sismondi, "worth the sacrifice."

Whilst the only material force which had a real existence had been that of the corporations of those towns, whilst wealth had been springing within them and flowing in from every source, by every channel, the citizens were animated by a universal readiness and zeal to subordinate every individual self to the community, and to place their whole pride in regulating, strengthening, and adorning their city.

And what was the system under which this free devotion flourished, and even liberty bowed itself to purposes beyond itself, and left such high memorials for our reverence and delight?

The general outline of it was like this:—There was a great citizen army; there was a "Parliament" of which the members were all the men who could bear arms. This Parliament elected two consuls (or three), chief magistrates in war and in peace. Close round the consuls was the council "*di Credenza*," consisting of a few members elected from each ward of the town. This Council disposed of the whole Finance. The funds consisted mainly of Dues and of grand voluntary contributions.

Beyond this there was a great council of the whole body of the citizens; and before it were discussed great measures, previously to their being submitted to the Parliament.

Thus the whole free male population could make resolutions, but subject to the decision of those of them who were personal Defenders of the State. The elective council dealt with Finance. At the head were the great joint magistrates.

You see the impossibility of maintaining, in large cities, the actual assembly of all citizens; and you see the danger of the soldierly element of government, as it became more soldierly, and as nobles with their followers gradually quitted their country castles for town palaces. This has nothing corresponding to it in our history.

The country lying round each town was included in the organisation and prospered under it. The Town was a centre of capital and of purchase. The great owners within drained the land, bore the burdens, introduced the first scientific agriculture, often set the villagers up with little castles of their own. Our own history had nothing quite answering to this.

You will, I think, have reflected how all this grandeur and freedom had but a narrow range as humanity goes. There was no patriotism. There was only civicism after all. The cities, which were so beautiful and so good, were true to themselves only. They altogether lacked the links which would have bound them not only to humanity but even to Italy. They suffered greatly, and at last they passed away, because they had known nothing greater than themselves; their leagues were temporary; they lacked an embracing power above them and around them.

For want of a grander unity they could not act on the world without. For want of a grander unity they had no resource, no help, when tyrants rose within them. They every one fell into despotisms again. A foreign tyrannous empire had been unable to command their loyalty. They had been right to refuse that yoke whilst they could. But, nevertheless, Milan was not all the world, nor Florence, nor Venice—and each of them lived as if it were. And so at last each succumbed to a tyrant of its own.

A united Italy is a great idea, a great fact—but it is a new one. To England her unity has been everything. England would not be what England is to us, supposing that our annals were full, say, of Birmingham's night marches upon Lichfield and Worcester, and its compelling both to join her in a siege of Northampton, until she had extracted from it treasure enough to build a new Town Hall. But that would have been nothing strange in Italy.

What was the reason of so strange a contrast as those tiny republics present to the realm of England? The causes are many. But mark that it is not only the island-state of England. For Italy, too, is islanded scarcely less; and in older times it had possessed a unity which nothing before or since can equal, when every freeman in Italy was a citizen of Rome itself. But let your thoughts turn to the time when flood after flood of barbarians sluiced in upon Italy, and the towns alone stood out; some of them strong enough, or far enough away, to remain unconquered; and some making it the interest of the barbarian tribe outside to let them keep their own constitution, as the most favourable means of levying money on the only people who had it. It was thus perhaps mainly that the cities came to stand out like island rocks above a tide which flooded all the vast rocky floor on which they had shown themselves but as mounds and pinnacles a little while before.

Our older writers account for this very uniform system of the free corporations in their isolation, by supposing that the municipal order which the cities had received from the Roman emperors never had been quite extinguished by the barbarians. More recent critics, I believe, are less satisfied with this view. They would lay stress on the customs of the invaders themselves.

Nevertheless there is the isolation of the towns to be accounted for. It would seem that if the institutions of the towns had been to a great extent those of the conquerors there would have been more of amalgamation over the whole country; the cities would not have remained so atomic; some of the cities never were conquered and yet had the same institutions, so that the old theory, though it may have been too rigidly stated, seems not quite overthrown.

But the interest of all this deepens greatly to us when we see that these constitutions have a strong family likeness to constitutions nearer home—to that of our old towns and cities, and of London as the instance of instances. The Roman empire and the Roman law were there, and they were broken up in the same way. We had our own barbarians,

and are proud of those barbarians as our proper parents.

London had not a civic army on an Italian scale, but it had once that crude assembly of the whole populace. It has still in great force, as you will have thought already, other marked elements—though, having had no wars to wage against Canterbury or Winchester, or any other towns, and happily no such constant suspicions of each others' intentions, we never had three consuls or three lord mayors.

But before we come quite home, I want to take you still further afield.

Will you think of India? a subject which in other relations we ought to think much more about than we do. Our great scholars tell us they are very ignorant of India—that we are not yet in a position to frame perfect theories as to races, languages, or governments of such wonderful variety and extent.

However you know that the Indian peoples at large (we are speaking only in a typical and general way) live together in a most notable, ancient and highly organised manner—that their villages far and wide have a more or less representative government of their own. Once, perhaps, it was a democratic association of families, each family being ruled in a very private and despotic way. Outside the inhabited village is a common tract or "mark" which the villagers have for their cattle and other uses in mixed ownership. There is (thirdly) the arable "mark" which is cultivated in family allotments, and these subject to periodical redistribution which everywhere is or has been carried out. Large towns have generally (not always) arisen from agglomerations of these communities. They exercise *no* grand influence on the country round, like the Italian cities. They do not stimulate a totally distinct class of people; and are not themselves at leisure to make great progress in other ways; they breed no great men; they are under no stimulus even to reclaim the waste lands of their neighbours beyond what is sufficient for their wants or their immediate means of cultivation. Speaking *generally*, as throughout, they attend to the lands which belong to them in private or in common. Officers watch over the rules and the council try breaches of them. It is rarely that any assembly of the whole people exists. It has become a representative government, and often there is a Headman.

What to us is the interest of all this?

It is that the system which is now still living in India was beyond doubt the system of ancient Europe. "They were identical" says Sir Henry Maine. The system was in England too. There are not only proofs of this but instances abundant. There are places where even old family allotments, and plenty of places where the ancient commons, are still bounded as they were ages ago, when village communities were almost everywhere. The description of the old German or Teutonic community with its "village mark," its "common mark," and its "arable mark," might be given in the same words as describe its Indian parent. For you know it would be strange if it were not so. You know that language, customs, legends have

travelled westward with the Aryan tribes, and of course the social life was what brought everything else in its bosom. As in India so all over Europe there are numberless towns which were of old the "township mark" of a village community and great cities which are the agglomeration of townships. And they had no other unity.

For some reason the Teutonic races kept up everywhere more vigorously than the brothers they left behind, and kept up to a very late period, the general assembly of the adult males and its originating or controlling powers.

And now may we leap back suddenly to London? Naturally it is to London that we should look if we want to see most clear, best recorded, and most active the principles which appear in the foundation of English corporations. I wish it were possible for us to unfold together the fulness of that great example.

It is said that the local governments of to-day rest wholly on statute law. But the statute law concerning them may also be said to rest on the institutions, habits, visible tendencies, which certainly had a most vivid existence before they were codified in statutes. The best of good law is that which embodies and gives consistency and point to the best methods in use. Our modern boroughs have, of course, received their constitution in a mass all at once, and whatever threads there are in it of more primeval municipal law have come, so to speak, *in the piece*. But in London and our ancient cities it was of course not so at all. The beginnings of nothing are obvious—not even of the municipality of London. Some students think that in the law and usages of London they trace threads of its continued municipal constitution from the time when its great Roman merchants (whose commerce in the old world went almost as far as our own) and the population about them remained, after the Empire had forsaken them, tolerably safe behind London wall against the successive shocks and floods of the Saxon and English invaders, and there kept up their municipal life and law.

When we see how the Italian cities lived *through*; and how the unwall'd Indian villages kept their uses under so many successive waves of conquest for ages, we are naturally disposed to think it more likely that our London (keeping as it did its old name) fared similarly, rather than that it lay a howling wilderness while the Teutonic village communities of Charing and Kensington and Fulham and Hampstead and Islington were ploughing their allotments, and grazing their commons, and governing themselves by their *gemot*, or assembly of freemen.

Still I am bound to say that the proofs alleged of this continued Roman life and law are very slight. At most they show no more (if they show so much) than that two or three Roman usages were *more at home*, so to speak, in the city than outside it. But even this is dim and may be accounted for in various ways. If such people as Roman merchants and lawyers had really held on we should expect more certain relics.

And then we must remember, that though they came down "with a difference," yet the Roman

ideas also had travelled to Italy from the same starting-point as the Teutonic. Both had come from the great Aryan home. We have nothing characteristic enough to make us call the municipality of London Roman in its origin. If the Roman law gave precision to the Teutonic ways, this is as much as we are allowed to say.

Our first historical sight of London is like our modern material sight of it—very clouded and indistinct. It is, like the other towns of England, a more thickly inhabited township, and nest of townships. It exercised no formative or enriching influence on the country round it, as the Italian cities did; even though Middlesex was in a way subject to it. Under the Normans there were in it plenty of jurisdictions. Among them were guilds, powerful monasteries, barons (as aldermen were in some cases called), the chapter of St. Paul's, the bishop of London, and others, but there was no corporate life, nothing municipal. In King Stephen's time we hear first of a *Communio*, or *Communa*, and even then it is not certain that it does not mean the *Folkmot*. Nay, even after the distinct foundation of the Sherifdom and the Mayoralty itself, the picture is still shadowy. Bishop Stubbs tells us of "royal jealousies and civic assertions of independence, of rich and poor at variance, a Court party, and a municipal," but nothing clear.

Throughout, however, there is abundant evidence of Teutonic customs, some grotesque and barbarous, some enduring.

In Henry II's time some offenders' houses were still carried away and burnt. Late in the middle ages some criminals were drowned at a stake in the tide of the Thames. A woman might save a criminal's life by marrying him. These customs were Teutonic; the pillory kept up until the 18th century was Teutonic. But above all the constitution and procedure of the principal court of the City, the Court of Hustings, recalls the old village assembly in its representative form, and still adjudicates within the city on the tenure of Land and Tenements. The very land which the Corporation of London now owns is the remainder of the old common land, though long since built on and rented. The aldermen, who hold office for life, chosen by the freemen of each ward, represent probably the principal landowners of those ancient districts, after the land became private. The common council men are elected yearly by the freemen; but the different wards return different numbers, not (as in your case) in proportion to their extent or importance, but irregularly, according to the local custom of each whole group. This common council has unlimited power over the funds of the corporation. It has virtually legislative power (subject to statutes of the realm) on all municipal matters.

In all their strong outlines the resemblance to Italy, the still closer answering to the Teutonic and to the Indian communities, cannot be accidental. Think for a moment of the "clan" system; think of the artificial "family" system of the vast empire of China; and we see, even by contrast, the unity of this other class to which we belong.

We have however now passed, perhaps without noticing it, into the presence of two constitutional forces in union. The aldermen represent the growth of private ownership, lordship, wealth, accumulated property. Their office is for life. The aldermen of guilds which held property were themselves called barons. The common council men, as well as the common lands, represent the village rights of days when every householder was a freeman with freeman's rights.

We are face to face with the two very principles of aristocracy and democracy. Principles which in ancient Greece tore each other to pieces in cities or states much smaller than our towns, as they gained alternate possession of them. Principles which in ancient Rome lived through a succession of more and more unobtainable truces until they were both crushed into peace by the Empire. In our capital (as has happened so many times in the larger history of England) the two powers found out how to live in perfect unity, each exercising its own special influence for good, each keeping the other's possibilities of harm within bounds.

The freedom and peace and power of England have always rested and must rest on such harmonies of contrast.

I mentioned that in the reign of Stephen it is not clear whether the *Communa* was even then a central municipal power, or whether it was still the old *Folkmot*, or assembly of the whole people. And in little more than half of the thirteenth century there were at least six or seven known occasions on which the *Folkmot* still met; was convened by Royal writ to the Sheriff at Paul's Cross; and gave its answer by its ancient "Yea, yea," "Nay, nay."

But ordinarily by that time the government was carried on, and with a strong hand, by the aldermen (including the lord mayor—you see the French influence in that name) and by the council. Here, then, were met the three principal lines of inherited power—that, namely, of the old Merchant-guild, that of the land owners, and that of the village assembly by representation.

And so you will observe that the proper style of the Common Council is "The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London in Common Council assembled."

We are not to suppose that there was any archaeological consciousness of those inheritances of power. And yet they were true threads, unbroken from the wheel they were spun off; though they are spoken of by their contemporaries merely as the body of the "discreet men of the city," which had come into existence no one knew how; and though these magnates laughed at the "Folkmot" as "the low people calling themselves the Commons of the city." These councils, assemblies, powers never came there by accident, nor were they born in a day.

And now is there not something very strange and very interesting in the thought of our inheriting at Birmingham,* the liberties which grew up beyond the Himalayas; which ran their course in

* This paper was originally delivered as an address before the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

Greece and Rome; held out as long as they could do creatively in Italian plains; governed the townships and their outskirts far and wide in Europe, and combined so many privileges and powers in London? Inheriting, not genealogically but as it were spiritually; receiving all in one compact charter,—all the elements blended duly from those contests of the ages; yet not receiving an unearned boon; winning hardly and hardily both liberty and power, not indeed inch by inch along so many lines; but having fought one gallant contest against some prejudices, and many honest fears; against some interests and much indifference; against a bygone distrust of the people, as though they were another people and not our own selves; gaining in a word that good local commixture of freedom and order which we call Municipal Government; and having greatly improved and developed it since it came into our hands?

But first of "How came Birmingham by it?"

Never was a fairer field than Birmingham presented. The large Toy-Town, of which it was said, in the 17th century, that "the fine works for which Milan was famed, in rock crystal, swords, heads for canes, snuff-boxes, and other fine works of steel," could "be had cheaper and better at Birmingham," now made "its toys" by millions, and furnished arms to all the troops of Europe and the East. Its "toys" had magnified themselves into earth-shaking machines, and its population, industry, and wealth were what we know—or scarcely can know.

Yet never was town more free of traditional bonds or precedents.

The quaint Hutton wrote with less than his usual judgment, "a town without a charter is a town without a shackle." Without a shackle indeed, when we find every precedent, decision, and record of even the Court Leet to have perished up to the year 1779.

Nevertheless, Birmingham is not without a legible history, and an interesting one.

There are many who recollect mystic names of Court Leet, Court Baron, Steward and High Bailiff and Low Bailiff, Headborough and Constable, when Birmingham was approaching 200,000 inhabitants. When the High Bailiff's jurisdiction was visible to the eye in the proclamation of the fairs, which were thought so essential to the good of trade—onions, giants, pantomimes, and all; and when the constables kept such order that in 1835 three bulls were baited for four days at Hockley; and besides all this, there was a wonderful staff of utterly mysterious persons, High Tasters and Low Tasters and Leather Searchers and Sealers.

What means all this? It means that Birmingham was a *Manor*. That in early Norman times it had already had a history, and then went through a great change. Those offices which we recollect really imply a continuous history from the days when, in the middle of Mercia, the *ing*, or family or tribe of *Berm* the Englishman, made their *home* on the dry scented furzy sandhills, on "the mean slope," as Leland calls it, up to St. Martin's; and soon began, over and above their farm work, to forge and hammer clever specimens of iron work for

use and ornament in the dry bright air. They had, their "Folkmot," and cried, "Yea, yea," or "Nay, nay," in it. Some one, who perhaps had been to Kent, gave a plot or glebe for a Christian priest to settle on, and a churchyard. After that little by little a "*Lord*" commanded obedience more and more, and the Township became a Lordship before Edward the Confessor; and after him Manorial rights and dues and a profitable jurisdiction were conferred on the Lord, and his Court was recognised as a branch of the King's Court under the Sheriff, for the special ruling of the busy section of the Hundred of Erdington.*

Our Law used to regard Manors as a natural phenomenon. Nothing was admitted to have gone before them. The very *commons* were treated as grants to the people from the Lord. But Manors were a foreign import. They were the application of Feudalism to the Townships. With Feudalism they came, and with it they go. They substituted a new grouping of society for the more primitive democratic group of autocratic householders. The Manor is the simplest form of judicial organisation. We must not suppose it was not a gain when it came in. It made order at the time when local oligarchies or local tyrannies might have arisen. It was a responsible protective power when protection was scarce. It was also interested in reclaiming waste lands to profit, which there had been no stimulus to reclaim in common when each family's profit would have been so small.

The very names of its officers tell us that the popular assembly was over, and that the rule of the Great House was begun. We have the Steward and the Bailiffs. The actual Great House, of which they had originally been the in-door and out-door officers, stood moated on Smithfield. You all know the tragic fate of its last native Lord, Edward de Bermingham.

The steward went on being appointed by the Lord, but the Bailiffs were allowed to be elected by the people outside. The High Bailiff had what was the most important charge at first, the markets at the east end of St. Martin's and the fairs which brought together all the trade of the country.

The Low Bailiff had the less esteemed duty of selecting a jury of twenty-four under the Lord's precept; the jury presented all offences to the King's judges; there was no neglect or disorder out of their cognizance. They appointed all other officers and even the Bailiffs when once they had got into harness.

The Patronage which at first was thought little of became more and more important. The Low Bailiff, as chooser of the jury, became more powerful than the High Bailiff, and the mysterious offices which lasted till 1838 were filled by citizens of good rank.

The *Court Baron*, the *Court Leet*, and the *Court Customary* divided among them nearly all the powers of the ancient *gemot*. Sir H. Maine describes their powers of administration and regulation to be so great as to be almost legislative. The *Vestry*, which in its constitution really perpet-

* The town consisted of the *Borough* in its old sense, as the fenced part, and the *Foreign*, which lay outside. This name "*Foreign*" has singularly passed out of the local nomenclature of Birmingham.

uated the old *gemot*, and so is now the oldest constitutional power which we have in England, transacted besides its church affairs all the miscellaneous business which had not been taken up by the Courts.

You see how the chief part of the old popular power passed into the hands of a *close* and quasi-aristocratic body. And the lord of the manor absorbed more and more rights over land, even in the middle of the town, until, at last, in the 18th century, the stewards made two grand attempts to get even the nomination of the jury into their own hands—in which, if they had succeeded, almost the last remnant of the old Saxon popular election would have gone, which really did last to our own day.

As the manorial courts did not extinguish the vestry, so the rights of the manorial courts themselves have never been extinguished. They all exist *in posse* to this hour. The corporation might purchase them if it thought well.

Eight hundred years, we may suppose, had Birmingham been Birmingham; and it is now near five hundred years ago since, in 1392, there was set up there, with the king's leave and licence, a certain private Association.

The Courts were corrective: but that small Society has been for us creative.

Mr. Bunce has wisely and aptly pointed out how the Guild of the Holy Cross was, in its conception, an almost amusing example of the native genius—how it was framed, not on any special theory—didactic, mercantile, municipal, or ecclesiastical—but in a rational manner took account of those needs of the town which were not met by existing organisations, and tried to meet these generally and practically by its own exertions and donations.

They took in hand the Roads, "foul and dangerous" as they found them,—winter and summer, all mire or all dust—and, worst of all, when they crossed our "very watery lower part," as Camden calls it. They became custodians of, or perhaps built, the two bridges which the silvery playful Rea threatened as often as one of the Midland thunderstorms burst on our seven hills. They provided a bellman to convene public meetings. They found deserving poor in food and coals; nursed the sick, especially poor women, at home, and buried the dead. They endowed two new clergymen, and afterwards more, for these charities, and let them have more services than the rector could manage; and, as music grew popular, they provided an organist,—and, I suppose, an organ.

Was not *that* like Birmingham all over? and was it not a very cheery, kindly, religious Association altogether?

The Royal Commission in 1547 regretted that its recent suppression would prove a great injury (a "noysance") to the "fair and profitable town" and to "the commonwealth there." But there was no putting things back on the old footing when once swept away; and so what they did was to restore the lands to found a school.

Now this guild of course had nothing to do with the municipal government at present. But, as in its old state it had supplied a great deal of what there was no municipality to supply, so in

its later form we shall see how very much of what the municipality is now able to effect is due to that old foundation and endowment.

After that for near three centuries the constitution of things which I described before was unaltered. Ochlocracy was suppressed except in the vestry, where it expressed itself with native emphasis. There are everywhere two streams of power which want persuading to use one channel. For there are manifestly two fountains of power. Whenever either of them is suppressed there is an accumulation underneath and finally an account to be settled.

I need only mention that from 1765 to 1838 a new power reigned—the "Street Commissioners." Their function was to develop in all its then modern supposed perfections what had been one work of the little Holy Cross Guild. It culminated, grandly enough, in the erection of the famous Town Hall.

Like the other ruling powers of the Town, it also belonged to the oligarchic or aristocratic kind of power.

We do not set ourselves the easy task of detailing the unpleasant features of most municipal governments throughout England sixty years ago—"their secret proceedings, their uncontrolled powers, especially over local taxation, the diversion of their resources to illegitimate purposes to the advantage of the few, and the detriment of the character and morals of the bulk of the people." The truth is that not only their once serviceable usages were outworn, but that human nature within had made very free with them, and that no means whatever of reform existed. Their very mode of self-election was out of date, and commanded none of the old respect for the "discreet men." The idea of representation had gradually taken possession of the English mind. Nothing else was endurable.

Meantime also some of the most populous, energetic, and wealthy centres of national life and work had lapsed into conditions which the typical Indian village would have despised. They not only had none of the local powers of a real municipal government; the successive creations of special authorities among them simply served to deprive the "township" at large in the nineteenth century of the capacities which Italian cities had in the tenth and London in the fourteenth.

There was not a street in Birmingham, says Hutton, but was ill-constructed, so ill that, in his own rude simile (quite appropriate to his time), the houses "crowded before each other like men at a dog-fight." They were almost without public light, and quite without public water. Police were not, nor public library, nor gallery, nor bath, nor park. They were poisoned with graveyards and slaughter-houses, and soaked with sewage. All rates were high, and the death-rate highest.

The more the town advanced its business and importance, and multiplied its population, the faster, in proportion, increased every evil and danger. Birmingham would not have been Birmingham if she had not fretted, laboured, and prevailed to deliver herself and every sister town from such horrors and the cause of them.

The Municipal Corporations Act was obtained in 1835, and how greatly Birmingham contributed to that end by her determination is well known.

It has been often observed what great evils peoples will endure until some material or physical pressure grows intolerable, and no doubt it may have been so here. But it would be a great mistake to infer from this that the material inconveniences were what they cared for alone or most.

The noblest of this world's ambitions is that of being the doer of great good to great classes of men; and with it goes usually, if it be real, some sense of inward power, some delight in the exercise of power, some ambition to provide that the like-minded shall have opportunity to exercise the like desire. Leading spirits on their way from lower to higher things long for a school that shall train them perfectly in human interests for careers that shall not be wholly selfish. As for work, they have a boundless passion for it, and an eagerness to accomplish it to admiration. With this conspires a certain modern sentiment of desire that their opportunity should be opened to them by the will of other men, and their power conferred by the choice of all. The idea of *representation* has been of growth long and slow in England; but it has taken firm root, and it has still many summers to grow, and much good pruning to receive, before it is supplanted by a fresh idea.

In Birmingham there was at last a fairly general consent that the vast urban, civic, political improvements which wanted making must be made. The issue narrowed down to this—who should carry out such difficult, critical, noble work? and should the doers of the work be representatives of all the people, or should they not?

This issue was contested more and more determinedly. This was the real battle that raged about the Birmingham Charter of Incorporation. This was the principle which lay under all the backdraws and discountings and offsets that were tried when all seemed accomplished. The questions as to the validity of the Charter, and the Police Commissioner, and the Coroner, and the Commitals to Warwick,—all turned on whether a representative council should be trusted with responsible power or clipped and shorn wherever it grew too real.

Now, I avow that I cannot even now read the narrative of that battle over (and I do not envy the man who can) without a quickening of the pulses. It is a real battle of principles fighting for a town—a kind of little Iliad. Men who seemed, even to minds not unwise, to be then unwise, rash, hard, even self-seeking, are known now to have been none of these things. There is a not unheroic stature about some of those simple-living townsmen whose names are growing into household words, and their statues looking down the streets they affectionately trod.

I gather that generous spirits in the political ranks which won so acknowledged and so great a boon for their town have a magnanimous pleasure in the thought that, while the statesmen who had made that boon possible almost shrank from crowning their work by so bold a sequel, Sir Robert Peel laid aside the party chief, and in the finest tone of statesmanship accomplished it for them.

I do not wonder that the celebrations with which the Town Hall glowed again and rang again had something in them of a warlike and triumphal tone: that the very parchment of the Charter seemed such a sacred and venerable thing, that once (upon some measure mortifying to the town being supported by the Government) it was debated in serious earnest whether that parchment should be solemnly resigned and sent back again.

However, these were most natural and most human, and are to me touching, overflows. Presently the great Midland centre of infinite handicrafts and machineries, of moderate capitals turned quickly over, of ever welling-up invention and application, above all the chief resort and home of the wonderful characteristic class of Master-workmen, settled down to reform and to transfigure and to create—to transact with keenness and self-denial the vital business of a little republic; happier far than the petty states of Italy in that it was not a "state," with all the terrible external hindrances and ceaseless losses of a "state," but that in common with a thousand more it was over-arched for all such purposes by the state and throne of England, and had through all vexations loved and served it with an unblenching loyalty.

It is notable that the very first meeting of the council should have debated whether they were to "deal with matters of a general and national interest."

That was in singular contrast with what our great constitutional historian works out as to the silence and insensibility of the representatives of towns in Parliament during the great struggles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries between the king and the nation. Silent they were, not only on such larger questions, but even as to the representation itself of the people. They seem to have been concerned with none but narrow local interests and views.

There is a historical account to be given of this. They really represented nothing but the municipality itself—not the *Folk-gemein*, still less the folk. It may be argued too that there will always be a difference in kind between the municipal and the imperial wisdom. But, however that may be, it is certain that every great class coming into power has hitherto in its turn contributed its quota to the freedom and stability of the realm. We are on the eve of a new contribution. For ourselves, let us not forget the same great writer's observation that such contributions have been hitherto made by each class, *while* it was winning its place, and not afterward—during the process of achievement, not during the era of possession. Afterwards they have grown narrower. Then they have tried to force all government into their own lines.

But this need surely not be so with us. Let it be our warning, considering how many teachings are open to us. There can be no reason why "corporate freedom" should be careless of "individual freedom;" no reason why we should tend to split a country up into petty areas, each with codes of its own, instead of patiently leavening, as heretofore, the whole country with the experience and insight

anywhere gained ; no reason why we should "reverse the processes which have given us our comprehensive national life," even while they are still nobly tending to a yet grander even, so to speak, an international life.

On the day when the Charter sailed blue-ribanded into the Town Hall, and was lifted up before the people, there were many who knew well enough that the newborn Corporation was after all a little humble power, who nevertheless were sure that in its time it would absorb all the parallel or conflicting governing powers of the great town—there were eight or nine of them at least—into its own unity, and give birth to fresh ones.

To its steadily earned success it is due that the woful defects, the chasms of the past, have been not only levelled up but reversed into actual glories for the town ; that the copious lighting and copious water for the poorest have yielded not only light and sweetness but large revenue for the town besides ; that the immeasurable refuse is buried usefully in the vast town farm, or burnt harmlessly into the air ; that the conversion of pestilent quarters into magnificent streets has caused no misery or overcrowding, but instant gain to all the community : that even life is lengthening among them. Then, that the fresh parks without, the glorious resources and the treasures of the Free Library within, the ever-expanding already rich Art Gallery, minister to all that the vigorous Midland Institute itself teaches men to appreciate, to understand, and to assimilate.

This, then, is the work of the Municipal Spirit, first reflecting like a thinker, and then working like a giant upon the ideal of Municipal Duty. And I own to being one of those who rejoice that the thinking giant has built himself, after the manner of his Italian brethren, a Municipal Palace in the midst of his work, full of great halls for his sons to counsel and debate in, and arched walks for their confabulations. That Municipal Spirit of the old-young town has done well, has done great things.

Looking then to the past, even of free Italy and of great London, I say it is a modest saying that the work of the Birmingham municipality "compares with the memorials of even towns of historic renown."

It does compare with them : not yet in art ; not yet in literature. But a wide basis has been solidly laid. And what is more, it is being founded deep among classes which even the republicans of Italy viewed from a practically oligarchic point of view, for all men were not freemen then. You have had a magnificent rush of life into

every department of that work. May God sustain and perfect it !

Would you think it very presumptuous if I venture to append to the noble story a few brief corollaries or deductions ?

Nothing but an interior agency could have done all that has been done here—an agency in which every single man has an interest.

As mere numbers have long since made the general assembly of citizens impracticable, so also areas and populations may exceed the possibility or wisdom of inclusion in one municipality. It is a question of degree, probably not indeterminate.

Party is an arrangement for politics. The history of the Charter teaches that dignity and usefulness do not consist in carrying party into the universe of things outside politics.

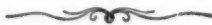
Not one of the great things accomplished could have been accomplished without science ; and science begins very far back, and was working for this present when Priestley and Franklin were trying their experiments on the smallest scale. And may we not hope that as pure light and water have been already re-invented for us by science, so she may proceed one day to re-invent for us *pure skies* ?

I have said scarcely a word of that magnificent foundation to which so many citizens owe all—King Edward's School. But could any of the Municipal work have been done so soon and so well if it had not been for those *Endowments* ? The finest imagination would have shrunk back appalled if it had been necessary, over and above all else, to raise the means for such a vast system of education of so comprehensive and so advanced a character. Think of what *Endowment* has done and will do for all time.

We may not leave one class, and if not one class then also not one individual, out of calculation and consideration in the provision of social benefits. We must work for all. All must work for all. The duty and the safety of society lie in its caring for all.

Side by side, hand in hand with public counsels and public works, let us promote all private associations for good. Not one whit less interesting, and not less effective this day, than either *leet* or *mote* or *manor* is some little foundation like the Guild of the Holy Cross.

From how very far away the centuries clasp hands with us. How clear, how low, their voices are in our ears. May we work and speak so earnestly, so modestly, so generously, that centuries to come may be able to speak of us as we of the old town whose motto is "Forward."



MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

EVEN to people who have never been to London, the name of Mudie's Circulating Library is not unfamiliar. Even those who have never seen the huge concern at the corner of Oxford and Museum Street know that here thousands of persons are supplied with thousands upon thousands of books which they would never have dreamed of buying, even had they the means to do so. They know, too, that here, from morning to night, men and women, youths and maidens, much do congregate in search of volumes serious or sentimental, as the case may be. But probably even those who have some conception of the library do not realise how immense its business is, or that the circulating of books is, after all, only a part of the whole establishment, which has now become one of the largest bookbinding houses in London.

The business was started by Mr. C. E. Mudie, father of the present head of the firm. The idea of circulating libraries was of course no new one in England when Mr. Mudie started his establishment. We all remember Sir Anthony Absolute's, "I observed your *maid* coming forth from a circulating library; she had a book in each hand. . . from that moment I guessed how full of duty I should find her *mistress*," and his assertion that "a circulating library is an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge." Many such libraries existed probably in the seventeenth century—certainly in the eighteenth. Indeed during this century there was hardly a town, hardly even a village that had not its library. But the books supplied were apparently of the novel class only, and when a sort of reaction arose against the kind of fiction up to then in vogue the libraries began to decay. Young Mudie, as a boy a great lover of reading, especially of the graver kind, soon found that at the circulating libraries open in his day he could get no mental food of the nature he desired. He was reduced to buying what he wanted, and for this the means were not always forthcoming, although he bought as much as he could, so that in the course of time he had accumulated quite a goodly collection. Then it suddenly struck him that many other young men must be in the same plight as himself; would it not be possible to make his books available for others also? This led him to found a circulating library upon his own lines, and putting his stock into a small window near Bloomsbury Square, he wrote "Mudie's Select Library" over the shop and so launched the vast business that still trades under that name. His fundamental idea was that circulating libraries should supply not only the stale and unprofitable novel, but should gather together works suited to all tastes and shades of opinion. It was somewhere about 1842 that Mr. Mudie started this business. In a few years it so increased that he had to remove to the premises he now occupies, and when one remembers that there are at this

day some four million books on these premises and almost as many in circulation, some idea may be gathered of the success of his notion. Slowly but surely he grew to be a power, and the fact that he had taken a certain number of copies of a book or refused to take a work came greatly to influence the publishing world. Long experience has taught him to appraise the commercial value of a book, which does not, however, mean that he is infallible and may not make mistakes like other mortals.

It is related that one evening in 1850, at an entertainment given by Lady Ashburnham, there was present Mr. Mudie, who already then had achieved for himself a good social position. Carlyle was present too, and, in his rude fashion, he went up to the owner of the circulating library, addressing him in his rough Scotch speech with, "So *you're* the man that divides the sheep from the goats! Ah," he went on, giving strong emphasis to his words, "it's an *awfu'* thing to judge a man! It's a *more awfu'* thing to judge a book, for a book has a life beyond a life. But it is with books as it is with men. Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." Mr. Mudie's answer to the man who, as a rule, loved autocrats "not wisely, but too well," was simple and dignified, and it is a pity Carlyle did not oftener get such answers to his rude speeches. "In my business I profess to judge books only from a commercial standpoint, though it is ever my object to circulate good books and not bad ones." And Mr. Mudie was justified in making this speech, for against really bad books he resolutely set his face.

Various changes have taken place in the business since that time, and other libraries now divide the honour of catering for the public needs, but the institution has still its unique place.

The whole arrangements for carrying on the work of the library are admirable. They are divided into three heads or departments—country, book society, and town. The two former are supplied by rail or carriage; in the latter subscribers exchange personally. Most people living in London at a distance from Mudie's join the Book Society branch, when their books are exchanged for them once a week by a cart, which calls at their doors, they sending a list a few hours beforehand to the library to say what they want. The exchange hall is a handsome dome, lined with books. Here ply the busy assistants who furnish customers, and the rapidity with which they do this is amazing. In a few minutes the desired work is in your hands, speaking eloquently for the order and system that pervade the whole concern. These book-clerks are mostly well-informed and well-read in the wares they hand across the counter. Their good-humour, too, is great, and severe is often the strain put on

it, as when foolish men—and yet more often, we grieve to say, foolish women—come in and ask “for a new book,” careless of its name or nature, so long as “it is new.” Such seem to think that a new book, like new bread, has some peculiar quality all its own.

The principle upon which the books are divided is simple and effective. The novels are kept in the vaults below, every other book finds a place on the main floor, either in the shelves running round the hall or in neighbouring rooms and passages. A gallery runs round the hall, and when the assistants below require a volume beyond a certain height they use the whistle which communicates with the assistant above. Trucks carry the books from one place to another, whilst a lift is constantly disgoring its contents from the vaults on to the counter. Beneath the great hall and its adjacent rooms are stored hundreds of thousands of volumes. In one of these vaults are stacked up in a series of bins some hundred and sixty thousand volumes of novels alone, all lettered and indexed, and each with a place of its own. When a novel is asked for upstairs the assistant comes down and finds what he wants in a few seconds. Once a book is misplaced it is as good as lost.

A visitor may learn much at Mudie's. Among other things, that Hamlet's statement that a “great man's memory may outlive his life half a year” is not so cynical as it looks at first blush. Thus we were told that in about two to six months interest in the biographies, autobiographies, and letters of eminent men and women dies out. Gordon has already reached the Hamletian “hobby-horse” state and is “forgot,” Cross's “Life of George Eliot” is beginning to pall, and Carlyle's “Life” by Froude is no longer “wanted.” Some idea of the popularity of various writers may also be ascertained at Mudie's. Of course there are a few writers for whom there is a constant and steady if not large demand. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray are always to some extent in request. Again, every now and then a writer whose popularity had waned suddenly becomes “the rage,” either because he or she has died, and the biographical notices have recalled attention to them, or because some new work makes a “hit,” and then the older ones are asked for too. Thus Froude's “Life” caused an immense run on Carlyle's works.

There are certain writers for whose new books there is sure to be a demand, and Mudie always gets a large supply, at least 600 copies, of anything Miss Braddon, Mrs. Oliphant, Ouida, and a few other well-known novelists write. In other cases a few (comparatively speaking) copies are ordered to begin with, and the supply is then regulated by the demands of subscribers. As a rule, however, it would appear that Mr. Mudie and his agents know tolerably what the taste of the public is, and mistakes are rare. But mistakes are made occasionally. For example, Disraeli's “Endymion” entailed upon the library a heavy loss. Of this novel 3,500 copies were taken, and 22s. 6d. was paid for each copy. A few weeks served to show that the book was likely

to fail, and ere long Mr. Mudie was selling—when he could—his 22s. 6d. vols. for 2s. 6d. The copies were really wanted for the first rush of readers, but the demand suddenly ceased.

For poets there is no great demand, although 1,500 copies of “*Enoch Arden*” and 1,000 of the “*Idylls of the King*” were ordered some years since. Now, however, “*Tennyson* is rarely asked for,” and a very few copies of *Swinburne* and of *Browning* suffice. For *William Morris's* works there is a somewhat larger public apparently than for those of his fellow-singers.

Of the magazines the most read are the “*Nineteenth Century*,” the “*Fortnightly*,” and the *American illustrated magazines*. Of all these 250 are taken. As to the biographical, philosophical, and other works, the number of copies taken varies considerably. Here are a few figures that will give some idea of how good a customer Mr. Mudie is to the publishers. Thus, of *Macaulay's History* some 2,500 copies were bought, of *Livingstone's Travels* 3,000, of “*Essays and Reviews*” 2,000. For each of *George Eliot's* novels 3,000 copies were subscribed at once, and also 2,000 of the *Queen's* last book. The latter, however, had a brief run and one of mere curiosity. The work, which has no literary merit whatever, can be now bought for a mere song from Mudie's surplus stock. This surplus stock, and the prices charged therein, are a capital gauge of an author's public standing, and many a writer studies them carefully.

After about three years the works of writers whose books enjoy only passing popularity, or at least the greater number of copies, are removed from the library. They are then either sold at a much reduced price, or if no longer worth even that, the covers are removed and the letterpress torn up, and sold for waste paper; or when hard wear and tear has dirtied volumes beyond all possibility of being turned to use, they are sold for manure! “To what base uses we may return!” It would seem that novels, despite the vast amount he has to take, and the large numbers asked for, do not pay Mr. Mudie. They are expensive, take up much room, and are soon out of demand, having but a short butterfly existence. He himself says of them, “They are the fuel that drives the engine. They become ashes too soon.”

The method of arranging the books “for circulation” is a very simple and practical one. To begin with, books are arranged according to sizes—of which there are three—royal octavo, post octavo, and small octavo. Then they are arranged alphabetically by author's name (A—M in the gallery round the counter, N—Z in the basement and other parts of the house), except in the case of biographies, when the name of the person written of is taken. Thus, if the attendant wants “*Sartor Resartus*” he looks under C—*Carlyle*, and equally he looks under C if he wants *Froude's* “*Life*.”

It would seem that the number of books issued and reissued during the week exceeds a hundred thousand. Each subscriber has a card devoted to him on which are entered the books he has read. These when full are put away into an iron safe,

where doubtless no one ever disturbs them. An interesting record they will prove some day of a nation's reading. Subscriptions vary from £1 1s. to £500. The latter sum is chiefly paid by public institutions which draw their supplies from Mudie's, but many families take large subscriptions for themselves and their servants. An idea of the amount of reading that may be had for £200 a year is shown by one public office in London that takes for this some 20,000 volumes. About 1,000 boxes and parcels per week are sent to country and colonial subscribers in India, Australia, and the Cape, and the packing and expediting of these is no trifle. Each box is arranged to hold from 10 to 100 books. London itself is divided into 170 districts, and for these there is a regular service of carts. Some of these carts go over as much as 40 miles of ground in a day. Three times a day the volumes returned to the library are sorted and replaced. The clerks are quick to detect dog's-ears and other mischief to the books, and when the latter is considerable Mr. Mudie comes down on the subscriber for damages.

That the business involves a vast amount of correspondence goes without saying. The letters of the slackest months alone, May to October, fill a huge volume. And besides all the enormous business of the circulating library there is yet another branch no less vast. That is the book-binding department. Passing through the glass doors that face the entrance to the counter, you enter a large room full of various kinds of machines—hand machines, hydraulic machines, "folding," "pressing," "rolling," "cutting," "backing" machines, etc., etc.; and yet this is only the first of several such rooms, in all of which some part of the labour connected with the binding or rebinding of books is going on. Then on an upper floor there are long rooms occupied by girls and women of all ages employed in "stitching," "clearing," "folding," and by men doing "the finishing work" of the more expensively

bound volumes. Part of this binding work is for the books intended for library use, and these for the most part, like Falstaff's stout fellows, are put into "buckram," *i.e.*, strong cloth. Other volumes intended for sale or bound to order are clothed in every sort of binding known. Even more interesting, as connected more directly with the circulating library, is not only the rebinding, but the general renovation of old books. These are first removed from the tattered and torn covers and are then taken to pieces and "cleared," *i.e.*, the brilliant remarks scribbled by readers into the margins rubbed out or dirt removed—for now, as in Sheridan's time, there are apparently many "Lady Slatterns" with "most observing thumbs." They are then cut down at the top and sides, repressed by hand or hydraulic machine, and passed through all the endless phases of bookbinding till they are ready to take a fresh start in life in the "library." That the Catalogue also is no inconsiderable one goes without saying. It should be added that besides English books, Mudie supplies French, German, and Italian, but here his stock is not so large nor the choice so great.

Such, briefly, is Mudie's famous Library, to make merely the tour of which takes more than two hours.

Whether it is well or ill for literature that one firm should absorb so much of the "circulating library" business in the kingdom; whether it is well or ill for literature that these librarians, who must be governed to some extent by commercial considerations, should decide on what shall or what shall not be read by thousands of persons; whether public, author, and publisher lose or gain by the system is a very open question. Only one thing is quite certain: thousands of men and women are supplied with books by Mudie, and authors must count with him. Some readers, it is said, devour for their annual guinea works to the value of £200 to £500. Therefore, whether for good or evil, Mudie is a power in the land.

"Not Peace, but a Sword."

OUR hearts are sick; when comest Thou, dear Lord,
To heal the broken hearts of all mankind,
To still our foolish wrangling with Thy word,
As Thou of old didst hush that howling wind
On Galilee? Teach us to give our mind
To loving, leaving hate and hateful scorn;
Lest we that say, "Lord, Lord," at last should find
We served the devil, not Thee, who wast born
The Prince of Peace: for we can better hate
Than we can love—but we would love love more,
And grieve when we must blame. Thou tarriest long
In that far country, until God restore
All things; yet art not far from them that wait,
Staying their souls on Him for evermore.

M. A. M. H.

THE LITTLE REBEL OF KRANMULLIN.

CHAPTER III.

ONE morning the village of Kranmullin was startled from its usual condition of easygoingness by the news of something that had happened at Fillalusk the night before. All sorts of reports, more or less exaggerated, came over, the correct version being that which is herewith given. One Daniel Byron kept a little shop at Fillalusk, and was also owner of a livery stable on a very small scale, the two occupants of which had by no means an easy time of it. Daniel had two jaunting cars, one of which ran thrice a week between Fillalusk and Weybridge, a distance of about twelve Irish miles, conveying passengers at the rate of a shilling a head. This car was built to carry three on a side, but, partly owing to Dan's "good nathur," and partly to the craving of the natural man for as large a number of shillings as possible, the car was generally packed "as full as ever it could hold." How full that was I must leave to the imagination of any one who knows what an Irish jaunting-car is like. The other of Daniel's cars was a "private" one, and was often hired out to some of the gentry around, Dan himself being the driver. Dan's son, Jeff, always took charge of the public car. Occasionally the Rectory people hired Dan's car; this hiring had happened on a memorable occasion, which we shall hear hereafter.

It had been suspected for some time that more was going on at Dan's house or on his premises than met the eye of day. To be more explicit, the police felt pretty sure there was an illicit still somewhere in that quarter, and set to work cautiously and vigorously to find out. At last the time was ripe, and the men were surprised one night at their work, and two or three made prisoners after a stout resistance. The ringleader, however, Daniel himself, escaped after dangerously wounding one of the policemen, who was taken to hospital in a very precarious state. Jeffrey Byron was arrested, but, it being proved that he had had no part in the distilling, and even had tried to put down the still, he was set at liberty.

There was great excitement at the Rectory as well as in the village; Mr. Donovan talked almost incessantly of the affair, and Mrs. Donovan had in Peggy Jackson, the charwoman, to give her an account of the occurrence.

Elly was very unhappy. She remembered certain speeches of hers which had not been calculated to promote a feeling of the immorality of making *poteen*. Had she not, in the height of her indignation against England, averred that it was a piece of gross injustice to lay any embargo on the whisky, or, indeed, to make Irish people pay any taxes whatever? Of course she saw things differently now, and wondered how she could ever have made such silly speeches! She felt very wretched, and asked Jenny whether she thought

that Byron *could* have heard anything she had said on the subject; and Jenny could only say that she hoped not.

Next time Tom came over Elly met him with a very pitiful face, and told him her trouble. Tom did his best to console her, saying that illicit distillation was unfortunately too common for it to be supposed that her influence had had anything to do with the present instance of it.

"Oh, Tom," she said, tearfully, "I'm so afraid some one heard me! What a little goose I was! And there'd be no good in my going all round the village now, saying that I've changed my mind. I should be like a schoolboy who had told another that it was no harm to steal apples, and then, when the other got flogged for robbing an orchard, went up to him and said, 'Oh, I've changed my mind, and I think orchard-robbing wrong.' Tom, I feel so horrid! I'm such a shabby little wretch! I am indeed!"

Tom kissed the "shabby little wretch," and went into the drawing-room with her, and began to make jokes about "poteen." But, as Jenny said, jokes about poteen somehow don't sound quite right when there's a poor man lying, perhaps about to die, and his new-married wife breaking her heart over him. Jenny had been to see the policeman's wife that day, and Jenny thought Tom a little heartless; and yet Tom was just as tender-hearted as Jenny herself.

"Tom," whispered Elly, "wasn't it Jeff Byron's child you cured?"

Tom blushed like a girl, and said, "I didn't cure him, child. Come, Ell, let's go into the garden, for I must be off in three minutes."

Two or three days passed, and there was nothing known about the probable issue of the policeman's wound, nor had the missing Daniel been as yet heard of.

Elly was walking in the garden; very quiet and thoughtful she looked. Tom would not be over that evening. Jenny was reading to Mrs. Donovan; Mr. Donovan was dozing; and it wanted half an hour to the time for five o'clock tea. Dinner was a moveable festival, varying between one and four, but tea came always at five.

There were not many choice flowers in the Kranmullin garden. There were roses, and some annuals that were fast getting into the "seedy" stage, and a lavender bush which would soon be bare of its spicy, spiky, grey-purple bloom. Whisky was to be impregnated with the said bloom, and put into a big bottle labelled "lavender drops," and dealt out to the rustic population around when the troubles of stomach-ache sent them to the Rectory in quest of relief. Elly paused by this lavender bush and picked two or three little sprigs to use as a sachet, when she heard the sound of heavy footsteps crunching the gravel, and looking around saw Jeffrey Byron.

"Good evenin' to ye, Miss Elly."

"Good evening, Jeff; how are you?"

"I'm very well, thank ye, miss; there's nothin' the matter wid me."

"Oh, Jeff," said Elly, much moved by that emphatic personal pronoun, "of course we are all sorry for you. Did you want to see Grand-papa?"

"No, Miss Elly," said Jeff; "I've come to see you, an' no one else."

"What for?" asked Elly, looking straight into the man's face. She rather felt than thought that its expression boded no good.

"Don't ye know, miss?"

Elly began to feel uncomfortable.

"I don't know what you want, Jeff. If any one's ill and wants medicine or jam, you know you've nothing to do but go up to the Rectory for it."

"Miss Elly, I don't want med'cin' nor jam—no offence to the Misthress, she always makes beautiful stuff, so she does—but now I don't want annythin' o' the kyind; I want help."

"I can't help you, Byron; you know that very well."

"The never a bit do I know it, Miss Elly. I want help for my father, an' it's help I must and will have."

Elly's heart was beating very fast, but she did not let Byron see how frightened she was. She spoke as grandly as she could.

"Jeffrey Byron, I desire you to leave this place instantly."

But Jeffrey stood his ground, quite unimpressed by Elly's dignity.

"Miss Elly, I want no hoombooggin'; I've come to ye for help for my father, an' help I'll have."

Elly's wrath broke out.

"How dare you speak to me in this manner, Byron? I order you to go this moment."

Byron stood as bare-throated as his noble namesake, though his throat was a little less comely to look upon.

"Miss Elly," he said, mysteriously, "will I tell ye a little secret? It's all owin' to *you* that my father's a hunted man this summer evenin'."

"What do you mean?" said Elly, faintly. She walked straight towards the gate, but Jeffrey kept alongside of her until she nearly reached it; then, by a quick movement, got in front of her, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. Then he faced Elly, looking as grim and determined as he could. "What do you want?" she said, nerving herself, "and what do you mean by this insolence? I'll have you taken into custody."

"There's two words to that," said Byron. "Now listen, Miss Elly. I don't want to frighten ye, nor be disrespectful to ye, but my father's life's at stake, an' I must be heard. Do ye remember, miss, the day you an' Miss Jenny an' the cap'en went to Kilcorney Castle, an' my father dhruv ye, an' do ye remember what ye said about makin' the poteen? I can tell ye, miss, that what ye said went down into my father's ears; an' he coom home, and says he, 'I'll tell yez what it is, boys,' says he, 'I don't b'lieve there's a bit iv harm in that still, for

there's the quality says it's no harm, an' the quality from the Rectory itself.' An' says I, 'Father,' says I, 'what do ye mane? Isn't th' ould Masther, Misther Donovan, God bless him! the one to tell us it's harm?' An' says he, 'Get out wid ye, Jeff,' says he; 'didn't I hear Miss Elly wid my own ears stannin' up for lettin' poor people have their own little dhrop?' Don't ye remember what ye said, Miss Elly? Didn't ye say how, if a law was oonjoost, people had a good right for to break it, an' how it was a hardship that people couldn't make their own little dhropeen widout axin' lave iv Gover'ment? Ay, an' moreover ye said th' English Gover'ment had no manner iv right t' interfere wid th' Irish. An' hadn't I been doin' my bare best over an' over to make Dad an' th' other chaps lave off meddlin' wid the crathur? I a'most went down on my marrow-bones to 'um to lave it off. I didn't care for the Gover'ment, not a jack sthraw; but I'd ha' died for Cap'en Maxwell since I seen 'm wid my little child on his knees that night, as tender as anny woman, an' twice as knowin'. Oh, Miss Elly, Miss Elly! an' now it's all oop! God forgive ye, miss!"

"Oh, Jeff," said Elly, "I'm so dreadfully sorry; indeed, I'd do anything to undo the mischief. Oh, I wish your father had heard the whole. We talked lower after that because Miss Jenny warned us that your father might hear, and Mr. Maxwell convinced me I was wrong, and I acknowledged it; indeed I did, Jeffrey. Mr. Maxwell made me see that we are bound to obey the laws; and I think now that English government is the best in the world. I'm so grieved that anything I said should have influenced your father."

"It did influence 'm, miss," said Jeff. "He had been sayin' that he'd give oop that still—"

"Well, Jeffrey, I repeat that I'm dreadfully sorry, and that I'd do anything to undo the mischief I've done."

"Ye *can* do somethin', miss," said Jeff.

As Byron spoke there came the sound of the tea-bell; some one was ringing it on the hall-door steps.

"I must go in," said Elly, "I'll see you again, Byron."

"An' ye'll not breathe a word about this talk to man nor mortal," said Jeff.

Elly promised, and also arranged to meet Jeffrey that evening, at eight o'clock, in a lane that lay at some little distance from the Rectory; then Byron opened the gate for her, and she went out of the garden.

At Jeff's request Elly delayed going in for a few moments, until the man had got out of sight; then she locked the gate after her and went up to the house. The bell had rung again before she got in. She threw her hat on the hall-table and put up her hands to smooth her hair. There was a big stuffed cat on the table; it had once been handsome, but was getting mangy and moth-eaten; it had staring green-glass eyes, and they glared at Elly as she turned towards the parlour door. She gave a little start and went in. Jenny was in the act of what she and Elly, to Tom's great amusement, called "filling out tea."

Just as Elly entered the room some one sprang out from behind the door. She screamed, and was caught in the arms of Tom, who looked greatly concerned at having frightened her. Elly was vexed. "Oh, Tom, I wish you wouldn't be so foolish."

Poor Tom looked subdued; he got Elly a seat, and arranged, within reach of her plate, everything eatable that he could see. Then he said, meekly, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Donovan."

Grandmamma smiled, and Grandpapa took up the subject. "Why, what a little stupid you are, Kitty. If I were a little colleen I shouldn't be frightened."

It was Mr. Donovan's habit to use the name of Kitty very generically indeed. Every girl was Kitty to him when, as frequently occurred, he did not remember her name. Just then Elly was in a mood to feel aggrieved, and said, pettishly, in a sort of aside, "I wish Grandpapa would call me by my proper name! I might as well have none!"

Grandmamma overheard this, and, as she could not bear any one to feel annoyed, whatsoever "the Master" might be pleased to say, she said, "Kitty is a very pretty name."

"It isn't," growled Elly, in a very low key, "and I won't have it."

Mrs. Donovan did not hear, and Mr. Donovan was quite unconscious of having given any offence.

Presently Tom said to Elly, "I'm going to take you for a long walk this evening."

"Where to?" asked Eibhlin á ruin.

"To Killalee. We shall have time to have a run on the beach and hear the old sea roar, and we shall get back early enough to have a game with Mr. and Mrs. Donovan."

After tea Elly called Tom out into the hall, and asked whether it would be possible to get back from Killalee by a quarter to eight? Tom said "No," and then Elly asked if he would mind taking a shorter walk, as she wanted to be home by a quarter to eight. Tom looked disappointed.

"Why, Ell, you've been wanting to go to Killalee this ever so long, and it's just the evening for it; so come along."

"No, I don't want to go this evening."

"Why not? Does Mrs. Donovan want you? I'll ask her to let you off." And Tom was rushing back to the dining-room when Elly caught his arm.

"Don't be so foolish, Tom. I told you I couldn't go. Grandmamma has nothing to do with it. I wish you could leave me to manage my own affairs."

All this crossness was new to Tom; he could not make out what was over Elly that made her so unlike her usual self. He felt it all the more as Elly had not seemed a bit glad to see him, though his coming was a surprise which, he had felt sure, would have been a pleasant one. However, he remembered that Elly was fretting about Kelly, the policeman, and about the possibility of her own words having something to do with the "row" at Fillalusk. So he said, without trying to get any explanation,

"Very well, Elly; we'll take a shorter walk."

Something in his tone touched Elly. She put on her hat without saying another word, laid her hand on his arm that he might draw it through, and went out with him, smiling. But the walk was not a very pleasant one, for Elly fidgeted about being back in time, and pulled out her watch every few minutes, and finally insisted on being home at a little after seven.

"Tom," she said, when they reached the avenue gate, "are you going in?"

"Yes; why?"

"Because—because—I'm not coming in yet, and if you're in before me they'll want to know where I am, and bother me when I come in."

"Well, I'll stay with you," said Tom, nothing loth.

"No, indeed, you won't," said Elly. "There's a good boy," she added, soothingly; "but if you wouldn't mind waiting for me in the walk at the side of the house, you might. I want to be quite alone. It's business, Tom; it is, really."

Tom would have laughed at Elly's "business" if she had not looked so unhappy. Instead of laughing he said, "You're fretting about that business, dear." But Elly took refuge in temper. "I wish you wouldn't cross-question me, Tom; I might as well be in a witness-box."

Then she turned away and walked off. She did not tell Tom not to follow her, knowing that he would not dream of doing so, but she made a circuit that he might not suspect whither she was going, and got to the meeting-place some minutes before the arrival of Jeff.

When Jeff saw her he pulled off his cap, and came up to her bare-headed, saying, "Miss Elly, I'm very sorry I frightened ye this mornin'; my heart was so full o' poor Dad that it made me forget myself intirely. I 'umbly ax yer pardon, miss."

"It's all right," said Elly, and waited.

"Miss Elly," said Jeff, slowly, "wouldn't ye wish to save a man's life?"

"Of course I would."

"Well, miss, ye see, them peelers is lookin' for my father, and we've hid 'um, but it's a dhreadful place we've hid 'um in, not fit for a dog, let alone a Christian."

"Where?" asked Elly.

"Niver mind, miss; it's always safer not to know them little things; people can't tell o' what they knows nothin' about."

"Then what do you want, Jeff? is it money?"

"No, Miss Elly, I don't want no money; I want ye to be a brave lady, an' t' hide me father for a few days, while we puts the peelers off the scent, an' thin we'll git 'um off to Amerikey."

Elly looked agast. "What do you mean?"

"I mane, Miss Elly, that you can very well hide my father somewhere in that big house for a few days," said Jeff, pointing with his thumb in the direction of the Rectory.

"Oh, Byron, how could I? It's quite impossible," said Elly, in a piteous voice. "I'll help to send your father to America; I'll have some money in a few days. Here, let me give you what I have now; you shall have some more very soon. Oh, do go away."

She took out her purse, and offered Jeffrey its contents, some eight or nine shillings.

The man looked at the coins, took them, and slowly pocketed them.

"Miss Elly," he said, "I'm takin' this money becos it'll be a great help. I'll pay it back, every farjin. I didn't coom here for to squeeze anny money out iv ye, I didn't; I coom becos I thought you was a brave, kyind, good girl—I ax yer pardon, young lady—an' I thought that, whin ye'd helped my father to thrample on the English law, ye'd at laste do what in ye lay to help 'um out iv his scrape."

"Byron, I would help him if I could; but I can't; and it isn't the fault of the English law. I know I used to say foolish things about England long ago."

"Not so long ago," thought Byron, "on'y a matther iv a twel'-month or so; just afore she an' th' English cap'en got sweet on one another."

"But I see how wrong I was," pursued Elly; "and besides that, you know very well, Byron, that if you had a king of Ireland to-morrow, or a president, he couldn't let every one make whisky and things without paying duty on them; he'd have no money to do things for the country with."

"If we'd a king over our own counthry things 'ud be very different," said Byron. "We could ivry man have a cow iv our own, which we can't now, seein' th' English takes 'em over to Liverpool an' makes 'em into beef—the great, overfed villians."

Byron was sore on this point. Not being able to afford a cow, as cows were just then at a high figure, he argued that if Irish cattle were not sent to England, Irish cattle would be more plentiful in their native land, and, considering the laws of demand and supply, would become much cheaper, whereby Jeff Byron and all other Irishmen would be materially benefited.

"Jeffrey, this has nothing to do with your father," said Elly, in despair.

"Well, miss, sure won't we coom back to the craythur? an' I'll tell ye what it is; ye'll just lock 'um up in the cockloft for a few days, an' thin we'll git 'um off, snoog an' aisy, to Amerikey."

Poor Elly! what should she do with a man in the cockloft? How should she even get him there? If he were there, how should she feed him? She could not propose to Jeffrey to bring food for him, and the Kranmullin household was too small for the keep of a man not to be missed out of the daily provisions. Besides, what right had she to take Mr. and Mrs. Donovan's bread and meat? To be sure, she might eat less herself, and give Byron what she considered her due, and she might buy some bread in the village, but if she apparently lost her appetite everybody would talk about it, and Grandmamma would be unhappy and order an iron mixture, and Jenny would make "tempting little dishes" and expect her to eat them, and she did not like Jenny's "tempting little dishes," which consisted mostly of corn-flour dyed pink, or pastry that was not of the lightest. All this, and a great deal more, sense and nonsense, rushed in a ludicrous jumble through Elly's mind much faster than she could have

spoken it. But she felt that she must do Byron's will, whatever it might be, and so she promised to let in his father that night, or rather the next morning, at one o'clock, and conceal him until everything should be ready for his departure from Ireland.

"Ye're a brave lady," said Byron, as he moved off, "and God Almighty'll bless ye for what ye're doin'; an' ye'll niver bethray the thrust we puts in ye; not like the wicked man that tould on the poor craythur that was hidin'—. Well, no matther, *he niver lould annythin' agin.*"

"Did they kill him?" asked Elly, with whitening lips.

"I didn't say that, miss," said Jeffrey.

"But *did* they?"

"Well, they larned him a little lesson, miss, that's all. Now, I must be goin'. Good night to ye, miss."

Elly said "Good night," and walked homewards. She did not get on very fast, for over her was a kind of weakness and shakiness to which she was a stranger, and she felt as if she could never get home. Before very long, however, she came in sight of Tom, who was sitting on a stile with his long legs dangling. As soon as he saw her he jumped down and came towards her very fast. She caught his arm for support, and he saw that something was amiss. He took off his coat and made her sit on it, and she laid her head on his shoulder and said, "I'm tired, Tom, and I'm not cross now, dear."

Tom made no audible reply, but gave Elly a big hug; after a while she got up, saying, "We had better go home."

Supper was at nine, and prayers followed at a quarter to ten, after which Tom departed, and the old people went to bed. Jenny and Elly sat up for a while longer, and had some talk. This night Elly did not feel inclined for much talking, so she rose to go almost immediately after Mr. and Mrs. Donovan had left the room.

"Jenny, aren't you coming up?" she asked, as Jenny settled herself in an armchair and pulled the little table with the lamp over to her side.

Jenny thought Elly's tone a little cross. "I don't want to go up quite yet, dear," she said, looking up from her book.

"Well, good night," said Elly, kissing her and taking her candle.

Elly went upstairs very miserable, and fearful as well as miserable. Suppose Jenny were to sit up late, and be in the way just as the door was being unbolted? Or suppose the noise of opening the door should waken some one—Grandmamma, for instance? Elly heartily wished that she had appointed an hour nearer morning for Dan's admittance, more heartily still that Dan had never heard her words, and most heartily of all that the words had never been spoken. Eagerly she listened for Jenny's footsteps. At last she heard them on the stairs, and crossing the landing, and then Jenny went into her room and shut the door. It was just eleven then. About half an hour later Elly took a large shawl, softly crept to the cockloft, and surveyed the refuge which Jeffrey had determined on for his father. It was

a very small refuge, containing two boxes and some bedding piled against the wall. There was one grated window overlooking the yard. Elly spread the bedding on the floor, laid her shawl over it, looked round once more, and withdrew to watch for what seemed an almost endless time. When the hour came she succeeded in getting Dan safely upstairs, and left him, charging him not to go near the window—nor, indeed, move about the room. She would come to-morrow and bring some black muslin to put across the window, some water and a basin, and something to eat.

"Look ye, miss," whispered Dan, "don't ye be throublin' about feedin' me; I'm sorry to have t' ax ye for my lodgin's, but ye won't have to gi' me my victuals."

So saying, he showed Elly a dirty-looking blue bag, which appeared full of something or other. She did not care to accept the offer to show her its contents. She got away as soon as she could, locking the door and taking the key with her, and reached her room hot and cold with fear. Her window was wide open, and she leaned out to catch the morning breeze that was creeping over the stillness of the night now in the time just before the dawn. Elly would have liked to remain thus a long time, but she was practical enough to remember that a sleepless night would be sure to show a result in pale cheeks and tired eyes—tired eyes which Tom, were he present, would comment on in language less graphic than Grandpapa's, who would be pretty sure to compare them to boiled gooseberries.

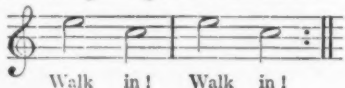
Grandpapas are less poetical than lovers, you see.

Elly felt as if she would like to go into a hermitage and keep away from everything and everybody for the remainder of her natural life.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day was Sunday. Its observance began at Kranmullin in the not unusual fashion of the household rising later than on weekdays; breakfast was generally at "about half-past nine." Elly was up earlier than usual, and felt very cross and aggrieved because the others did not come down "in proper time." She lectured Jenny severely on the absurdity of being later on Sundays than on other days, and when Jenny pleaded that the servants liked it, Elly said, loftily, that employers ought not to encourage bad habits, that over-indulgence was as wrong as its opposite extreme; and in fact preached quite a little sermon, while Jenny was trying to hurry matters for her sister's gratification.

Sunday-school began—or was supposed to begin—at eleven. Jenny and Elly had each a class, and Mr. Donovan another; but the children could not be got to come punctually, and the school in consequence never lasted more than half an hour. Service was at twelve, and for about ten minutes before that hour the cracked bell might be heard inviting the good folk around to



Then Andy Simmons and his elder brother Bill came to draw Mrs. Donovan's bath-chair to the church door; it was only a little way, just a few yards from the Rectory to the church.

Jenny was always at the church door to meet Mrs. Donovan and give her an arm while coming up to her pew.

Kranmullin church was very ugly without and within, especially within; it was a plain oblong building with side aisles and no centre one; there was no chancel, only a railing round the communion table; on one side was the pulpit, on the other side the reading-desk backed by a curious wooden erection which did duty as a vestry. Just in front of the communion table, and inconveniently close to the railings round it, stood a piece of church furniture which Mrs. Simmons, the sextoness, had been known to call "the christenin' pot."

But if there were nothing else noticeable for excellence at Kranmullin church, Mr. Donovan's reading must have called forth admiration; so clear, and justly emphasised and finely accented. Elly enjoyed listening to it nearly as much as Mrs. Donovan did. Not so favourably could the singing be spoken of. Mrs. Donovan's voice, sweet and powerful though it still was, despite her years, was most valuable, but it could not cover all the deficiencies. The only male member of the choir would never sing anything but treble, and would sing at a funeral pace, and Elly often sang out of tune, and Jenny would persist in finishing off each verse with what she called a "high second," and sometimes, indeed, sang her "high second" all through. Tom, who came every Sunday, could not help in the singing, being gifted with neither voice nor ear; however, he had the grace to do what every one in a similar plight does not do—keep silence. But he had not the grace to refrain from occasionally quizzing the Kranmullin choir.

Tom used to arrive just when Sunday school was over, and Elly would meet him a little way down the road. I am afraid Elly was more anxious for punctuality in ending than in beginning.

This day she came in a pretty white dress and a white bonnet with bunches of forget-me-nots. She had a rose in her hand, a bonny, half-open, delicate, cream-coloured bud. This was for Tom, and she had whispered to it, "Tell him I am sorry for being so cross," but the rose did not tell the tale so sweetly as the violets that were Elly's eyes. The bright air and sunshine and the Sunday calm stole over the child as she came back to the church with Tom, and for a little while she forgot her trouble.

When they came in after church Elly slipped upstairs to see her unwelcome guest; she had the key of the cockloft in her pocket; it must not leave her day or night until this dreadful burden should be lifted from her shoulders and she should once more be free.

Dan was sitting tailor-wise on the bedding eating a smoking potato, and there was a piece of freshly-boiled beef on a bit of newspaper on the floor. Where had the hot food come from?

Dan smiled at Elly, and rose to bid her good morning, as cheerfully and unconcernedly as if he

had been at home in his cabin-castle instead of being on sufferance in his cockloft refuge. He assured Elly he was very comfortable and as happy as a king, and said he hoped that, after a few days, he should not intrude on her any longer. Elly asked him whether he would like a book, but he thanked her and said he could not read.

She asked herself whether she should offer to read to him a chapter out of the Bible; no, she could not; she felt as if it would be a horrid, hypocritical thing to do, and she felt as if she were—she knew not what. There was no halo of romance to gild the fact, the hard, horrible fact, that this man had actually shed blood, that the life of a human being lay trembling in the balance for his doing. If it had been at a Fenian riot that Byron had dangerously wounded a man, Elly thought she should have felt differently; even though her own feelings had changed, she thought she should have respected one who in fighting for the cause of even an imagined freedom, had himself been willing to die; but here was no noble patriot who had bravely struck down the oppressor of his country, only a coarse-featured, ignorant man at war with law and its representatives; at war with what would have prevented the injury to lawful trade, and selfish rebellion against control. No one could have felt much more wretched and heart-sick than Elly, as she turned away from Dan.

Just as she was leaving, he said, "I may as well tell ye, miss, Cook knows all this—she have another key that fits the dure—an' it was her that put Jeff up to axin' ye to let me in here."

Elly said nothing, but locked the door and ran downstairs in a passion of indignation with Cook.

The Byrons and Cook had not meant to tell her that any one in the house except herself was in the secret, thinking that the consciousness of individual responsibility would be good for the keeping of their secret, but Dan had relented when he saw how wretched she looked.

Elly could not vent her indignation on Cook, for dinner was just coming in, and Cook had gone out for an afternoon's holiday by the time dinner was over.

After dinner Mr. Donovan went to have a nap, and, after the others had sat together for a while, Tom and Elly strolled out, and Jenny and Mrs. Donovan were left alone.

"I wish you were engaged too, my darling," said the old lady, looking after the lovers.

"That wouldn't do at all, Gran," said Jenny, brightly. "What would you and the Master do without me? Besides, I'm getting old—I'm twenty-seven."

"You'll never be old to me, dear," said Grand-mamma, laying her hand on Jenny's head; Jenny was sitting on a little footstool at Mrs. Donovan's knee. Somehow the words and the touch made her eyes fill with tears, but they were unshed, and Granny did not see them; perhaps she felt they were there.

At half-past five there was evening service; Mrs. Donovan never went to that now, the fatigue being too great for her.

"I'm thankful I can go in the morning and hear the Master," she would say with that lovely smile of hers. Neither of her granddaughters had such a smile; every wave of time sweeping over her had left sweetness and grace behind it, and the atmosphere which she shed around her was the joyous quiet that is not apathy, but the peace which passeth understanding.

After service came a sort of unconventional meal—tea and supper in one. They were all sitting at table when a note was brought in for Mrs. Donovan.

"They're waitin' for an answer, ma'am," said the housemaid who had brought it, "and they've got a cart."

"Eh, what?" said Mr. Donovan. "What's that, Kitty?"

"A cart, sir."

"A cart? For what?"

"Sure it's in the letter, sir. I dunno."

"The cart's in the letter!" said Mr. Donovan, laughing so much that he nearly spilt his tea.

"Kitty" was used to the Master's "goings on," so she only smiled imperturbably.

"My love," said Mrs. Donovan, "it's from Mrs. Nelson; her son came home unexpectedly this morning, and she has just sent the bedding belonging to his room to be cleaned; so she's short-taken, and asks us to lend her some."

"Well, my dear, isn't she welcome? Why don't you send it at once?"

"My dear love, don't be in such a hurry. I must think. Jenny, what bedding had we better send?"

"Not the bedding in the spare room, Gran, as Uncle Hugh may come to-morrow. We had better send the feather-bed and mattress that used to be in the north room when Miss Gray was with us; they are in the cockloft now."

"In the cockloft?" said Mrs. Donovan. "I had almost forgotten there was such a place. I don't believe anybody has been up there for a year. Very well, dear; will you see about it?"

Jenny finished her tea, and rose to leave the table; so did Elly, who felt as if earth were slipping away from her, and as if the hour of doom were come.

"Plaze'm," said Mary, *alias* Kitty, "ye gave Cook lave to sleep at home to-night."

"Well, what of that?" said Mrs. Donovan. "She keeps the key o' the cockloft, ma'am, and I'm sure I dunno where it is."

"Oh, do go and look for it," said Mrs. Donovan; "I know you're clever at finding. Do run, Mary, and ask Peggy to help you."

Mary went off, and Elly was beginning to hope that the door would not be opened, when Jenny said,

"There are two keys that open the cockloft, Granny; the one Cook has isn't the proper key. Come on, Elly, let's hunt."

"I'll come too," said Tom, jumping up. "I'm a famous finder."

"What nonsense!" said Elly. "What a fuss about a key!"

"It isn't about a key, dear," said Grandmamma; "it's that Walter Nelson may have a bed."

"People ought to have beds of their own, and not go borrowing," said Elly; "it might be very inconvenient."

"My dear," said Mrs. Donovan, "any of the neighbours are welcome to anything we can lend; and I'm sure they ought to be, for they are all most kind to us."

"I'll pick the lock," said Tom. "I can pick locks like a Trojan; you don't know what a clever fellow you're going to marry, Elly. I'll run down to Benson and ask him to lend me his tools."

"It's Sunday," said Elly, feebly.

"Well, my dear child, isn't it a corporal work of mercy to provide Mr. Nelson with a bed? I'm sure Mrs. Donovan wouldn't think it any harm. Anyway, I shall do it."

"Don't, please, Tom; they can take my bed and I can sleep with Jenny."

Jenny looked a little blank at this.

"Oh, I can't, Elly; you're such a fidget, dear."

"I'm off," said Tom; and he was halfway downstairs when Elly called out, "Tom, I want you."

She caught his arm and half dragged him into the empty dining-room. Then she shut the door and told him the whole story.

I believe Tom's first feeling was one of intense anger that any one should dare to place Elly in such a position; how *dare* they frighten her so, and put such a strain on this girl, whom he would have shielded from even the rough winds of heaven? The gallows was scarcely good enough for any one who could so torture and hurt Elly.

"Tom, dear," she said, "you see how it is, don't you? and we mustn't let anybody near the room. I'm going to tell Jenny not to make a fuss."

Before Tom had time to say a word Elly was nearly upstairs. Mary and Jenny were in Elly's room, uncovering her bed.

"We will do as you say, Elly," said Jenny, who had had bitter pangs of conscience for what she called her "selfishness." "It's best not to make a fuss, and we can get the other bed to-morrow."

In a little while the bedding was sent off, and then Elly went to look for Tom. He was in the dining-room. He looked very troubled when Elly came in; he drew her arm within his and led her over to the window.

"Tom, darling, are you very angry with me?" said Elly.

"No; of course I'm not *angry*; but I'm so grieved, my darling, to think of the misery you have been suffering, and everything."

"It'll be over soon, Tom, and he'll be safe out of the country."

Tom was silent for a moment, then said, "But, Elly, don't you know that I must arrest Dan Byron?"

"Tom!" Elly looked up straight into her lover's face; it was very sad, she could see that.

"Oh, Tom! it was *my* fault!"

"I can't help that, dear; I wish I could."

"Tom, you *can't* do it; it would be the basest thing that ever you did in your life; it would be *betraying*. I told you in confidence, and if you broke that confidence you would be a *traitor*."

The word came sharp and hard from her lips. "Can't you speak?" she went on. "Can't you tell me that I didn't make a terrible mistake when I loved you? I thought you were good and true."

"What do you mean by this, Elly? Don't you know what my duty is? Don't you know that I must do it?"

"Duty!" said Elly, "duty!"

Then suddenly her voice changed. "You are only teasing me, but it's cruel of you; besides, if you arrest him you'll be killed. I'm sure he has a revolver."

"It doesn't matter, Elly; I must do it."

"You will do it?"

"Yes, I must."

She drew her arm out of his, and stood facing him with flaming cheeks. "Listen, listen, I say. If you do, I will have nothing more to do with you. I will *never* marry you; do you hear me?"

He caught her close in his arms and kissed her. "Don't, Elly; don't, my darling; it's hard enough to do it, but—"

"Choose," she said, sharply, "and remember that I am not a child in a passion. I am a woman who feels—never mind what. Choose, I say, between what you call *duty*, and me."

"My dear, there's no choosing. I must do what I ought; but, Elly, you mustn't talk so; you would not love me if I did wrong to please you."

"It wouldn't be wrong, it would be right," she said. "You are not doing right; you are hard and cruel; and it will kill Grandpapa and Grandmamma—they will be so frightened."

"That isn't my fault," said Tom, sadly.

"Oh, I know; you'd better reproach me; do, it would be all of a piece with your kindness. Go on, you've killed all the joy of my life. Yes, you'd better reproach me."

She would not even let him take her hand.

"Choose." That was all she said.

"My dearest; I must arrest the man. Elly, you are unjust; you are cruel."

She looked at him for a moment, then tore off the pearl hoop that had been the sign of their betrothal, threw it at his feet, and went out of the room. Tom stooped, picked up the ring, and went out too.

Ah, the world was changed since morning.

"Jenny!"

"Yes, Tom!"

"Come here, will you?"

She came, and he told her all, saying, "You must keep the old people from being frightened: I have sent Andy with a note to the barracks, and told him to bring smith's tools, and till help comes I shall watch outside the door where that man is."

He did not say that this was a precaution against the possibility of Elly's attempting to let Dan escape. He went upstairs and found all quiet, Elly having locked herself into her room. He sat down outside the cockloft door, and waited there until Jenny brought up word that three policemen were coming up the avenue. Dan heard the steps of the men, and knew that his time was come. He called out, "I've a loaded revolver here, and the first that comes in is a dead man."

Tom called out in a clear, steady voice, "Daniel Byron, I warn you that you are only bringing heavier sin on your soul and heavier punishment. I warn you against the consequences of resistance, and call you, in the name of the Queen, to surrender yourself to justice."

As he spoke Tom leant with all his might against the door, which burst open. Dan stood facing him, tall and dark, with his revolver in his hand. "Cap'en Maxwell, ye're come to take me, are ye?"

Tom made a sign to the policemen not to move.

"I am come to take you," he said.

Daniel looked at him, and then said, "I'll give up to ye, sir; not that I'm afear'd iv you or iv a dozen iv yer peelers. I give up to ye becos ye saved my son's little child when it was lyin' struck with the faver, an' kep' it in yer arms—and— Take it, sir."

He placed the revolver in Tom's hand and gave himself up with all the dignity of a fallen hero. Tears sprang into Tom's eyes, and Byron saw them.

They left the house as quietly as possible, though Mary's shouts had aroused a good deal of attention. Mr. Donovan came out in a state of

excitement, and looked on and talked the excitement off, which perhaps was as good a thing as he could have done.

They went to the barracks first and remained there for some time, until an additional escort had arrived from Fillalusk, so it was late before the day was over for Tom, before he could sit down in his lodgings and think. He could not realise that anything had stepped in between him and Elly; it was like a troubled dream; and yet there lay the little ring with the soft sheen of its pearls to remind him of his sorrow.

"She won't keep up her anger," he said to himself. "She'll see the right by-and-by, and be glad that I've done it."

He thought of the first day he had ever seen Elly; she had just come in from her walk, and was standing in the drawing-room putting a rose into a little vase. She had worn a brown hat, he remembered, and some light kind of dress, and a blue ribbon, and he thought he had never seen anything so sweet and fresh and fair. He remembered how she had looked up and held out her hand, saying, "Oh, you are Mr. Maxwell; Grand-mamma will be glad to see you."

And now—after all that had been between that time and this.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

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YORKSHIRE.—CONCLUDING PAPER.

IT is interesting to notice the attitude of the men of the North towards the great questions of English politics. In early days the northern barons had been foremost in their opposition to the Crown. They were the first to set on foot the movement which led to the Great Charter, and helped to carry on the struggle which made the written clauses of the Charter a reality in the government of England. But in the fourteenth century the North took little part in the intrigues and struggles of baronial parties which were constantly disturbing public peace. The people were as a rule contented, and were slow in changing their allegiance. They were not forward to welcome the accession of the House of Lancaster; but when it was established they were loyal to it, and grudged to transfer their allegiance to the House of York. In like manner they looked with disapproval on the accession of the House of Tudor. Dynastic quarrels did not affect them, and they were slow to change their ways. The Reformation was unpopular in Yorkshire; the old religion lingered in many parts, and the most serious risings in its favour had their strength in the North. But this feeling died away in its turn, and again Yorkshire was conspicuous for its loyalty to Charles I, when the great rebellion divided England into opposite parties.

Much of the history of the civil war centres round Yorkshire. York was the headquarters of Charles I in 1639, when he contemplated a march into Scotland to reduce a people whom his misgovernment had stirred to take steps to protect themselves. But Charles's army was ill prepared, and he had to resign his military plans. When the Scots invaded England next year, Charles I went to York as the post of honour. Thither he called the peers to a great council, which was his last desperate expedient to avoid the summons of a parliament—the memorable Long Parliament, as it was afterwards called. When it was seen that agreement between the king and parliament was impossible, both parties wished to obtain possession of Hull. There were stored all the munitions that had been provided for the Scottish war, and it was an important place for Charles I, who hoped to bring Danish soldiers to fight against the Scots. The civil war practically began when Sir John Hotham, governor of Hull, refused to admit the king within its walls. It would have been well for Hotham if he had remained steadfast to his first resolution. Later he changed his mind, and devised a scheme for surrendering Hull to the king. His plan was discovered, and he and his son were executed in London as traitors by order of the parliament.

Hull, however, stood almost alone amongst the Yorkshire towns in its adherence to the parliamentary side. Strange as it may seem, York was indignant because parliament had demanded the suppression of the Council of the North. Even that exceptional tribunal had become dear to the minds of Yorkshiremen, and seemed to them to assert the old claims of their shire to a position of

cause a blow from which it could not recover. York was driven to surrender, and the power of Charles I in the North was broken. After this the Yorkshire castles which held for the king were besieged and taken after a long resistance. At the siege of Knaresborough Castle a story is told of a son, who every night scaled the sides of the dry moat and carried food to his father, who was



BOLTON ABBEY.

semi-independence. York itself resented the loss of importance which it thereby suffered. It was natural that in the struggle between Charles I and the parliament both sides should attach great weight to the possession of Hull. Twice it was besieged by the royal forces; twice it was saved by cutting the dykes, which kept out the waters of the Hull and the Humber from the low-lying land. These heroic measures involved great loss of property. The town of Hull was impoverished, and its trade was for a long while destroyed.

Encouraged by his success in defending Hull, Lord Fairfax marched against York, which was held by the Marquis of Newcastle. The danger of the loss of York was so great—for Fairfax was aided in his siege by the Scottish army—that Prince Rupert marched to its relief. The parliamentary army raised the siege, and took up their position on Marston Moor, where Rupert followed them. The battle was won for the parliament by the skill of Oliver Cromwell, who there secured his military reputation, and inflicted on the royal

one of the garrison. The father stood ready to receive these gifts through a hole which he had made in the wall. At last the pious fraud was discovered, and the young man was condemned to death as a traitor. But the republican general was kinder than his sentence. The youth was respited, and, on the surrender of the castle, was allowed to join his father, for whom he had ventured his life. The castle of Scarborough held out so long that its surrender in 1645 was celebrated by a proclamation of a general thanksgiving. During the siege the cannon of the besieging army destroyed the choir of the neighbouring church of St. Mary, which is still in ruins. But three years afterwards Scarborough again declared for the king, and had to be reduced a second time. Pontefract Castle was also reduced with difficulty, and was again recaptured by a stratagem. A man called Morris, who professed to be a Roundhead, gained the confidence of the governor. Knowing that supplies were expected, he drove into the castle some waggons

escorted by soldiers disguised as peasants. He sent some of the guard to buy drink, overpowered the rest, and opened the gates to his confederates, who were concealed outside. Though Charles I's cause was hopeless, the garrison of Pontefract still held out, and on the king's death proclaimed Charles II. So strong was the castle, and so well were their measures taken to provision the place, that they continued to hold out, though their numbers were reduced from five hundred to one hundred. At length they were forced to surrender, and Morris was executed at York.

The lesson taught by these desperate efforts to uphold a ruined cause was rapidly learned by parliament, and the Yorkshire castles were ordered to be dismantled, so that they could be no longer centres of disaffection. As the Reformation, by sweeping away the monasteries, wrought one great change in the aspect of Yorkshire, so the civil war wrought another. The strongholds of the barons shared the fate of the houses of the monks, and the ruins of Yorkshire castles and Yorkshire monasteries equally tell the tale that institutions pass away when they have served their purpose. By the side of the ruined monasteries of Rievaulx, Fountains, Jervaulx, Kirkstall, Bolton, Easby, Guisborough, and the rest, we must set the ruined castles of Wressel, Scarborough, Pickering, Helmsley, Knaresborough, Bolton, Skipton, Spofforth, Tickhill, and Pontefract. The monks passed away altogether, because they had outlived their usefulness, and men needed them no more. The barons were bidden to lay aside their old character of military leaders, and become peaceful gentry living amongst the people. The troubles of the civil war told of the beginning of

a new state of things that was rich with the promise of a peaceful and prosperous future.

From this time forward the records of war disappear from our story, and we have to see how industry grew and flourished, making still greater changes on the face of the land than had been wrought by monks or barons of old. It was some time before Yorkshire recovered from its losses during the civil war, and the city of York never afterwards rose to the importance which it had hitherto held. Its citizens mourned over the suppression of the Council of the North; but the increasing consolidation of England made a secondary capital needless, and the government of England was carried on from one centre. York petitioned that it might be made the seat of a university; but Durham was preferred, though the design was not carried out. After this York sank to a quiet city, which was a winter residence of the neighbouring gentry and was a centre of local amusement and gaiety. Not till the introduction of railways was York again brought back into close connexion with English life and progress.

The new era of industry, which began in the eighteenth century, did not find its home in the vale of York or in the moorlands of the North



FOUNTAINS ABBEY

Riding or along the coast of the East Riding, but in the valleys of what was long the least civilised west. Wool was of course plentiful in Yorkshire, and had long been manufactured into coarse cloth, principally sold in the neighbourhood. The short wool was used for this manufacture; the more skilful process of weaving the longer and finer wool into worsted was confined to Norfolk, which was the earliest manufacturing centre of England. But early in the eighteenth century we find the manufacture of worsted begun in Bradford; and from that time forward the West Riding of Yorkshire steadily rose in importance. At first the worsted yarn of Yorkshire was sent to the Norwich market, there to be dyed and woven into fine stuffs, but gradually the York-

shire workman proved himself equal to his East Anglian master, and then outstripped him in the race.

The chief cause which transferred the worsted trade to the north of England was the greater cheapness of labour. The workmen of Norwich



EASBY ABBEY.

presumed on their superior skill, demanded high wages, and were often troublesome to their employers. The Yorkshire weaver lived principally on oatmeal porridge, oaten cake, and milk. He was industrious and thrifty, and could be depended on more than the workman of the south. Gradually the worsted trade passed from its old home at Norwich and settled in the regions of the West Riding, where natural advantages favoured its growth.

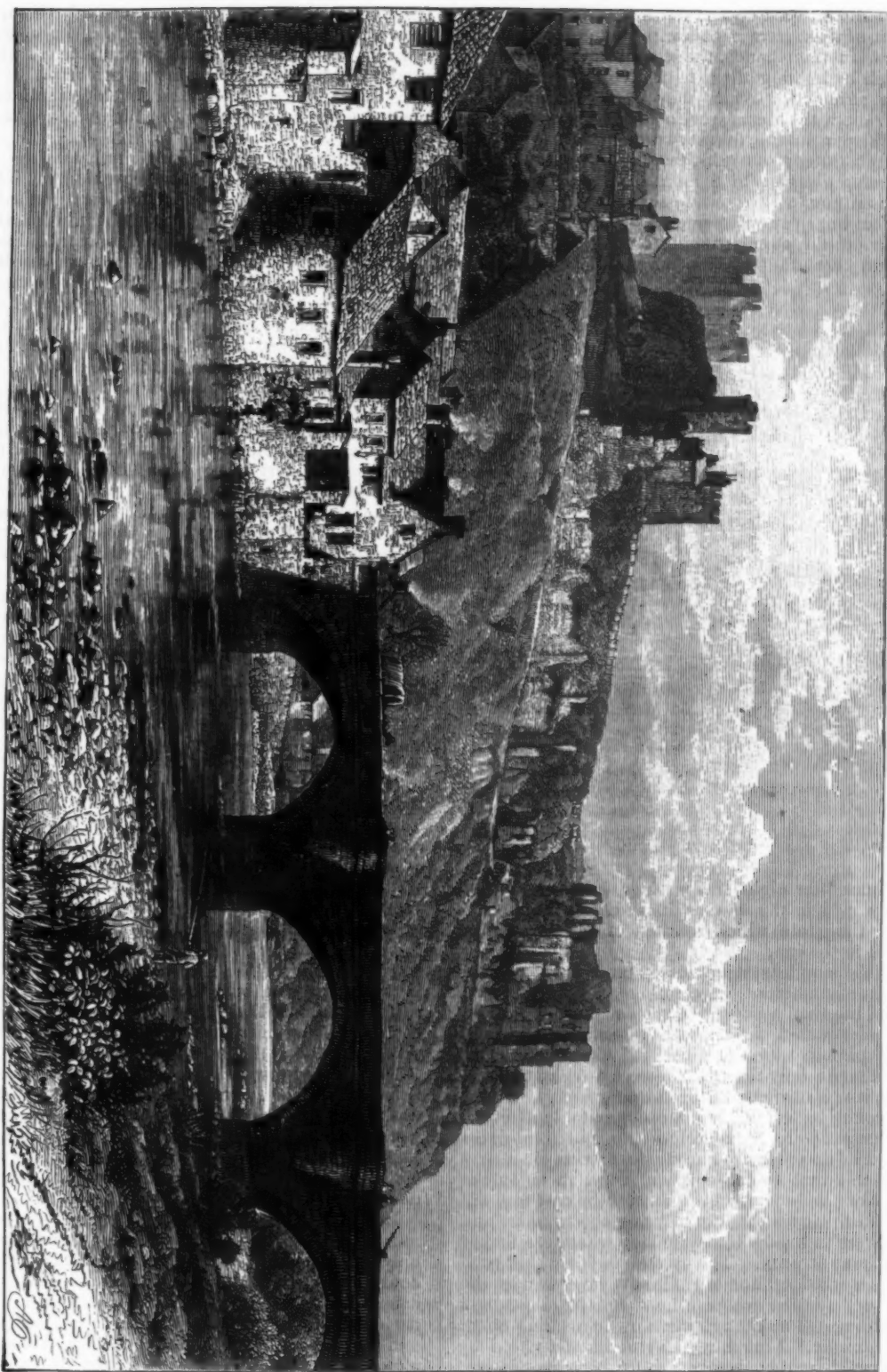
One who nowadays looks on the tall chimneys that surround Halifax, Bradford, or Leeds, can scarcely carry back his mind to the simple conditions of an earlier time. The Yorkshire manufacturers were originally farmers living in the

valleys. They used their own wool and travelled round the country on horseback to buy more if they needed it. The finer kinds were at first brought from Lincolnshire, but gradually a desire for fine wool led to improved methods of breeding and feeding sheep. The wool that they gathered was cleaned and sorted at home. It was partly spun by their own wives and daughters, partly was distributed amongst neighbouring workmen, and partly sent to shopkeepers in little villages, that they might dispose of it amongst those who wished to earn the wages of a spinner. The wages were not high; but the work was neither hard nor unpleasant. Women and children would be seen in fine weather seated out of doors, and keeping up a merry chatter above the hum of their wheels. It was work that could be put aside and taken up at any moment.

When the wool was spun it had to be again distributed amongst weavers, and then carried to the fulling mills, which were erected by the water-side so as to use the water power. It was the number of streams running through the vales of the West Riding that made it so fit a place for industry, and provided one great requisite for labour. When the cloth had passed through the fulling mills it was taken away to the market to be sold. Sometimes the merchant laded his wares on pack-horses, and went to the different fairs and market towns in England, selling wholesale to the shops. This method of sale, however, was found to be troublesome, and middle-men rapidly arose. Markets were organised on a greater scale, and methods needed by the development of trade rapidly came into use.

It is interesting to trace the market at Leeds. First the trade was done on the spacious bridge which crossed the Aire, and, "therefore," De Foe tells us, writing about 1720, "the refreshment given to the clothiers by the innkeepers (being a pot of ale, a noggin of pottage, and a trencher of boiled or roast beef for two pence) is called the *Brigg-shot* to this day." Dinners were simple, copious, and cheap, if the bridge were somewhat crowded and inconvenient. Soon the growth of trade required that the markets should be held in the more roomy street, which still bears the name of Briggate, till a sort of building was erected which gave place in 1758 to what is now known as the Mixed Cloth Hall. An account of the Leeds market about 1730 is worth quoting:—

"The clothiers came early in the morning with their cloth; and, as few bring more than one piece, the market days being so frequent, they go into the inns and public-houses with it, and there set it down. At about six o'clock in the summer, and about seven in the winter, the clothiers being all come by that time, the market bell at the old chapel by the bridge rings, upon which it would surprise a stranger to see in how few minutes, without hurry, noise, or the least disorder, the whole market is filled, all the benches covered with cloth, each proprietor standing behind his own piece, who form a mercantile regiment as it were, drawn up in a double line, in as great order as a military one. As soon as the bell has ceased ringing, the factors and buyers of all sorts enter



RICHMOND CASTLE.

[From a Photograph by Valentine.

the hall and walk up and down between the rows. Most of them have papers with patterns sealed on them, in their hands, the colours of which they match by holding them to the cloths they think they agree to. When they have pitched upon their cloth they lean over to the clothier, and, by a whisper in the fewest words imaginable, the price is stated: one asks, the other bids; and they agree or disagree in a moment. In little more than an hour all the business is done. In less than half an hour you will perceive the cloth begin to move off, the clothier taking it upon his shoulder to carry it to the merchant's house. At about half



RICHMOND CHURCH.

an hour after eight the market bell rings again, upon which the buyers immediately disappear, and the cloth which remains unsold is carried back to the inn."

This simple system was natural in early days when manufactures were rather an appendage to rural life than a pursuit that stood by itself. The clothier was a farmer who manufactured wool; the spinners were the wives and children of husbandmen; only the weavers were a separate class. But it was obvious, as the manufacture grew, that it could be carried on more profitably if all its processes were brought together and its workers lived in one place. The waste of time in carrying the wool to the spinners, from them to the weavers, and so on, was great, and the cost was still greater. It was natural to bring the spinners and weavers to live by the waterside where the fulling mill was at work. The system under which each one worked at home gradually gave way to the factory system, where all worked in a common building. The change was slow in coming about universally. Yorkshiremen still liked to hold by their old-fashioned ways. Not till the end of last century did factories become common. At first

few were wealthy or adventurous enough to raise factories alone; they were the result of co-operation on the part of separate manufacturers who used a building and machinery in common. It is easy to see how such a system developed into the great trading companies with which we are now familiar.

The worsted trade in Yorkshire was slow in making or in welcoming improvements. The factory system was unpopular and only gradually made its way. The inventions which, towards the end of last century, revolutionised industry did not spring from Yorkshire. New machinery was discovered and applied to the manufacture of cotton, while worsted was woven according to the traditional system. Even the use of the steam-engine was looked on with dislike, and the first attempt to set up a steam factory in Bradford in 1793 had to be abandoned before the threats of the chief employers in the town. Only the impossibility of obtaining sufficient yarn from the common wheel led to the introduction of Arkwright's machinery in 1794, and not till 1800 was steam used as a motive-power. It was long before machinery was understood by the working classes, and it was not unnatural that those who found themselves thrown out of employment by its use should feel aggrieved. Especially when steam frames were used for weaving there was an outcry of the handloom weavers, who could not be expected to see the great increase of employment which must rapidly ensue. There were frequent riots and attempts to destroy the new machinery, which lasted down to the year 1848, though they were not so serious in Yorkshire as in the neighbouring counties.

Only with the introduction of machinery did the West Riding fully realise its natural advantages. Its numerous rivers and streams had supplied it with water-power, and also furnished means of carriage which was improved by the formation of canals. The introduction of the steam-engine was equally favourable to its prosperity; for iron in plenty was found in its hills, and the coalfields, which reach to Derby and Nottingham, supplied the third great requisite for industrial prosperity. The ironstone of the Cleveland Hills has called into existence the busy town of Middlesbrough, at the mouth of the Tees, which in the memory of many living men has sprung from a fishing village into a great centre of commercial life.

The ancient town of Sheffield has always been noted as the chief seat of English cutlery, but it was long before it could compete with the superior workmanship of Italy, the Netherlands, or Spain. But Sheffield also made great strides during the eighteenth century, till it distanced its foreign rivals.

It would be long to tell the progress of the manufacturing energy of Yorkshire. Our purpose only is to show how it has affected the face of the country and the life of its inhabitants. The great county of Yorkshire may claim to contain within it almost all that is most interesting in the past and the present of English life. It even contains almost all the characteristic features of English landscape. Its coast is surpassed in grandeur only

by Devon and Cornwall. The Cleveland Hills are excelled only by the range of Malvern. The vale of York is a sample of the agricultural quietude of England. The moorlands of the West are rich in the beauty which is most peculiar to our scenery. Clustering in the valleys of the West lie the great manufacturing towns, many of them in spots which only the labour of man has made habitable. Amidst them are the memorials of England's past; as where the ruined abbey of Kirkstall stands, blackened by the smoke of Leeds. Nowhere are more worthy testimonies to be found of the efforts of our own age to face its altered problems and supply its altered needs. From ruined abbeys and ruined castles we may turn to the town of Saltaire, and see in it an expression of modern achievement. Planned all at once, and adapted to its object, Saltaire rose into being as a symbol of our own day. By the side of the Aire rises a great factory, which employs five thousand hands, and sloping up the hill behind is laid out

the town in which the workpeople dwell. Church, reading-room, dining-room, all are provided, as well as gardens, and even pigsties, for those who wish to employ their leisure in practical pursuits. It is impossible not to find in such a scene suggestions of the difference between the past and the present. The monastery church was wrought with careful and loving hands as a token of God's abiding presence amongst men. The baronial castle rose in haughty strength and gloomy grandeur as a token of the power of man's arm to protect in time of need. But round monastery and castle alike clustered only the mud hovels of the peasants, who clung to them for shelter. Our own day may be less imaginative, less picturesque; but it is eager in a sober way to distribute to the best of its power the advantages which it reaps by organising labour, and employing the skill of all for the service of all. Much remains to be done in the future, but the past shows us how man can mould his surroundings to his needs.

HYDROPHOBIA.

AN ingenious propounder of riddles once asked, What, in cases of great danger, is better than presence of mind? The reply, in which I think we must all agree, was, "Absence of body."

I know no circumstances under which absence of body would be more certainly preferable than in the case of collision with a mad dog, for of all ills to which poor humanity is subject, assuredly hydrophobia is the most horrible, both in its preliminary tortures of prolonged mental suspense, and finally in its dread reality of death in agony. A very remarkable instance of courageous presence of mind in face of this danger was that of a young English girl who had taken a party of children to play in some pleasant flowery meadows. When the fun was at its height she heard in the distance a confused noise of many voices and hurrying feet, and presently, as they drew nearer, she discerned the dread warning shout, "Mad dog! Mad dog!" A moment later the dog and its pursuers came in sight, the hunted, maddened creature making straight for the spot where, right in the centre of the great meadow, she had gathered her covey of happy little ones, while far behind followed a crowd of men and boys bearing pitchforks, pokers, and such other implements as they had been able to snatch up ere joining in the chase.

From the headlong speed at which the dog rushed on, it was evident that long ere the children could possibly get out of the field he would be in their midst, and that probably several might be bitten—a truly appalling prospect, which struck the girl with a thrill of horror. In a moment, however, she had decided on her line of action. Bidding the children fly to a place of safety, she breathed a fervent prayer for physical and mental strength, as she nerved herself for her devoted

deed of true heroism. She had heard that though a mad dog will snap to right and left, it will rarely, if ever, turn aside from its straight course. So, seeing that it was coming in a direct line towards her, she simply stood still, facing it. She wore a heavy woollen dress and under-petticoat, which happily hung in full folds. Gathering these in either hand, she spread them out to their widest limits, and standing with her feet well apart, she calmly awaited the oncoming of the wretched animal, which now, covered with foam, dashed headlong against her. With her whole might she grasped its head between her knees, and folding her skirts around it, she contrived, notwithstanding its wild mad struggles, to hold it captive until its pursuers came up and quickly ended its miserable life. Not till then did the brave girl's nerve and strength give way, and she sank to the ground in a dead faint. Such had been the intense mental strain of those few minutes, that for weeks she was subject to awakening in the night with the renewed impression of horror. Happily, however, the impression at length slowly faded from her mind, while there remained the blessing of each mother whose child had been exposed to such terrible danger.

A special interest attaches to this story, inasmuch as the recent grievous increase of hydrophobia in our midst renders it only too probable that some cases may at any time come under the personal notice of some reader of these lines. Official returns reported a serious increase of deaths resulting from the bite of rabid dogs, and various coroners called the attention of the Commissioners of Police to the necessity of more stringent regulations regarding stray dogs. The Coroner of Blackheath had to deal with three such cases within a fortnight, and Mr. Price,

veterinary surgeon, writing to the "Times" of October 19th, stated that in the previous six months he had to deal with at least one case of rabies every week. A stricter oversight has since been enforced.

Whether it is only due to increased accuracy of record, or whether the disease has really become more common, it is believed that the ravages of hydrophobia have been far more serious in England and Wales in the present generation than in the last. But that increase has by no means gone on steadily. On the contrary, the statistics of each year show curious variations, and to what law these are subject science has hitherto told us nothing. The statistics of 1856 to 1863 record so few cases of hydrophobia that it came to be looked upon as a rare thing and well-nigh conquered. In fact, in 1862 it only claimed one solitary victim. But in 1864 the number of deaths recorded showed some increase, and continued to do so year by year, until in 1877 no less than seventy-nine persons perished from this most terrible cause. From that time until last year the number of cases has varied, never, however, falling below twenty-five.

Latterly, however, to whatever cause it may be due, there is undoubtedly a very serious increase in the number of fatal cases. We have learned also how utterly unreliable are the few counteracting measures which are the only safeguards hitherto recognised. In at least one of these cases the wounds had been at once thoroughly cauterised and had healed satisfactorily, yet after the lapse of nearly a month, hydrophobic symptoms had developed, and after enduring unspeakable bodily and mental anguish for several days, the patient died from exhaustion. Thus cauterisation is shown to be a very uncertain remedy.

The course more strongly recommended is that if, as is most frequently the case, the wound is on the arm or leg, a bandage should at once be tightly bound above the sore so as to stop the circulation, and that some devoted friend should instantly suck the wound, drawing as much blood as possible, the sucker rinsing his mouth with vinegar and water, and, of course, spitting freely.

Among the conflicting theories as to how best to meet this scourge, some have endeavoured to show that the disease is chiefly confined to, and spread by miserable neglected curs, who accordingly ought, they say, to be summarily destroyed. Others believe that it may be spontaneously developed by hunger, thirst, and exposure to the burning heat of a midsummer sun. Both these stories are shown to be fallacious. Hydrophobia, like cholera, small-pox, and other plagues, recognises no outward circumstances, and as many cases are found to occur among the well-fed, well-cared-for favourites of wealthy masters as among the half-starved ownerless street dogs. But in every instance the disease is clearly proved to have been produced by inoculation—*i.e.*, by the bite of an animal already rabid, the poisonous saliva thus infecting the blood. How long the virus thus injected may lie dormant is not known. It is generally supposed that when six or eight

months have elapsed danger may be supposed to be past; yet at least one instance has been authenticated by a master of foxhounds in which a dog which had been carefully isolated for fifteen months after it had been bitten went mad after all. The fatal facility with which this dreadful disease is transmitted from one animal to another, and thence to the human being (often by a mere casual snap), is one of its most marked features, and one which calls for the utmost vigilance on the part of the huntsman, lest one infected hound should run "amok" among its fellows, necessitating the destruction of the whole pack.

Two forms of the disease are recognised, namely, that known as dumb rabies, of which the symptoms are the unnatural bark, the hanging of the lower jaw, ceaseless slobbering, and a look of abject misery; the dog generally dying from nervous exhaustion within five days. In the other form the dog is in a more highly nervous state, snapping at everything and nothing, angrily tearing clothes and furniture, swallowing straw or anything else that presents itself, and yelping in a painful manner, which, when once heard, can never be forgotten. At a later stage comes the tantalising inability to swallow a drop of water, though the victim is consumed with thirst.

From the greater irritability of the dog, the latter is said to be the more dangerous form of the disease, though both are alike contagious.

It would appear that the whole animal creation are liable to this terrible malady, as not only dogs and cats, wolves and foxes, but also horses and cattle, and even gentle sheep, can spread the dread disease. In Texas it has repeatedly been communicated to human subjects by the bite of the skunk, and has proved fatal, while in England tame foxes have been known to go mad and to bite their owners.

Happily our great antipodean colonies—Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania—as yet enjoy perfect immunity from this nightmare of horror, hydrophobia being absolutely unknown on those great isles. So great is the dread of the introduction of this plague, that every imported dog is subjected to a prolonged period of quarantine ere he is allowed to land.

But in this case, as in many another, it would seem that where need is highest help is nighest, and just when the daily papers were flooded with correspondence on the subject recommending divers precautions, all more or less clumsy and impracticable, but all acknowledging that in prevention lay the sole hope of dealing with an ill for which the whole medical faculty have so signally failed to discover a cure, the great French master of science, M. Pasteur, who has devoted years of intense study to this subject, announced to the Academy of Medicine in Paris that he is now in a position to hold forth good hopes of perfect success, inasmuch as he has at length discovered a method of inoculating the human sufferer with the poison itself in a diluted state.

This virus is composed of the marrow of rabbits which had died of rabies, and which is dissolved in a solution so as to be used for inoculation in

a fluid state. This virus is found to be alike serviceable as a preventive and a cure; the poison thus injected counteracting that communicated by a dog's bite.

Having in the last two years satisfactorily tested the value of the remedy on a large number of mad dogs (of course in so doing exposing himself to most appalling risk), he ventured this summer to try it for the first time on a human subject. He did not, however, deem it expedient to publish the result till by a second experiment he could prove success beyond question. This he is now in a position to do.

The test case, which has now acquired such intense interest for the whole scientific world (indeed for all suffering creation), was that of a boy named Joseph Meisler, nine years of age, *who had been bitten in fourteen places* by an unquestionably mad dog. This occurred in Alsace, whence his mother brought him to Paris to the Laboratory in the Rue d'Ulm, where the most eminent physicians pronounced the case hopeless. Dr. Vulpian and Professor Granger having declared that the sufferer was doomed to an inevitable and terrible death, M. Pasteur was authorised to try his experiment. Besides the excitement, followed by the fatigue of the journey, sixty hours had elapsed since the child was bitten, so that the poison had had full time to circulate.

M. Pasteur proceeded at once to inoculate the sufferer with the hydrophobic virus, repeating the process with increased strength twice a day. At the end of a fortnight the system of the patient was thus thoroughly charged with a virulent poison which effectually neutralised that which he had already received from the fourteen bites. It was on July 6th that M. Pasteur took the case in hand. By the middle of August he was satisfied that the boy was out of danger. After the lapse of two months more the patient was found to be in perfect health, and there is every reason to hope that the cure is complete.*

Various other cases have since been treated with apparent success. And so there is probability that the terrible mysterious disease which hitherto has eluded all the wisdom of the medical profession has at last been effectually encountered, and may in course of time be actually stamped out. This grand climax, however, would involve the compulsory inoculation of all dogs—a matter more difficult to enforce than the compulsory vaccination of children, but one of immense importance, not only to the human race, but to the dogs themselves, who in all probability will thus

be rendered proof against this most agonising of diseases, a disease in which the dog evidently suffers as terribly as do his human victims.

Well might the President of the Academy of Medicine remark,* when on the 27th October M. Pasteur read his paper on the subject, that that day would be memorable as one of the most—if not *the* most—important sittings ever held by that body.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

Failure.

'Tis a word all full of wail,
Said by trembling lips and pale,
With a pause of suspense and a sob on the breath
That had evenly borne the freight of "Death;"
For like light showers to a fiery hail
Is confession of pain to the words "I fail."

Words the strong man will not speak
Lest he seem misprized and weak,
While the world for his fortune has one more chance,
And he yet can parry the foeman's lance,
And the star of hope stands on far-off hills,
With possible crest to the man who *will*.

What is it to ache and to bleed,
Achieving a noble deed?
And what to receive sore wounds in the strife,
If desire is laid hold of—a tree of life?
The conqueror disdains his scars to cover,
They tell of the heat of a fray that is over!

Who would not perish in a youth
Full of promise and of truth,
Rather than live till the winters of age
Have chained up the flood of a noble rage,
And left him resigned, yet love-lorn, so late
To freeze 'neath the breath of an iron fate?

What of comfort can avail
To assuage so deep an ail?
We bury our dead, giving thanks for the hope
Of eternal peace and an infinite scope;
We have faith for the dead, but what word checks the
 wall
That is torn from the hearts of the living who fail?

Faithless as I asked, I saw
The working of another law,
For I saw what the world called Failure stand
At the judgment-bar with no help at hand;
Saw Herod and Pilate to friendship drawn,
And how the day grew from that awful dawn.

I said then, Let men curse or bless,
What is failure, what success,
Can only be read in the light of the Throne
Where dwelleth the Holy and Infinite One;
Some failures must wear the crown of success
Where man cannot ban what God wills to bless!

SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

* It is right to say that some eminent medical men suspend their judgment as to M. Pasteur's plan till tested by longer trial. The system of Dr. Buisson, the main feature of which is the prompt and repeated use of vapour baths, was formerly hailed as a successful treatment, as M. Pasteur's is now. Professor Gosselin of Paris recommended it, as stated by Dr. Anna Kingsford in a letter in the "Spectator," November 21st, 1885. The system of Dr. Buisson was introduced fifty years ago, but had been neglected till the increase of hydrophobia recalled attention to it. Nearly a hundred cases were treated by Dr. Buisson, his own case being a most remarkable one. With the vapour baths other means were employed to keep up copious perspiration. The wounds were treated with ammonia, and linseed poultices applied every three hours. Dr. Buisson's book is worth reprinting at this time. Arrangements have been made for receiving patients and testing the system at various bathing and hydropathic establishments in this country. As the symptoms of hydrophobia never appear till some time after the bite, there would be no difficulty in testing the system for prevention as well as cure.—Ed. L. H.

AMONG THE MICROSCOPISTS.

II.

MICROSCOPY, or the systematic use of the modern microscope, whether it be followed as a science or simply as a recreation of the leisure hours is, as we have seen, one of the most social of pursuits. The microscopical club, as thousands of all classes of our population can testify, is one of the most magnetic centres of good-fellowship. The field of discovery is so wide and fertile, the objects and methods of demonstration are so inexhaustible, as to supply never-failing occasions for mutual intercourse, communication of results, or comparison of modes of working. Microscopy, it has well been said, "throws its enormous and ever-widening cast-net over every science imaginable." It deals, as no other science can deal, with the beauties and mysteries of nature which excite our interest, wonder, and deepest admiration. The structure and history of the far-travelled meteorite from the interstellar spaces, and the exquisite pollen grains of the tiniest terrestrial plant, are alike revealed to its searching eye; it tells us the secrets of other worlds as well as the abounding mysteries of our own. If the poet of the microscopical world has not yet arisen, it is assuredly not owing to the absence of inspiring themes in the minuter aspects of the cosmos.

It is of course all-important that the amateur worker in this fascinating and fruitful field should make a good start. His instruments, his books, his "guides, philosophers, and friends," should all be well considered at the outset. In these respects the dwellers in our large towns doubtless have great advantages, although these are often overrated. The freemasonry of microscopy, as of other sciences in those days, tends to annihilate distance, and the members of the Chicago and San Francisco Microscopical Societies are practically as close upon the heels of the London "Royal Microscopical" as are the societies of Manchester and Birmingham. It is difficult in these days to imagine any English town worthy of the name to be devoid of some literary, scientific, or social centre—a museum, a public library, or a book club—in which the microscope has not found a lodgment. It is impossible but that on some occasion or other a "binocular" is seen doing duty at the annual *soirée*. The medical practitioners of the town are often found the leaders in a microscopical movement, and their active interest and help may generally be counted upon by the promoters of an amateur club. Many are the ways of giving such a club a start. It may be worth mentioning that in establishing the Quekett and other microscopical clubs in London it was the practice of many of the members to place their microscopes on a stand at the windows of their houses, so as to be visible from the street and catch the eye of the microscopically-disposed wayfarer who might be on the look-out for the fellowship thus quietly suggested. There are

places where the same method would still help forward the microscopical propaganda. Around London such newly risen and populous settlements for the industrial classes as Queen's Park and Shaftesbury Park, with their tens of thousands of inhabitants, and the still more populous industrial communities of the North of England, might find this a useful method of procuring desirable recruits.

The first and most momentous step the young microscopist has to take is of course the selection of an instrument. Here his club acquaintances should render him inestimable service, and for lack of better judgment than his own in this important matter the novice has often gone wrong, and paid a serious penalty. Our advice would be in the first place, Don't be in a hurry! Don't grudge a little time spent on one of the most memorable purchases of your life. Secondly, don't go straight to a dealer, however well reputed he may be for "make," or even for personal character. It is not the maker's business to know what you can afford, or what you really want. Remember that in these days some new form of microscope is launched into the market by Continental and English opticians nearly every week, and that there is therefore a wide choice of instruments. Rather resolve to wait your opportunity. The annual microscopical *soirée*, where, if you are living in one of the larger towns, one or two hundred microscopes are sometimes on view, with their lamps and accessories, will come round; the newer instruments, lamps, and accessories may be seen, and at much smaller gatherings valuable hints obtained by the intending purchaser. In the last resort the judgment of some competent member of the club, who has perhaps himself paid "premiums to experience" in his novitiate days, should be enlisted, as the best guarantee against extravagant outlay or injudicious economy. Such a Mentor will save the amateur from buying an instrument which may be too good or too poor. The former danger is perhaps the more common in these days of excellent workmanship in "brass and glass."

At last, then, we are face to face with the question of questions for the intending investor in a microscope. What sort of microscope shall be the instrument of his choice? Shall he make one for himself, or shall he buy one ready made? Shall it be a "monocular" or a "binocular"—single-barrelled like an ordinary telescope, or double-barrelled like an opera-glass? As we are not writing for the prophets and teachers of microscopy in its higher branches, but for the large army of those who have the delights of microscopical study all before them, and are therefore in search of elementary guidance, we shall not apologise if we take nothing for granted, but try to place ourselves on the level of that happy individual the possessor of a simple pocket-lens

upon whom the dawn of the microscopical day has just begun to burst, and who as yet knows nothing practically of the "compound" microscope. If we first say a few words about this ordinary pocket-lens, and so lead up to the subject of the compound microscope, we shall be in a better position to discuss the more ambitious "monoculars" and "binoculars" of the better equipped microscopist.

The simple pocket-lens or hand-magnifier is of course the indispensable companion of every nature-loving rambler, whether his sphere of observation be the home-garden, the fields, the woods, or the sea-shore. Those who have appreciated this humbler form of the microscope and used it habitually have learned to prize it, and look upon it with grateful memories. It has been one of the best friends of their early years, and has probably marked an epoch in the development of their minds. Who does not vividly remember the time when he first applied his pocket "Coddington" or folding-glass to the lowly moss on the garden wall, its little urn held up at the summit of the footstalk and its wonderful structures within? An equally memorable and beautiful apocalypse of nature was perhaps the sight of the starry panoply, invisible to the naked eye, which adorns the leaf of some favourite window plant, its exquisite radii of silice-covered hairs glistening in the light. Such are the sights which win recruits to the microscopical army. The rewards of microscopy, as we have said, commence on the very threshold, and the observer who has made good use of his pocket-lens has begun to acquire the "second sight" which shall qualify him for the use of the compound microscope.

The pocket-lens will continue to be a lifelong companion even to the most advanced microscopist, and it is most rare to see even the chiefs of the science without one attached to the watch-chain, as constant a companion as the watch itself. But its uses, even to a beginner, are obviously limited. From the simple hand-lens to a lens mounted in a frame or stand, the step was an eventful one in the history of the instrument. Such an advance does not appear to have been known to antiquity, if we may judge from the convex lens of rock-crystal found by Layard in the ruins of the palace of Nimroud. The allusions of the historian Pliny also seem to show that the burning-glasses or magnifiers of his time were spherical shells of glass filled with water, used in the same primitive manner. The cheap toy-microscopes and "dissecting microscopes" of the present day seem to carry out one of the chief principles in which the hand-lens is deficient. In these instruments the lens is mechanically fixed over the object, ensuring the steadiness and immobility which cannot be claimed for the human hand. Unfortunately the unsteadiness is simply transferred from the lens to the object; the object, instead of the lens, has thus to be adjusted to the vision by the hand. Now the first requisite of any instrument which may be called a microscope, in distinction to a mere hand-magnifier, is a capability of accurate adjustment

to every variety of focal distance without movement of the object, and this all-important desideratum requires a special and delicate mechanism. Should any of our readers with a taste for handicraft think of making their own stand for a lens—a course which we by no means recommend—let them bear in mind the words just used. The "capability of accurate adjustment to every variety of focal distance," on which the working efficiency of a microscope depends, is only secured by a skilful and precise method of leverage, by which the lens is moved up and down in the axis of the object and the eyeglass through which the object is viewed; and unless the amateur microscope-maker knows the secret of "rack-and-pinion" movement, he will do well to spare his money and his pains.

With the view, then, of selecting a good instrument, the amateur will notice that the advance from the simple hand-magnifier or pocket-lens to the microscope as generally understood involves among its first requisites a good "stand" or support for carrying and focussing the lens in a perfectly steady and stationary condition, moveable at pleasure. The stand, or microscope body, is indeed of such importance in the eyes of working microscopists that even at the present day, after forty or fifty years of activity amongst English and Continental microscopists, further improvements continually occupy the minds of the best makers, and new forms are introduced almost monthly. The microscope body or stand should be one of the chief merits of the instrument, the tube capable of horizontal position without the least danger of overbalancing the entire microscope and throwing it over on its back, a calamity incident to some of the older models. Having, however, remitted the young microscopist to the guidance of his club seniors for the ultimate choice of an instrument, we need say no more in the way of caution against imperfect and old-fashioned stands.

We thus arrive at that epoch-making form of our instrument, the "compound" microscope. The hand-lens, mounted or unmounted, is but the "simple" microscope, and its use is mainly restricted to the surfaces of objects. The compound microscope consists of at least two lenses, and more generally of a battery of eight, all strengthening and perfecting one another. It is by the greater magnifying and penetrating power thus obtained that the inner world of minute structure, whose exterior tells so little of its nature, and the wonderful complexity and beauty of the smallest and apparently most insignificant creatures, are made known to us. The progress made in the last few years in the manufacture of powerful lenses, and in general microscopical excellence, has been marvellously rapid, and the feats now accomplished in "resolving" incredibly minute objects, and more especially in opening up new fields of investigation, surpass all that could have been anticipated by Quekett and his contemporaries. But the beginner must never forget that the masters of the science have achieved their conquests by long practice with the lower magnifying powers before proceeding to use the more potent

lenses. Their maxim is that no person is more certain to fall into gross errors than the untrained possessor of powerful microscopes. A compound lens or "object-glass" which has one inch of focal length may more than content the average amateur for the first year or two of his microscopical life.

To return then to the position of our young clubman who is about to purchase a microscope. The question "monocular *versus* binocular" is simply one of financial means. The invention of the binocular or double-barrelled microscope about the year 1851 certainly introduced a great luxury to the microscopical world, enabling the observer to look at the object with both eyes as through the ordinary double-barrelled field-glass or opera-glass. Moreover, the stereoscopic effect and the greater beauty and perfection of form which many objects present when seen through the binocular arrangement are greatly in its favour. Practically, however, the relief which is afforded to the eye by the binocular is its chief recommendation. "Every one who tries the experiment readily becomes conscious of the fact that it is much more comfortable, and much less tiring to the eyes and the brain, to watch an object for any length of time under the binocular than under the monocular microscope," exactly as it is to look with both eyes through a field-glass after looking with one eye through a hand telescope. To the words we have quoted one of the early presidents of the Quekett Microscopical Club (Mr. Durham, F.R.C.S.) adds: "Every one accustomed to the use of both eyes, who by accident is for a time dependent on one eye, or any one who for the sake of experiment may choose to make himself thus dependent, speedily finds out that one eye serves less than half as well as two, and much sooner becomes tired. To preserve perfect vision the natural sympathy and consentaneity of action of both eyes must be kept up. Now when we look at an object under the monocular microscope, the eye which we use is subjected to very different conditions to the other. The eye which we use 'accommodates' and 'adjusts' itself to the requirements of its present purpose. By-and-by the unused eye ceases to a certain extent to sympathise with its fellow. In this manner the constant use of the monocular microscope may tend to break the consentaneity of action of the two eyes and so lead to impairment of perfect vision. It is clear that such a result may be in great part if not wholly obviated by using both eyes at the same time under the same conditions. We do this when we look through a rightly adjusted binocular microscope."

There is much in the caution thus given which every working microscopist will sympathise with; but, fortunately for microscopists generally, and the intending purchaser of his first microscope in particular, Mr. Durham's warning applies rather to the abuse of the monocular instrument than to its use. We say "fortunately," because as a matter of fact the price of the binocular microscope is at present prohibitory to all those who are not prepared to lay down a ten-pound note,

and we are anxious to see good and powerful microscopes become a popular possession at less than half that price. Happily, monocular instruments, with admirable lenses, can now be got at prices ranging from two to five guineas, each additional guinea representing a substantial superiority over the lower charge. It seems likely that for some time to come the cheap and powerful monocular microscope will continue to be the popular form of the instrument, and if due caution is observed in its use (we are afraid people with unequal or weak eyes must make up their minds to forego the instrument altogether), the delight and rewards of microscopy may be enjoyed and disseminated without detriment and with all the inestimable benefits we have claimed for it.

The amateur microscopist (an expression which we do not apply solely to young people, inasmuch as many persons take up the subject in their adult years, and even in middle age) will, then, as a rule, obtain his instrument ready made and by purchase. The time when even the skilled artisan might consider whether he should make his own instrument has long gone by. We have outlived the days of primitive makeshift microscopes, and it is no longer to the point to refer to the achievements of the early microscopists, like Hook and Father Di Sorre, who worked with spheres of glass or globules made by fusing the ends of spun glass. We live in the years of cheap and almost miraculous lenses, and even the brasswork of our commoner microscopes defies the skill of all but specialists. Geniuses are rare in microscopy as in other branches of manipulative science. Moreover, the cheap compound microscope of to-day and its accessories are the product of many geniuses and of almost unspeakable patience and perseverance. As regards, therefore, the make of our instrument, we shall do well to accept it at the point of development to which others have brought it, and not make costly and profitless experiments for ourselves. The young microscopist will find more than room for original work in the second half of the science, the preparation of the objects on which his instrument is to work.

A practical suggestion on behalf of the multiplication of microscopes, especially the better-class instruments, for those who cannot afford them, or who might not otherwise propose to obtain them, may close our present paper. Considering the number of presents and testimonials, often of a useless or a merely ornamental kind, which are so often awarded to the honorary workers in societies, institutions, and classes of various kinds, it seems a pity that a good microscope does not more frequently take the place of the conventional silver salver or cup or other merely decorative trophy. Why should not a good monocular or even binocular microscope figure now and then among the prizes at flower shows of the industrial classes, at industrial or Sunday-school exhibitions, athletic sports, and rifle volunteer competitions? A novel and unique source of recreation would thus be introduced into many a home circle, and so perhaps into workmen's clubs. In a humbler way, presents for the use of school children might also help forward the

popular microscopical movement. One such present has already been devised, and promises to do good educational work in the Board Schools of the country. It is a combination of a pencil-case and a microscope for the use of the children in the study of botany. It consists of a small tube of brass to hold the pencils, at the end of which is a lens mounted in such a way that when drawn out of the tube it is a simple microscope, well adapted for studying seeds and parts of

plants, insects, etc. In addition to the microscope pencil-case, the inventor (Mr. Leckenby) has prepared sets of fifty slides of seeds neatly mounted on stiff paper to accompany it. The case and sets of seeds will be a source of pleasure and instruction to children; also to persons more advanced in life; for this little microscope can reveal a world of beauty.

HENRY WALKER, F.G.S.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN A QUIET SPOT.

IV.—WINTER IN MARSHLANDS.

WINTER closed in upon us early the first year of our residence in Marshlands, and with unprecedented severity. The autumn had been rainy, the slacks were full of water, the little river which drains the Moss had burst its bounds, floods had been out, many of the roads and lanes were impassable.

But early in November a change came over the spirit of our dreams, for frost set in. Clear, cold, bracing air; firm, hard, frozen roads, pleasanter to foot than when deep in loose sand through the summer. Bright sunshine all day, and a magnificent, starry, moonlit vault above us at night, made life enjoyable again.

How lovely was the snow when it had fallen. Every bare tree and shrub was mantled in beauty, and the sunshine cast pale azure shadows over the pure white sheet which covered every field. The robin, singing on a spray, made quite an important touch of warm colour in the landscape, and, with many other birds, became tame regular visitors for our benefactions.

The poor people found a source of profit from the migratory and other small game which haunted the Moss and sea-coast, and brought to our doors plenty of wild ducks, widgeons, curlews, "dunns," "pairs," plovers, and larks.

Skating soon followed. The wide shallow pools among the slacks quickly became skimmed over with ice, and formed admirably safe places for ladies and children, sheltered as they were from cutting winds by the range of sand-hills, and so conveniently formed into places of moderate size, where it was easy for each party to find separate accommodation.

For those to whom these dangers were immaterial, and whose ambition was not to be hampered by narrow bounds, a fine scope was afforded by the water-meadows, which were flooded ere the frost set in. Here were acres and miles of ice, free scope for every ambitious adventure, and unbounded power of enjoying the sport.

Near a farmhouse, picturesque enough among overhanging willows between two arms of the river, where in early summer is to be gathered great wealth of the yellow iris and small golden water-lily—near this farmhouse is a gate, now taken from its hinges to allow free passage to

all comers on their way to skate. A few rough benches and an old chair or two have been placed just within, and some posts and horizontal bars erected. Here outer wraps may be left in charge of an individual with an eye to the main chance at the cost of a small guerdon; a seat can be had in the same way for rest, if needed; assistance in donning or doffing one's skates, if one's own fingers are cold; and the inner man refreshed and recruited by the purchase of pennyworths of hot coffee, kept perpetually steaming over a fire lit on the ground.

A wide circular course has been swept clear from snow; and there gentle and simple may disport themselves at will, now singly, now in parties.

Here whirl round in full sight a party of merry lads, casting backwards over their shoulders saucy repartees to the jeering remarks of their acquaintances around the fire, whose skates are not yet adjusted; and stumbling hastily out of the way of a tastefully dressed and extremely pretty little woman, point device in velvet and furs of the most fashionable design, but little heeding her braveries, so absorbed is she in guarding her flock of sweet little fair-haired children and promoting their enjoyment.

Here come a knot of schoolgirls, too recently freed from bondage to be yet very *au fait* with holiday sports, but so wild with high spirits that whether they balance themselves successfully for three consecutive yards or fall ignominiously prone on the ice, is all equally food for rippling infectious laughter.

One of their number, more timid than the rest, who keeps herself upright by help of a chair, is the butt of their wit, and seems quite able to hold her own in the bantering she receives.

They do not venture to laugh at the somewhat older girl, evidently promoted to the rank of young ladyhood, but who cannot long have attained that dignity. They do not regard her with that slight degree of awe from her superiority in point of age, but on account of the good-looking young man who is so devoted to her, and who is so very sure that she will skate more prosperously hand in hand with him than if she were wholly without support.

We cannot determine whether the pretty rosy

colour on her bonny face is wholly the result of exercise, or whether it does not deepen as she glances at her quondam companions, half shyly, half in girlish triumph.

But they whirl past after the rest, and their place is taken by an accomplished individual, presumably a stranger in the place, as he speaks to none; but, equally presumably, willing to show the natives how to perform with elegance.

He carries his arms crossed over his breast, to display his utter contempt of all aids to balance; haughty disdain of all around is displayed even in his very moustache, though it does seem to our sardonic humour that a greater grace is infused into his movements as he approaches the bright-eyed troop of girls, and whirls himself round upon his heels, a past master of his art. If we are correct, it is too hard upon him that a party of 'Arrys, in rough horseplay, set upon one of their number, who, to escape his fellows, makes a sudden dodging movement, loses his balance, and comes violently against Adonis, upsetting him as well in the most ignominious manner, and mixing up the heels of gentle and simple in one indiscriminate *mêlée*, greeted by the uncontrolled giggling of the young ladies. But he is a good-natured Adonis, after all, for, upon a farm labourer hurrying forward to help him up and dust the snow from his London-made coat, he pulls out a *douceur* which makes the man grin and touch his cap in gratitude; while, further, and evidently yet more appreciated than the silver, he produces a pocket flask and administers a dram from it of something much more to the peasant taste than the coffee simmering near.

"Not a bit of pride about the captain," we hear the fellow say, relating particulars to his friends afterwards; "he gave it me to drink as free as you please, out of the selfsame silver cup he drank out of hisself."

So the frolic goes on, amid this and much other byplay, more or less amusing to the spectator, and the brilliance of the sunset crimson and gold fades into the sullen bank of grey mist, and the silver moon shines forth in her beauty among starry hosts in the heavens.

The *dramatis personæ* alone are changed, for the frolic is faster and more furious than ever. The pretty little mother has long ago taken home her flock to their evening meal, and must be now dressing for her husband's dinner.

The schoolgirls are at tea, the young lady carrying on her first flirtation still, now in her mother's firelit drawing-room; but her schoolboy brothers, the country lads, the farm labourers are there reinforced by young men returned from their desk and office work in the city, and keenly relishing the unfrequent power of exercise. No tyros are these, though they care not for posturing or grimaces. Their delight is to put forth the strength and vigour of their prime, to be free to move with scope and room; there is time enough for flirtation and foolery when there is no ice to be found—at present let us skate our fill.

But few manly exercises are in their power; these are workers, not idlers. The shipping offices, the cotton markets, the exchange flags, the

warehouses, claim them as their prey on fresh autumn and soft winter mornings, when more favoured youth are shooting or hunting. Cricket, boating, football, lawn tennis, can only be enjoyed on fine Saturday afternoons or all-too-short summer evenings, when "business" has set them free; they depend greatly even upon their Sundays for the fresh air and long walk, which their health so greatly needs.

But skating, when it is to be had, can be enjoyed in their leisure hours, like dancing or rinking, and is superior to those enjoyments, both from its greater rarity, and in that it is carried on in the free open air, which makes the blood course in their veins with such joyousness. Therefore, they flock to such places as these water-meadows, and their pleasure is good to see.

Parties of six or eight, single individuals, pairs of quiet friends, plunge into the circle with more or less of abandon; pale cheeks freshen, heavy eyes brighten, young shoulders, rounded all too early, straighten themselves, weary faces lose many a line of thought and care under the wholesome influence of the sport.

Torches are piled for sale at a small cost—ends of tarred rope—and most carry one flaring in their hands, which gives a strange wild character to the scene, until, with the approach of the hour for the last train, a general movement stationwards takes place, and the ice is left in solitude beneath the quiet stars.

It was while watching the skaters earlier in the afternoon than this, that we saw Harry Scarisbrick wheeling about like the best of them, with little Bobby on his shoulder, holding firmly in his broad hand one stout little leg, hardly less red than the scarlet knitted sock which failed to cover it; with a pair of fat fists thumping his honest head, and a childish voice, full of enjoyment, urging its "gee-gee" to go "faster, faster." The young man suddenly wheeled from the ring, and brought himself up, heels together, near the fire; shooting the boy off from his elevation, and setting him down on his own feet.

"Take me up again, Harry; more, more!" entreated he, clinging to his friend, and trying to swarm up his stalwart height.

"No, you monkey," replied he, "enough's a feast; you go off about your own business, and help to drive the cows home."

"The cows is home; they don't go out now, you softie," cried the child; "and Auntie Ally said hoo couldn't come till nigh upon dark."

Harry's colour flushed yet deeper, as he caught our eyes at this speech of the "enfant terrible," and an expression, half amused, half guilty, stole over his face.

"Can Bobby drink some nice hot coffee?" we ask, to cover all embarrassment.

"Aye," was the reply, with Marshland's lack of courtesy in full force.

Bobby's little mouth being stopped with sweetmeats and drinks, we turn to Harry.

"Well, how goes it?" we ask.

"Oh! I dunno," said he, sheepishly.

"Am I to wish you a very happy new year presently?"

"Nay, not the road you're thinking on," said he, with dejection. "I'm as far from like to be happy as ever. Sometimes I think I'll go to sea and get drowned outright, for everything goes agin me on land. If I could get out to Australia, or somewheres where they find gold, and come home rich enow to make the wench into a lady, maybe her mother would give over hindering; but while I was doing that who would keep an eye upon that other chap for me?"

"Oh! have you a rival?" we ask, with sudden enlightenment.

"Ah! worse luck," grumbled he; "a slim sort of a counter-jumper kind of feller, iles his hair, and wears a ring of a Sunday, as smart as sixpence. The old woman thinks him genteel."

Harry's emphasis upon this last word was inimitable.

"His father began life as a jlner, and got on to be a builder in a fairish way, and left each of his children some money. This one put his into the public line, and is set up in a house with a good bit of business doing; but 'tis not a nice sort of life for a decent girl to my thinking. Hoo might do as well, when all's said and done, with a plain quiet lad like me."

"What does Alice say about it?" we inquire.

"Why, Ally's stanch, she is, on the whole, but"—with a quiet smile lurking round his mouth and a twinkle in the tail of his eyes, Harry continued—"it did not seem to me best to trust her altogether. Some women are mightily taken with finery, and who's to cry shame? Women is but women after all. So I was very civil to the chap a while since at the back-end, when all the water was oot by, and I asks him would he go with me

after some birds, and he says yes, he would. 'Twas odd that day the places them birds got into; it seemed as if it were to be. We went up, and we went down, most all the country-side over, and those town-made togs got a taste of all the mud and slush out by. We'd took a couple of leaping-poles—them as we use here to get over the watercourses with; you've seen 'em, with a bit of round wood to 'em to save their sinking into the soft bottoms when a man trusts his weight on them. It looks easy enough to see one as is used to them fly over like a bird, but there's a knack i it too; and it happed, just when Ally come out seeking us to tell us our teas was ready, 'twas the shortest way to cross a wider and nastier bit than most, and in my fine gentleman went, souse over head and ears in the muck! Wasn't he a pretty sight when we hauled him out! 'Twould ha' made any cat laugh to see him; and didn't he get angry! It was unlucky for him that Ally was just by, you see, and he didn't like it. Hoo sauced me for it at after; hoo said as how it was too bad of me, but hoo couldn't help laughing no more nor the rest on us."

"And where is this hero now?" we ask.

"He's coming over for some skating the morn," said Harry, grinning. "They'll not trust me this time, they say, so I went to shop, and got a nice handbox, empty, and all ready to put him in, and give it to Bobby to carry in to his auntie to put him in when he comes. The old woman is mad with me for it, so Bobby and I we dursn't show oursen there for a bit, and we come here instead."

Bobby's inner man being now fortified with as much as he could conveniently put into it, we bid our friend adieu, and went home.

Varieties.

Halfpenny Dinners for School Children.—Mr. W. H. France, of Moseley, Birmingham, sends to the "Times" an account of a halfpenny dinner which he has successfully established for school children in that neighbourhood. He says, "Our daily *menu* is as follows:—Hot bread and milk; a thick and tempting soup, also with bread. It is made of the following ingredients:—20lb. fresh meat bones, 12lb. potatoes, 5lb. split peas, 3lb. oatmeal, 4lb. carrots, 2lb. onions, and about 12 gallons of water. These stew together for about twenty hours. The result is popular, even among the ladies and gentlemen who comprise the voluntary staff. Each child has choice of the milk or soup. That eaten, it has a piece of bread and jam. When taken out the bones weigh about 8lb. less than when put in the cooker, and are sold to realise nearly half their original cost. Each child has as much as should be eaten at once. The worst fed children are the poorest eaters. They are not accustomed to a square meal." Mr. France began by selling tickets at 5s. a hundred, for presentation to children selected by the teachers, and in a few weeks 30,000 were disposed of. "Calculated at a halfpenny each the sales more than pay for the food. Adding the 10d. per 100 for which the tickets are sold in excess of a halfpenny each, we occasionally pay all working expenses besides. Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools is our chairman, and our supporters are of the influential in the town. We have the free use of board school

premises, to which children from schools of all denominations come for the meals. During the last fortnight we have sold at two places 5,443 meals, which at a halfpenny each gives £11 6s. 9½d.; 3,500 of the children brought tickets which our hon. treasurer had previously sold to the public at 5s. per 100. He thus had thirty-five pence, or £1 9s. 2d., in excess of a halfpenny each, making total receipts £12 15s. 11½d., while the food cost under £10."

The River of Dickens.—Of the literary associations of the lower Medway the strongest are, and will be, those connected with Dickens. He not only wrote about it, coming back on it again and again, but he was born on it, and died within a couple of hours' walk of Rochester. Not the worst scenes of "Pickwick" are laid in that town, or near it, as everybody knows, and they also know that "Edwin Drood" was to have passed in the same place. Neither are the marsh and river scenes of "Great Expectations" things familiar only to a few. The Medway valley is accordingly full of the memory of Dickens and of his work. There is not a ploughman for miles round Gad's Hill who does not know who lived there, and why visitors come from far and wide to look at it. The Sir John Falstaff is full of tales, some of a pathetic kind, about wayfarers, young and old, who have come and even wept before the railings of the house. At Cobham they direct you to the Leather Bottle,

because it was a haunt of Mr. Dickens's. In the room where Mr. Tupman was found consoling himself for the flight of the maiden aunt, pictures of the study at Gad's Hill, and a portrait of Mr. Sam Weller, the gift of his creator, hang alongside of works of art supposed to be portraits of former landlords or landladies. Perhaps they are, if only one could see for the dirt. At Rochester you are reminded of the benefactor of the country-side in a manner not quite so satisfactory. The inn where the military doctor challenged Mr. Jingle is there, with its staircase and its assembly-room unchanged, and the enterprising landlord does well to remind his customers of the fact. There are, however, ways and ways of doing it. When it comes to putting big tickets on washhand-stands, announcing in large black letters that this article of furniture came from the sale at Gad's Hill (it probably was in the servants' quarters), the customer is not thereby moved to reverence of Mr. Dickens, but to quite another sentiment.—*Magazine of Art.*

Why Butchers' Bills are not lessened.—The butchers strongly disapprove of farmers selling their own meat; and recently at Sunderland they boycotted one of the leading landlords and stockbreeders in Durham. Colonel Briggs, of Hylton Castle, has for some years past been noted for his successful breeding of sheep and cattle. Some months ago the butchers of Sunderland were very much annoyed to find that the colonel, who is a justice of the peace for the county, had advertised mutton at lower rates than they could afford to sell at, and they took their revenge at the annual sale of fat stock. A large body of dealers and butchers present hissed and hooted to such an extent that the gallant colonel's animals had to be withdrawn. Several of the beasts were introduced into other lots, but they were immediately recognised and not one was disposed of at the auction, although it was the best stock in the market.

Some of the butchers attending Dorchester market boycotted the stock of Mr. Wood Homer, a well-known Dorsetshire agriculturist, who was himself slaughtering large quantities both of cattle and of sheep, but his experiment was attended with very encouraging results.

Why do not farmers combine, as other traders do, for mutual protection? Near large towns they could surely arrange for sale of produce without requiring a succession of middle men.

Emigration from the United Kingdom.—The annual emigration returns for the United Kingdom show that during 1885 264,986 persons left British and Irish ports for places out of Europe, a decrease of 38,915 compared with the previous year. The English emigrants numbered 126,815 in 1885, against 147,660 in 1884; Scotch, 21,411, against 21,953; Irish, 60,082, against 72,566; foreigners, 53,703, against 57,733; nationality not distinguished, 2,975, against 2,989. To the United States there went 184,540, against 303,519 in 1884; British North America, 22,938, against 37,043; Australasia, 41,212, against 45,944; and other places, 16,296, against 17,395. Five-sixths of the Irish emigrants proceeded to the United States, as did nearly two-thirds of those of Scottish nationality, while England contributed under 74,000 of a total of nearly 127,000. To British North America there went 14,885 English, 2,327 Scotch, 2,670 Irish, and 3,086 foreigners, and to Australasia 28,772 English, 4,782 Scotch, 6,359 Irish, and 1,299 foreigners.

Italian Tribute to the Late English Minister, Sir James Hudson.—The Florentine journal "La Nazione" gives an account of a sitting of the Municipal Council of Florence, in which a proposal to place a memorial tablet on the house occupied in that city by Sir James Hudson was discussed. The Syndic, Signor Franchetti, made an interesting speech in support of the scheme, dwelling on the services rendered by Sir James Hudson to the cause of Italian unity, and to the sympathy which he had always shown towards Italian aspirations. The speaker recalled Lord Malmesbury's *dictum* in 1859 to the effect that "Hudson was more Italian than the Italians themselves," and expatiated on his share in procuring the co-operation of Sardinia with France and England in 1854; on his friendly attitude towards Italy in 1859, when Cavour, assured by him of the favourable sentiments of France, ventured the annexation of Tuscany; and

finally on the effect of his representations in the following year, when only the united efforts of Baron Lacaita in London, the Chevalier Nigra at Paris, and Sir James Hudson at Turin succeeded in preventing the French and English fleets from crushing Garibaldi's Calabrian expedition. Signor Franchetti spoke of Hudson as "the right arm" of Cavour, and said that Florence would honour herself by the public recognition of Italy's debt of gratitude to such a man. The motion in favour of a mural tablet was carried by acclamation, the councillors all rising to their feet.

British Army.—The latest returns of the British Army show that there are about 250,000 men available for service, of whom 205,000 are with the colours, nearly 40,000 in the first-class Army Reserve, and nearly 7,000 in the second-class. Of Militia, including the Militia Reserve, there are about 114,000, and of Yeomanry Cavalry about 11,500. The men of the Royal Navy, including those on coastguard service, and the Royal Marine Artillery and Infantry, number some 60,000 officers and men; the Volunteers at home reckon up 220,000; the Indian native forces, allowing for the additions which have been made lately, must approach 150,000; and the Canadian Active Militia number over 45,000 of all ranks. Beyond these resources there are several regiments of militia organised in the Channel Islands, and volunteer corps in the West Indies, the Cape, Ceylon, Hongkong, Malta, Natal, New South Wales (including a corps of regular artillery), New Zealand, St. Helena, Singapore, South Australia (including the permanent artillery), Tasmania, Victoria, Western Australia, and India.

Knights' Meat.—In a table of benefactions in one of the old churches of Norwich it is recorded that Thomas Codde gave "four nobles for the knights' meat." Knights' meat, or citizens' meat, was the name given to the daily allowance to the burgesses or knights of shires during their attendance in Parliament, paid by their constituents. Payment of members was the custom in old times, although it fell into disuse, and was reckoned a radical innovation in after years. It is one of the few "points" of the People's Charter not yet sanctioned by the Legislature. Several members, however, are generously paid by their constituents in our own day, by private arrangement; and the Home Rulers are not above accepting payment from a fund said to be chiefly supplied by the servant girls of New York and other American contributors. Thomas Codde was the Mayor of Norwich who figured prominently in the time of Kitt's rebellion in the reign of Edward VI.

Is Brain-work a Cause of Insanity?—Does excessive brain-work tend to the induction of insanity? In general the answer to this query by professed alienists is that mental work pure and simple does not tend to the induction of insanity. But the proposition is not so fully established but that additional proofs are very welcome. Dr. O. Evert, in the "American Practitioner," gives the result of his large experience. From this we give a few facts bearing on the query. From 1870 to 1876 he admitted into the general insane asylum of Ohio 1,204 patients. Of these but seventeen had received an academic education. Only twenty-five professed to be professional men; of these twelve were lawyers, nine were medical men, and four were preachers.

[The statistics of Dr. Evert have little bearing on the question. "Brain-work" is as severe and continuous in men of business as in men of study; in fact, it is usually as severe, and often attended with "worry," which tries the brain more than "work."]

A Perilous Ride.—At the storming of Monterey, in the Mexican war, Grant, then a young lieutenant, had a narrow escape in a dangerous position, to which he had volunteered. He thus narrates it in his autobiography: "The loss of the 3rd infantry in commissioned officers was especially severe. There were only five companies of the regiment and not over twelve officers present, and five of these officers were killed. When within a square of the plaza this small command, ten companies in all, was brought to a halt. Placing themselves under cover from the shots of the enemy, the men would watch to detect a head above the sand-bags on the neighbouring houses. The exposure of a single head would bring a

volley from our soldiers. We had not occupied this position long when it was discovered that our ammunition was growing low. I volunteered to go back to the point we had started from, report our position to General Twiggs, and ask for ammunition to be forwarded. We were at this time occupying ground off from the street, in rear of the houses. My ride back was an exposed one. Before starting I adjusted myself on the side of my horse farthest from the enemy, and with only one foot holding to the cantle of the saddle, and an arm over the neck of the horse exposed, I started at full run. It was only at street crossings that my horse was under fire, but these I crossed at such a flying rate that generally I was past and under cover of the next block of houses before the enemy fired. I got out safely without a scratch."

When the Children are Asleep.

BY JOHN C. O'NIELL.

Suggested by the picture by Thomas Faed, R.A., in the Royal Academy, 1885.

The long, long day is over—the toil, the care and sorrow,
And silence now has fallen around the hearth's bright glow,
And the woman's weary heart may lay down, till the morrow,
That sweet yet trying burden which only mothers know;
For o'er the slum'brous eyes are the heavy eyelids stealing;
The tiny pattering feet may no longer run or leap;
And the laughter all day long that has rung from floor to ceiling
Has sunk at length in silence—and the children are asleep.
So, while the firelight flickers and the ghost-like shadows gather,
The mother, dreaming, lingers o'er some sweet poet's song
That tells how faith in Him, who is the orphan's Father,
Can teach her noble nature "to suffer and be strong."
O, lay aside your burdens, ye toilers lowly stooping,
No longer, O ye watchers, your weary vigils keep,
But trust in Him whose dews can revive the flower low drooping,
Whose eye is ever watchful when His children are asleep!

Mixing Mortar with Ale.—An old tradition, says Mr. William Andrews in "Home Chimes," still lingers in Derbyshire, respecting the famous Bess of Hardwick, to the effect that a fortune-teller told her that her death would not happen as long as she continued building. She caused to be erected several noble structures, including Hardwick and Chatsworth, two of the most stately homes of old England. Her death occurred in the year 1607, during a very severe frost, and at a time when the workmen could not continue their labours, although they tried to mix their mortar with hot ale. Malt liquor in the days of yore was believed to add to the durability of mortar, and items bearing on this matter occur in parish accounts. The following entry is from the parish books of Ecclesfield, South Yorkshire:—

1619. 'Itm. 7 metts [*i.e.* bushels] of lyme for poynting some places in the church wall, and on the leades ijjs. iiijd.
'Itm. For 11 gallands of strong liquor for the blending of the lyme iijs. viiijd.

Many old parish accounts contain similar entries.

A Sailor's Yarn.—In an amusing article in the "Daily Telegraph" on "Ships' Figureheads" we find this story: "I knew a young sailor chap who was called Dandy Jim. He shipped aboard a vessel as had the loveliest female for a figurehead as ever you could imagine. What does this here Dandy Jim go and do but fall in love with the carvin'. He'd sneak over the head of a night when there was light enough to see by, and slipping down the dolphin-striker, or coming in nearer by the bobstay, he'd turn to and watch and look at that there young woman till ye'd ha' supposed that nothing would ha' satisfied him but layin' hold of her and carryin' of her off overboard. Well, one night he was a watchin' of

her in his customary fashion, when all on a sudden she sneezed. This give such a start to Dandy Jim that he trembled his hat off, an' lost it. Then, recovering hisself a bit, he says to her, mildly, 'I beg your pardon, miss,' he says, 'but did you speak?' 'No, sir,' she answered, sternly. 'I merely sneezed to call your attention to me. Your name's Dandy Jim, ain't it?' He says it wur. 'And you're a married man, ain't you?' says she, 'with a wife,' says she, 'as has to take in washin', both when you're at home and when you're away,' says she, 'cause she never can get no money out of yer?' 'Now,' says she, 'you confine yourself to what's lawful, and don't give yourself no trouble about me.' So saying she sneezed once more, and began to nod her head at Dandy Jim in such a way that he climbed aboard again as fast as ever his arms 'ud let him; and I tell yer," said the old mariner to me, "that from that night Dandy Jim was an altered man, and behaved so well to his wife when he came ashore that after he was drowned she refused to be married under six months to a ship's cook as I knew, her argument bein' that she was bound to remain a widder for that time, out of respect for Dandy Jim."

Cause of Falling Leaves.—Sir John Lubbock, when lecturing recently on "Leaves," at the London Institute, took occasion to observe that the cause of the fall of leaves is a process of life. This fact, which will come as a surprise to many, was eloquently proved by the exhibition of a twig which had been half-broken off in the autumn, and left hanging to its parent trunk. The leaves below the bend, which were still in vital union with the tree, had during the winter all fallen away; but those above it, although utterly withered, adhered with such persistence that a considerable weight was insufficient to detach them. We presume that the removal of the old leaves is part of the preparatory process for the new foliage of living boughs. The buds of the next year are in most trees formed before winter draws on, although reserved in shelter, and often coated with protecting substance against the frost. It is a paradox to say that the actual fall of the leaf is a vital process.

Wordsworth's Plea for National Education.—Wordsworth may or may not be considered an authority, and his plea for national education may apply to aided as well as to free schools, but the fine passage in the "Excursion" (Book IX) is worth quoting now:

O for the coming of the glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey.
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools,
A savage horde among the civilised,
A servile band among the lordly free!

Much more he says as to the advantage of national education, and the glorious results likely to follow the establishment of such a system of training as he desires.

A Descendant of Grotius in the Charterhouse.—In the Letters of Dr. Johnson there is one, dated July 9th, 1777, to the Rev. Dr. Vyse, Rector of Lambeth, in behalf of Mr. De Groot: "I doubt not you will readily forgive me for taking the liberty of requesting your assistance in recommending an old friend to his Grace the Archbishop [Cornwallis] as Governor of the Charterhouse. His name is De Groot; he was born at Gloucester; I have known him many years. He

has all the common claims to charity, being old, poor, and infirm to a degree. He has likewise another claim, to which no scholar can refuse attention; he is by several descents the nephew of Hugo Grotius, of him from whom perhaps every man of learning has learnt something. Let it not be said that in any lettered country a nephew of Grotius asked a charity and was refused." In a subsequent letter Dr. Johnson gave the present address of Mr. De Groot at No. 8, Pye Street, Westminster. The application was successful, and Isaac De Groot was admitted as one of the poor brethren of the Charterhouse, where he died February 8th, 1779. The "Gentleman's Magazine," in announcing his death, calls him "the great-grandson of the learned Grotius." On another occasion Dr. Johnson pleaded for the admission of "a poor painter, who never rose higher than to get his immediate living." He was disabled at eighty-three by a stroke of palsy even from this effort. Would that all claims on the Charterhouse and other charities were as well-founded as those which Dr. Johnson supported!

Finnon Haddocks.—Sir Walter Scott says, "A Finnon haddock dried over the smoke of the seaweed, and sprinkled with salt water during the process, acquires a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavour, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire. Some of our Edinburgh philosophers tried to produce their equal in vain. I was one of a party at dinner where the philosophical haddocks were placed in competition with the genuine Finnon fish. These were served round without distinction whence they came, but only one gentleman out of twelve present espoused the cause of philosophy." The true Finnon haddocks used to be easily procured in London, but it is now difficult to obtain them. A vast quantity of haddocks are cured in London, but only partially, so as to keep for a few days. These are very inferior to the Scottish Finnonns, which would find a good sale if any fish-dealer provided a regular supply.

Burmese and Chinese Frontier.—Colonel Sladen, in a memorandum relating to the probable result of annexation of Burmah by the Anglo-Indian Empire, says: "Freed from the incubus of a buffer State like Burmah, which has always looked with jealousy on overland trade communications between British Burmah and South-Western China, and with Upper Burmah in our possession, we might look forward, almost at once, to free and unrestricted overland intercourse between the two countries, Burmah and China. The provinces of Yunnan and Sechuen would gradually send down seaward to Burmah the teeming millions of their surplus population, and, in spite of the adverse prognostications of casual writers who think otherwise, the old natural trade-route, *via* the Irrawaddy and Bhamo, would of itself revive, without any undue forcing on our part; only that, instead of carrying a trade, as it used to do in former days, valued at fifty lakhs of rupees, the value would undoubtedly increase so as to be estimated probably in millions, in less than a decade after the British occupation."

A Coining Joke.—Coining jokes is a very common figure of speech; but we know of only one instance in which a joke was actually coined, struck from a graven die, and issued from a legal mint. The fact is historical, and is as follows: In the year 1679 the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration, seeing but little hope of ultimate success, they finally withdrew, and marched back. Thereupon the Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. On one side of this numismatic curiosity was the inscription, "The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side." On the other side was a total blank.

Arab Horses.—The horses of Nejed are incomparably the best, the standard breed of Arabia—indeed, of the whole world. Light in limb, small in stature, their average height about fourteen hands, seldom more, full in the back, haunches, and chest, the tail set off at a graceful arch, the dorsal bone slightly depressed, so as to give the animal a somewhat saddle-backed appearance, though that is also due in part to the remarkable fullness of the hind-quarters, the muzzle delicately taper, the ear small and pointed, the eye

large and full of life, the shoulder at a lovely slope, unlike the heavy Persian or Cape breed, the legs all bone and sinew, and slender as bars of iron, the hoof small and neat; in a word, they present the most perfect model, the *beau idéal* of equine perfection. They are never used for hard labour of any sort, not even for travelling, at least to any distance. War and parade are all their business. Nor are they ever sold; they change masters only by heritage, gift, or capture, and no price consequently is assigned for them. Hence it follows that they very seldom leave their native Nejed. Such horses have indeed been occasionally sent as presents to the Sultan, or the Shah of Persia, or the Egyptian Government, and more often to the neighbouring and international Arab states. But the animals thus parted with are of course stallions, and not the best of them either; the mares are not to be had even there.—*W. G. Palgrave.*

Bi-Centenary of American Printing.—The city of Philadelphia is about to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into that region. The first printing press was set up in the month of December, 1685, by William Bradford, and the first book printed was a calendar for 1686. The first paper mill in America was established, also at Philadelphia, in 1690, by William Rittenhouse, whose name suggests German extraction. Some years later a son of Bradford's published the first American newspaper. This son, in partnership with Benjamin Franklin, published, in 1741, the first American book of considerable size. Two years later Christopher Sauer, the first typesetter in America, published the first American Bible. The first daily newspaper of the United States appeared in Philadelphia in 1784, with the title, the "Pennsylvania Packet." The celebration of the festive remembrance is in the hands of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

True Patriotism.—Truth will compel me to state facts which will, doubtless, tend to induce farmers to leave England for America, although I *advise* no one to do so. I shall set down in writing nothing but what is strictly true. I myself am bound to England for life. My notions of allegiance to country; my great and anxious desire to assist in the restoration of her freedom and happiness; my opinion that I possess, in some small degree at any rate, the power to render such assistance; and above all the other considerations, my unchangeable attachment to the people of England, and especially those who have so bravely struggled for our rights, these bind me to England; but I shall leave others to judge and to act for themselves.—*William Cobbett.*

Telegraph Addresses.—The number of business firms registering telegraphic addresses is so vast that considerable ingenuity is needed to invent a name not previously engaged. Of some names the list in the London Directory is so long that it is quite a puzzle to differentiate the Smiths and Thompsons. An amusing article could be written, exhibiting the various contrivances, such as Latinising the name, by Luck and Sons, *Fortuna*; or mixing name and address, as Townend and Co., Lime Street, which becomes *Townlime*; or using initials phonetically, as Cooper, Box, and Co., which is made into *Seebesee*. The name assumed by the Catholic publishers, Burns, Oates, and Co., is so characteristic of some of the gaudy figures adorning their windows that one might suppose it suggested by a wicked wag instead of being seriously adopted in the register. The telegraphic or telephonic address of the house is *Idolqueen*.

Gordon Boys' Home.—The "Times," in a leading article (January 13), said: "There are few benevolent institutions which offer fairer promise of good results than the Gordon Boys' Home. But the care with which it has been organised and the special sphere which it seeks to fill enable us to press with greater confidence its peculiar claim to the support of the English public, founded upon the fact that it forms a national monument to the memory of a great Englishman. The heroism of General Gordon, his betrayal by those who utilised his rare personal qualities in the hour of their need, and the tragic end of a life of simple devotion to duty, have been somewhat obscured by the ephemeral contests of the passing hour. Looking back over the records of the last few months, we are almost reduced to the sad and

savage mood of Hamlet—"then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year." But the memory of Gordon's life and death will be a point of light in the history of the Victorian age long after the strenuous trifling of our politicians has sunk into forgetfulness. In honouring this man of antique mould, this Englishman who, in a somewhat tricky and small-minded age, "could do and dared not lie," we shall far more honour ourselves; and in munificently endowing a work such as he loved to carry out, the nation will find itself twice blessed."

Butterflies Hybernating.—A curious instance of sudden suspension of activity and long torpor for nine months is recorded in the "Entomologist" (Vol. III). Mr. Pickard-Cambridge there states the following facts:—"On one of the first Sundays in August, during Divine service, a specimen of *Vanessa urticae* flew into the parish church of Winterbourne-Thompson, in which I was officiating. After fluttering in the windows and flying about the church for a short time, the insect settled upon a projecting rafter in a conspicuous place, and remained, with its wings in the usual state of repose, during the remainder of the service. On the Sunday following it was still *in statu quo*, and so Sunday after Sunday throughout the autumn and winter, evidently never having once moved from its first position. There it was, until on Sunday, the 5th of May, it came off its perch and was flying briskly about the church when I came away after the conclusion of the service. Its period of motionless repose had thus just been nine months, and it was apparently as fresh in colour and condition as if just out of the chrysalis."

Alpine Perils.—Mountaineering in the Swiss Alps has cost at least 134 lives during the last quarter of a century. Of these victims 80 were tourists, 40 guides or porters, 11 workmen journeying over the heights, 2 St. Bernard monks, and 1 was a crystal-seeker. Most of the fatal accidents arose from slipping on rocks or grass; avalanches were the next chief cause; while the deaths from falls over precipices or through thin ice, and from exhaustion, were about equal. Many disasters again were due to imprudence, for in 16 cases the climbers were not roped, no guides were taken in 28 instances, and on 22 fatal occasions the mountaineers knew nothing of the state of the snow. Mont Blanc was ascended 673 times between 1859 and 1875, and 25 of these ascents proved fatal—about 1 death to every 26 ascents.

Prices in London Markets.—Farmers are advised to turn to new sources of profit, now that the land cannot be profitably used in growing wheat. A Hampshire farmer gave the following as the result of one of his experiments last summer. It is not encouraging to know that the chief part of the labour is for the benefit of salesmen and carriers of produce. Being advised to cultivate for the London market early potatoes, I sent, on July 23, to a large salesman in the Borough Market $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of "early roses," carefully selected into three sizes, for which I had the following returns: For 10cwt. large, 75s. per ton, £1 17s. 6d.; 12cwt. middling, 45s. per ton, £1 7s.; 8cwt. chat, 35s. per ton, 14s.; total, £3 18s. 6d. For railway charges, £1 0s. 6d.; commission, 15s.; total, £1 15s. 6d. After deducting those charges, the potatoes yielded me rather less than 29s. per ton, or 6½lb. per penny. At the same time I was selling potatoes of the same kind to the shops in a neighbouring town at the rate of £5 per ton. What inducement can farmers have to grow produce for the London markets with such results?

Plumbers.—There is no art more essential to health and comfort in our houses than that of the plumber, and there is none in which complaint has more frequently to be made of bad and blundering work. We have seen the report of a meeting held last year at Chicago, when a paper was read before the Master Plumbers' Association of that city by Mr. J. R. Alcock. The subject was "the elevation of the plumber." Mr. Alcock was happy to say that there had been great change within his recollection, and "botch" work was now the exception, not the rule. There was still much room for improvement, and much to be done before they could remove the stain which had so long dishonoured the name of the plumber. They must begin with better selec-

tion of apprentices, who have had a good common-school education and good moral training. When the boys are well trained they will improve as journeymen, and be creditable as master plumbers. It would be also well if inspectors were required to give certificates of the competency of all employed in the plumber's art.—[We wish that the master plumbers of London and our large towns in England were as alive as those of Chicago to the need of improvement. When "the plumber" is sent for he is too often a stolid, beery-looking workman smoking his pipe, followed by a dirty, slovenly boy carrying the tools. There is a Plumbers' Company in London, but whether they have any practical control over the working plumbers we do not know. A Register, recently established, is hardly enough. If there were qualified inspectors or examiners, it would be some advantage in workmen possessing the licence of the Plumbers' Company, who ought to require a certain amount of knowledge of sanitary principles, as well as practical skill in the mechanical part of their craft.]

Australian Town and Country Life.—Mr. Froude, in his "Oceana," expresses himself thus as to the people of the towns in Australia and New Zealand: "They will never grow into a new nation thus. They will grow into a nation when they are settled in their own houses and freeholds, like their forefathers who drew bow at Agincourt or trailed pike in the wars of the Commonwealth; when they own their own acres, raise their own crops, breed their own sheep and cattle, and live out their days with their children and grandchildren around them. Fine men and fine women are not to be reared in towns, among taverns and theatres and idle clatter of politics. They are Nature's choicest creations, and can be produced only on Nature's own conditions—under the free air of Heaven, on the green earth amidst woods and waters, and in the wholesome occupation of cultivating the soil. The high wages are the town attraction now, but it cannot remain so for ever. *Non his juvenis orta parentibus*. The young men bred in such towns as Auckland will be good for little."

Rights of Property.—Mr. R. Morison, parish minister of Kintail, Strone Ferry, N.B., appeals on behalf of the poor Highlander, Murdoch Macrae, ruined through the prosecution by Mr. Winans, the American millionaire, who has bought large tracts of Scottish land to turn into deer forests. A child of Macrae had a pet lamb, which grazed on the roadside. There being an order against keeping sheep on the estate, Macrae, a poor working shoemaker, was prosecuted. Mr. Morison states that Macrae was "successful in the litigation, but has rather lost than gained by it, having received nothing for his personal expenses, which included several journeys to Dingwall, the seat of justice, which is seventy miles off, loss of time, etc. All the costs awarded have been swallowed up in legal expenses, and Macrae is now very destitute and confined to bed by a dangerous illness. He has a wife and four young children depending on him, and it has occurred to me that there may be some of your readers who would be inclined to aid him if they knew of his circumstances. I shall be very glad to receive and acknowledge any sums that may be sent to me for his benefit. He is a respectable and industrious man, but cannot, even if he recovers, do much work for some time, and in the present hard times could not easily find much profitable employment if he could work at his trade." That such a letter should need to be written is a disgrace to our civilisation. The rights of property are unjustly strained when the poor people of the Highlands are deprived of liberty of action in such a matter, or are driven from their homes to make sport for strangers. What was done in the New Forest in the time of William Rufus ought not to be possible in the time of Queen Victoria.

Origin of the Vanderbilts.—William H. Vanderbilt, whose sudden death last year caused so great public notice, was the second son of "Commodore Vanderbilt," who left a fortune of twenty millions sterling, having begun life as a fisherman. His speciality was clams, and his first property almost was a clam sloop. His knowledge of navigation caused him to take great interest in shipping, and he was one of the earliest steamboat proprietors on the Hudson, and from this dated the commencement of his colossal fortune. He was a man

absolutely without education, and throughout his career he made no advance in this respect, continuing illiterate to the day of his death. He owned a small farm on Staten Island, and William, whose death was recently notified from America, was born there. He was nearly twenty-eight years of age before he gave any indications of ability; but in this respect he was superior to his elder brother, who had been of weak intellect from his birth. William was regarded by "the Commodore" as the "fool of the family," and it was determined to make him a farmer. His father believed little in education, and he had received only the tuition obtainable from a local school. It was his good fortune to marry a Miss Kissam, the daughter of a Dutch minister on Staten Island, who was a lady of great accomplishments, and who, spurring him to action, was mainly responsible for the great mark he subsequently made. In fact, it was often remarked of him "that he owed everything to his wife." His first success was as a breeder and owner of horses, which was a passion with him, and which continued unabated to his death. His trotting stud was one of the most famous in New York. He inherited this taste from his father, whose chief and only pleasures were driving and playing the card game of Boston, to which his son William was also greatly addicted.

Contagiousness of Folly.—Max O'Rell tells that a witty French dramatist once laid a wager with a friend that at the end of a song, sung in a play that was to be performed in one of the boulevard theatres, he would get an encore for the following patriotic quatrain:

Napoléon, tra la la la la la,
Napoléon, tra la la la lair;
Oui, la France sera toujours la France;
Les Français seront toujours les Français.

It brought down the house, and the French dramatist won his bet.

Party Feeling.—It requires not only that a man should believe in the infallibility of his leaders, but believe no less in the mortal errors and delinquencies of his opponents. He must not only defend and follow his party, even when they are wrong, but he must attack and resist the opposite opinions even when they are right. He is bound by ties almost as strong as those of military obedience or of religious superstition, and he dreads the consequences of deserting his flag, even when he condemns the policy to which he is bound.—*Edinburgh Review*.

Querulous Old Age.—I stay at home to work, and yet do not work diligently; nor can I tell when I shall have done, nor perhaps does anybody but myself wish me to have done; for what can they hope I shall do better? Would I go and see the old places, and sigh to find that my old friends are gone? Would I recall plans of life which I never brought into practice, and hopes of excellence which I once presumed, and never have attained? Would I compare what I now am with what I once expected to have been? Is it reasonable to wish for suggestions of shame and opportunities of sorrow?—*Dr. Johnson in 1780*.

Forefathers of Irenæus Prime.—In the posthumous recollections by the late Dr. Irenæus Prime, now being published in the "New York Observer," he says, "My great-grandfather died during the Revolutionary War in 1779. He was an ardent patriot. And as the Church of Rome persecuted the bones of Wycliffe, who escaped the fires of martyrdom in the flesh, so my ancestor in his grave suffered the penalty of his patriotism. My father in his 'History of Long Island' gives this account of the treatment to which his grandfather's property was subjected by the British troops in Huntington: 'When the troops first entered the town, the officers housed their horses in the pastor's stable, and littered them with sheaves of unthreshed wheat, while they cursed the 'old rebel,' as they were pleased to call him. They then took possession of his house for their quarters, breaking the furniture which they did not need, tearing leaves out of his most valuable books, or entirely destroying one volume of a set, as if to render them valueless, without taking the trouble

to destroy the whole.' And again he writes: 'The seats in the house of God were torn up and the building converted into a military dépôt. And to wound the feelings of the inhabitants most deeply, the church was pulled down, and barracks built of the timbers in the centre of the burying-ground. The graves were levelled and the tombstones used for building their fireplaces and ovens. I have often heard old men testify that they had seen the loaves of bread drawn out of these ovens with the reversed inscriptions of the tombstones of their friends on the lower crust.' The leader of the troops who thus inhabited the tombs in Huntington was Col. Thompson. He afterwards became the famous Count Rumford, of Leyden Jar memory. He had his own tent pitched at the head of my great-grandfather's grave, that, to use his own words, 'every time he went in or out he might tread on the old rebel.'

Choral Music.—Mr. J. Spencer Curwen reports that in many districts, notably in Nottingham and the Potteries, great impulse has been given to amateur choral music by the competitions in connection with the Inventions Exhibition. The districts to which Mr. Curwen refers have much need of any occupation which will tend to lessen the gross amusements still most in favour. The Nottingham "lams" have long been celebrated in the annals of the "rough" classes; and the story of the man-and-dog fight at Hanley caused less surprise than if reported from some other locality.

Taxing Food.—While there are so many protests against the smallest tax being put on the food that is imported, the nation tamely allows the most extravagant rates to be charged by railways for the carriage of food. In nothing is this more oppressive than in the conveyance of fish to London. Arbitrary and excessive charges for carriage by railway may form a tax on food beyond the duties which the wildest protectionist could propose. The Board of Trade should have power to restrain excessive freights, just as they prevent excessive rates in the parliamentary trains for passengers.

Opportunism.—"I asked an Englishman, I asked a Frenchman, and I asked an Italian what was Opportunism? All three were men of great authority, great knowledge, and great ability. The Englishman said that he thought Opportunism was the preference of expediency to principle. The French gentleman said he thought it was the coquetting with principles which you do not approve of in your heart. The Italian, with all the shrewdness of his nation, said it was adapting yourself to those circumstances which were most likely to get you into power and to maintain you there."

Protection.—An Ottawa paper says: "It has been discovered that a large proportion of the phosphates exported from Canada to England and Germany is re-shipped to the United States as British and German phosphates. It is understood that the American Consul at this place in his next report will point out the absurdity of forcing Canadian phosphates to make two trips across the Atlantic before entering the United States."

Photographs often Deceptive.—In regard to beauty, a photograph tells nothing beyond form of face. An American physician, explaining his wife's antipathy to the camera, said: "Her features are not regular, and she takes a horrid picture. Her beauty rests in her deep liquid eyes, coral lips, rich auburn hair, and lovely complexion, qualities precisely which a camera cannot reflect. On the other hand, a lady dull of eye and faded of hair may make a capital photograph, if she has a straight nose and a tolerably good outline of features, without the least expression."

Clerk of the Hanaper.—This old official title had its origin in the Norman-French word *Henepée*, in English *Hanap*, and thence *Hanaper*, vulgarised in later times into *Hamper*. In the *Life of Froissart* we are told that on leaving the court of Edward III "the king ordered one hundred nobles to be given to him, as a mark of his regard, in a goblet or *henepée* of silver, gilt, weighing two marcs." The *Hanaper Office* has been abolished in England, but remains, we believe, in the Irish Treasury.

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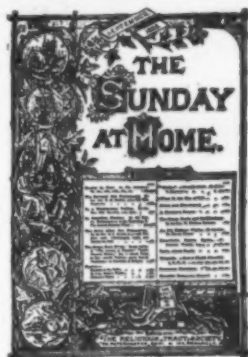
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